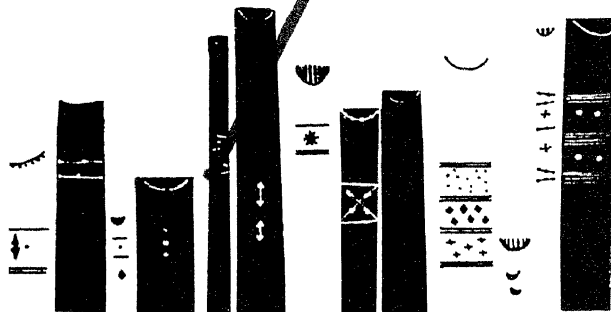


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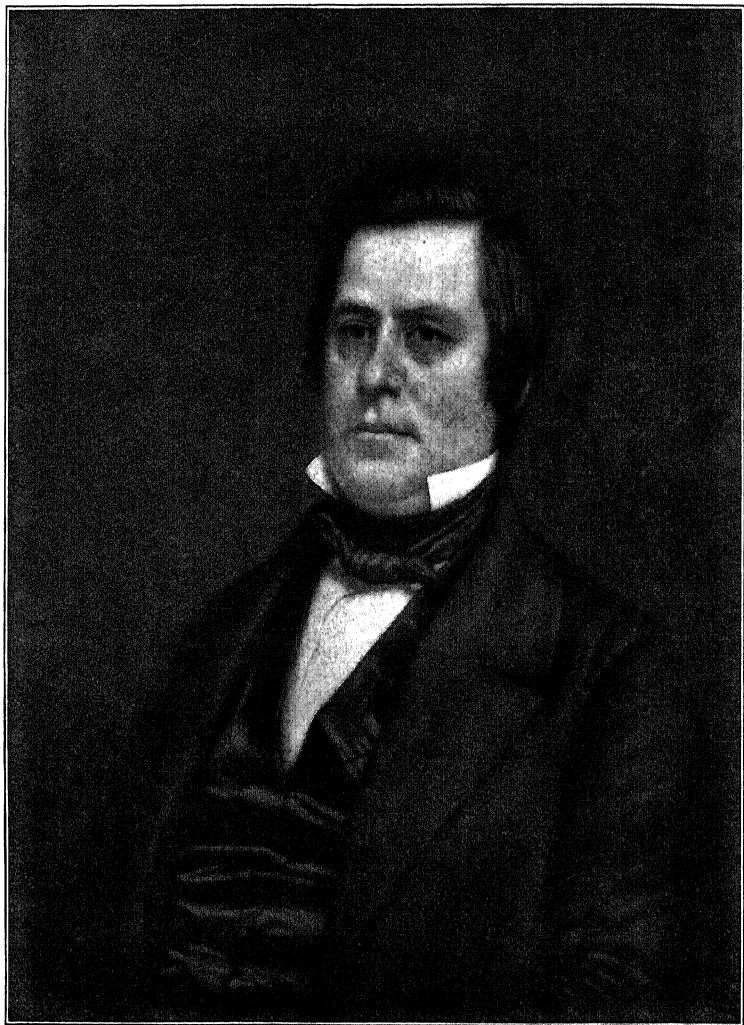
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THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY.



HENRY HARBAUGH.

B. OCTOBER 28, 1817.

D. DECEMBER 28, 1867.

WAYNESBORO, PA.

Pennsylvania-German Dialect Writings and their Writers

A PAPER PREPARED AT THE REQUEST
OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY

BY

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1918

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TO DR. SAMUEL P. HEILMAN.

IT is eminently due him here to say in this open way and in a dedicatory sense that the inception of this work is entirely due to my friend and fellow-member of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Dr. S. P. Heilman, formerly of Heilman Dale, Lebanon County, now of Lebanon, Pa.

Furthermore, during the period of its preparation Dr. Heilman unceasingly gave the project his strongest support, in many ways promoted its progress, was a source of inspiration to the writer all through, and but for the fact that he tided it over certain critical periods, the work might never have reached completion. Whatever merit the Society may mete the writer of this work, his own tribute to his friend and co-worker is clear and explicit.

To enumerate those who have generously furnished information would be to name almost everybody whose name appears herein, or some member of their families. This opportunity is taken to express to them all sincere gratitude.

EDITOR AND COMPILER.



FOREWORD.

AT the Annual Meeting of the Society held at Norristown, November 2, 1916, the following report was submitted, and as in it is recited the inception, progress and completion of this work it is placed here as a fitting foreword.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY:

At the annual meeting of the Society, held at Lancaster, November 5, 1908, Dr. S. P. Heilman offered a resolution, which was adopted, providing for the appointment of a Committee of the Society to compile a bibliography of Pennsylvania-German Dialect Literature. (Page 22, Vol. XIX.)

No further action was taken as to this matter, so far as the Society was concerned, until the meeting at York, October 14, 1910, where and when a Committee was named to undertake the compilation ordered in the resolution adopted at Lancaster two years previously. This Committee consisted of S. P. Heilman, M.D., Heilman Dale, Pa.; Rev. A. Stapleton, D.D., Williamsport, Pa.; Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa.; Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns, Ph.D., Middletown, Conn.; Prof. Harry H. Reichard, Ph.D., State College, Pa.; Rev. John Baer Stoudt, Northampton, Pa., and Edwin C. Jellett, Germantown, Pa. (P. 26, Vol. XXI.) Two of these appointees, namely, Rev. Dr.

Stapleton and Daniel Miller, have since then departed this life.

The Committee agreed that Prof. Reichard should act as editor for the Committee, as he had already given the matter of a bibliography of Pennsylvania-German Literature considerable study and had also gathered much material along that line.

At the meeting of the Society held at Harrisburg, October 20, 1911, a first report as to the progress made on the bibliography was submitted by your Committee, and manuscript matter, compiled to the extent of about 400 pages, was laid before the Society. In illustration of the textual content of said manuscript Prof. Reichard also read to the Society the chapter on Charles Calvin Ziegler, one of the many Pennsylvania-German poets portrayed in the bibliography. The action then was referring the submitted manuscript to Rev. Dr. Schmauk for his review and report to the Society's Executive Committee.

On September 5, 1912, a conference on the part of Prof. Reichard, editor, and Dr. Heilman, chairman, of the Committee on Bibliography, was held at Lebanon with Dr. Schmauk, at which time the latter in a general way signified his approval of the Index matter as far as it had then been compiled, but suggested the insertion of an introductory chapter with particular relation to the writings of Pastorius, Falckner, John Peter Miller, Conrad Weiser, Conrad Beisel, Bishops Kammerhof and Spangenberg, Boehm, Muhlenberg, Sower, and others of the pre- and post-revolutionary period as the fountain heads of a Pennsylvania-German Literature.

Reports of progress on the Index project were made by the Committee on Index at the meetings of the Society held at Riegelsville, October 4, 1912, and at Philadelphia, October 17, 1913.

At a meeting held in Reading, June 24, 1915, attended by Drs. Schmauk, Sachse, and Nead, Rev. Mr. Stoudt, Prof. Reichard and Dr. Heilman, this introductory chapter drawn up along lines suggested by Dr. Schmauk, September 5, 1912, was submitted by Prof. Reichard, gone over by those present at the meeting, a few changes made as to minor points, the suggestions of Dr. Sachse commended to Prof. Reichard, and then an understanding arrived at that the Index matter shall appear in Vol. 26 or 27 of the Society's publications. At the same meeting the Index title was changed from an Index of Pennsylvania-German Dialect Literature to Pennsylvania-German Dialect Writings and Their Writers.

This in brief is a hurried review of this Index project, from the time of its inception at Lancaster eight years ago to the present time, and may be taken as a final report from your Committee on Index, appointed six years ago. The Index manuscript is ready, and awaits the call of your Publication Committee.

Your Committee cannot close its report without congratulating the Society on its acquisition in this Index of something that will add so materially to its other valuable publications, and without expressing its deep appreciation of the long, arduous and masterly work done by the Committee's editor, Prof. Reichard, in compiling the Index material, an accomplishment for which the Society can well be profoundly grateful.

Respectfully submitted,

S. P. HEILMAN,
JNO. BAER STOUTT,
Of the Index Committee.

NORRISTOWN, PA.,

November 2, 1916.



INTRODUCTION.

I. NOT A HISTORY OF THE LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE present work does not concern itself with the literary activity of the German settlers of Pennsylvania which found expression in the literary language of their native land, the High German language, nor yet with their productions in the language of their adopted country—the English language.

Ellis Paxton Oberholzer in his "Literary Philadelphia" says: "It has not been fair in the past, nor is it just to-day, to leave out of account the intellectual activity of the Germans who so soon followed the Quakers to Pennsylvania. Through the industrious research of patient antiquarians like Pennypacker, Sachse and Seidensticker justice is being done to their memory. They spoke, wrote and printed in another, and a despised language. Indeed, many were fluent masters of several languages as well as of their own, the German. They were the flower of the Continental universities, wherefore they were not understood by the English colonists, for the most part men of less erudition."

The very first German immigrant to Pennsylvania, Francis Daniel Pastorius, who landed at Philadelphia on August 20, 1683, a few weeks before the first shipload of

German Colonists, seems to have felt that in accepting citizenship in William Penn's colony it was incumbent on him and his people to learn the language of the colony, and in 1697 he published "A New Primer, or Methodical Directions to attain the true spelling, reading and writing of English"—the first book of its kind in America.

A similar thought must have been in the mind of Johannes Kelpius, the leader of the Mystics, who settled on the Wissahickon, for one of the two MS. volumes which he left contains a number of hymns with the musical score. The hymns are in German and English, and on opposite pages. Kelpius was educated at the University of Altdorf, and arrived in Philadelphia in 1694; he died in 1708. The other MS. volume he left is a Latin diary and copies of his letters to members of his faith in Europe.

Much of the history of the intellectual activity of the Germans of Pennsylvania during the eighteenth century can be summed up in the history of the Sauer press, founded 1739. In illustration of the fact above stated it is to be noted that Sauer published in 1751 an English German Grammar of 287 pages and that the same was reprinted in 1762 and again in 1772. A complete list, as at present known, of the publications of the Sauer press between the years 1739 and 1797 is to be found in Flory's "Literary Activity of the Baptist Brethren," and among the 372 works issued (newspapers and magazines are counted as one for each year of issue) there is a considerable number in the English language.

In line with the same movement G. H. E. Muhlenberg published in 1812 at Lancaster a German-English and English-German Dictionary.

In order to illustrate the nature of the writings of the early German settlers of Pennsylvania in the language of

their native land, a few illustrations will be briefly cited. The facts are gleaned for the most part from the writings of Hausmann, Seipt, Flory, Pennypacker, Seidensticker, Sachse and Learned.

Of Francis Daniel Pastorius, the German Pioneer and founder of Germantown, Learned says: "In spite of the untoward condition of his lot, he became the most many-sided literary man in America, far outclassing Cotton Mather, his famous Puritan contemporary in the Bay Colony. The range of his activity has scarcely found a parallel in America from that day to this." He had studied at the Universities of Altdorf, Basel, Strassburg, and Jena, and was thoroughly versed in Greek, Latin, German, French, Italian, Dutch, and English. From 1664 there are extant two of his letters, one to his parents and another to friends, containing "Sichere Nachricht aus Amerika wegen der Landschaft Pennsylvania." In 1688 he, with three fellow colonists, presented to the Quaker meeting the first formal protest in America against slavery. If he was not the author (the style indicates that he was) one of the other Pennsylvania Germans was, or in all probability all four who signed the document shared in the authorship. His Primer on the study of English, published in 1697, has already been mentioned. In the same year there appeared in Germany, as an Appendix to a work published by his father: "Kurtze Geographische Beschreibung der letztmals erfundene Amerikanischen Landschaft Pennsylvania mit angehenckten einigen notablen Begebenheiten und Bericht Schreiben an dessen Herrn Vattern, Patrioten und Freunde." In 1700, this was published as a separate volume of 132 pages—"Umständige Beschreibung." This was still further enlarged in the second edition of 1704. Finally, so as not

to rehearse at too great length what has been said elsewhere, there is his large folio MS. "The Beehive." To quote once more from Learned: "It is safe to say, that of all the original Pennsylvania-German documents representing European culture in the colonial period, the most interesting and extensive is the unicum, the folio MS. left by Francis Daniel Pastorius, the Pennsylvania Pilgrim, the founder of Germantown. This document, containing Pastorius' Beehive or bee stock, is the Magna Charta of German culture in colonial America and a veritable *speculum scientiarum* of the seventeenth century—the first American Encyclopedia, antedating the epoch of the French encyclopedists. Whittier writes:

At evening while his wife puts on her look
Of love's endurance, from its niche he took
The written pages of his ponderous book
And read in half the languages of man
His "Rusca Apium" which with bees began
And through the gamut of creation ran.

Heinrich Köster, another of the band of Wissahickon Mystics, educated at Breslau, published, in the course of a religious controversy, a Latin thesis, being the first Latin book written in Pennsylvania; because Pennsylvania had no printer then, he tried to have it published in New York but Bradford declined for want of a proof reader to do the work intelligently; it was finally published 1702, in Lippe-Detmold. During the same controversy appeared "Ein Bericht an alle Bekenner und Schriftsteller," 1696 or 1697, published for him in New York, the first German work written and printed in America.

The most important work of Daniel Falckner, and one of the most important books for the history of conditions

in early Pennsylvania, is "Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania in Nord Amerika" (the original, and a translation by Julius F. Sachse, Litt.D., are in the PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY).

Religion having been the impelling factor in the colonization of the State, it was natural that if there was any literature, its cast would be in the main religious. In 1728 Conrad Beisel, of the Ephrata Community, published "Das Büchlein vom Sabbath," in 1728 "Ein Ehebüchlein," and also on Franklin's press "Göttliche Liebes und Lobes Gethöne," these as hymns; in 1732 and 1736 two other volumes of hymns. In the *Chronicon Ephrentense* we read "Ein heiliger Trieb, um Theil zu haben an dem Grossen Lieder-Vorrath welcher die Erweckten in Deutschland haben ans Licht gebracht, hat die Einsamen bewegt eine Sammlung gedächter Lieder zu unternehmen, welche auch damals daselbst in der hernach so berühmten Hochdeutschen Buch Druckerey unter dem Titel, 'Zionitischer Weyrauchshügel' ist ans Licht getreten." The "Weyrauchshügel" consists of 654 hymns with an appendix of 37 more, published in 1739 by the new press of Christopher Sauer. In 1747, 1755, 1756 (2 volumes), and in 1776 other hymn books appeared from the Ephrata Press, most of these latter were by Beissel. Speaking of some of these hymns written on the walls of the chambers in the Sisters House at Ephrata, Hausmann says: "These Alexandrines are equal if not superior to any hymns written abroad in the eighteenth century."

In 1731 Sauer published "Eine Ernstliche Ermahnung an Junge und Alte"—and the same year began "Der Hoch Deutsch Amerikanische Kalendar." Two poems are also known to have been issued from this press in the same year. In 1739 also came: "Ein A, B, C, und Buch-

stabierbuch," and the newspaper, *Der Hoch Deutsch Pennsylvanische Geschichte Schreiber*. In 1741 from the pen of Sauer: "Eine Betrachtung des Lasters der Trunkenheit"—showing the Pennsylvania German's early interest in temperance. In 1744: "Verschiedene Alte und Neuere Geschichten von Erscheinungen von Geister." This book of ghost stories was reprinted in 1748, 1755 and 1792. In 1755: "Höchst nötige Warnung und Erinnerung an die freye Einwohner der Provintz Pennsylvania"—a political address by Sauer.

Christopher Dock, a Mennonite, wrote hymns, some of which are still used, and in 1770 Sauer published his "Einfältige und gründlich abgefasste Schulordnung," the first work on pedagogy in this country in any language. Full treatment of Dock is to be found in the writings of Sachse, Pennypacker and Brumbaugh.

The English Grammar of 1751 has been mentioned. From 1764 to 1772 was published the *Geistliches Magazine*, one of the first magazines of any kind to appear in the colonies. In 1770: "Ein Ross Artzney Büchlein," 200 pages, was published.

The greater part of the publications of the Sauer press naturally were religious or moral treatises—the number includes the three famous quarto Bibles, Sauer's greatest triumph, seven New Testament printings, several books of the Psalms and one Children's Bible. He published hymn books for the Dunker, Lutheran, Reformed, Mennonite, Schwenkfelder and Moravian churches, for the Ephrata Community and several undenominational hymn books. Not all of these contained new or American products but many of them did; nor should the work of the translators be passed over: George Whitfield's sermons were issued in German, also Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress,"

before ever an English edition was published in this country. The above summary is intended merely to give some idea as to the variety of the productions of the German writers. Politics, botany, medicine, poetry, religion, pedagogy, hymnology, school texts, astronomy, music, temperance—these are some of the subjects that engaged their attention. It is to be noted that the Sower firm has continued to be an influence in the book world to this day.

Hausmann has counted twenty-seven hymn writers to 1800, but the number is much larger, as more recent investigators have shown, A. A. Seipt having added eight names from the Schwenkfelders, none of whom were known to Hausmann, all but one before 1800. Zinzendorf, the most prolific of the Moravian writers, composed over 2,000 hymns before his return to Europe, and of these Bishop Spangenberg wrote: "Nowhere else have been composed such beautiful and edifying hymns for shepherds, ploughers, threshers, reapers, spinners, knitters, weavers and others. They would fill a whole farmer's hymn book."

To the works of the early colonial period must be added such important historical documents as Pastor Muhlenberg's letters to the orphanage at Halle, the now famous "Hallesche Nachrichten," Bishop Cammerhof's "Letters and Diary," and John Philip Boehm's "Reports to the Coetus of the Reformed Church in Holland." The translation and publication by the monks at Ephrata of the "Martyrer Spiegel," a massive folio, was itself a monumental achievement, not to mention all the other productions of the Ephrata cloister. There were also other German presses in Pennsylvania, at one time more German presses than English.

To investigate the number and the nature of the writings of these people in the language of their Fatherland would be a fruitful subject of study, no less than a similar study of their literary productions in the English language. The present work has nothing to do with either of these subjects.

It is not a history of the literary activity of the Pennsylvania Germans; it does not concern itself with anything that they have written in German or in English.

II. WHAT THIS WORK IS, AND WHY.

The present writer was encouraged to undertake this study partly because of words like these from so eminent an authority as Rev. John S. Stahr, Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., late President of Franklin and Marshall College: "Art, science and all the varied interests which pertain to the national life at large are expressed in the literary language, but those peculiar and to some extent deeper traits which find expression in the domestic life and the daily walk and conversation of the people are naturally clothed in the form of a dialect. The Pennsylvania-German dialect in this way effectively expresses the simplicity, honesty, innocence, pathos and beauty of the daily life of these people and the experiences which they have made as part of their history. There is certainly room, therefore, for the study of such literature as they have produced on this plane."

And again: "If Josh Billings and Hans Breitmann with their corrupt and mongrel English serve to amuse and are said to be not without merit by persons who ought to be critics—if these productions, the language and orthography of which are very often made up to serve a purpose, may exhibit certain phases of American life, and thus have some literary value, how much more is this the

case with our Pennsylvania-German poems. Here every word to a Pennsylvania German is a sound from home, every description a vivid picture, every expression strikes a chord in the soul that thrills every nerve, and the echoes of which haunt the spirit after the sound itself has died away."

This more comprehensive study was undertaken because, although the writers of the dialect are often alluded to, and frequently in these days spoken of in commendatory terms, yet not one of these works gives the reader any idea of the body of these productions, how vast it is, how complete its descriptions of Pennsylvania-German life, or how many the writers who have tried their hands at turning a rhyme.

To note a few representative works where these dialect writers and their writings have been briefly described:

Oscar Kuhns. "German and Swiss Settlements in Pennsylvania," Chapter V, p. 121 ff.—only three poets are briefly discussed, a fourth is mentioned in a footnote; and one prose writer.

Karl Knortz. "Streifzüge auf dem Gebiete Amerikanischer Volkskunde," p. 76 ff. speaks of only two poets; and in his "Geschichte der Nord Amerikanischen Litteratur," Vol. II, p. 190 ff., three writers are mentioned.

Julius Goebel. "Das Deutschthum in den Vereinigten Staaten von Nord Amerika" refers to one poet, p. 30. The collection "Deutsch in Amerika" edited by Dr. G. U. Zimmerman, Chicago, describes three writers, pp. xlv and 245 ff.

Georg von Bosse. "Das Deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten," p. 436, mentions one writer and one volume of collected poems.

Albert Bernhardt Faust. "The German Element in the United States" discusses two poets, Vol. II, p. 340; and gives a somewhat fuller list in the bibliography.

In the case of the works above cited, it is invariably the same authors that are discussed. In all about half a dozen different writers are mentioned. Professor Faust, in the latest authoritative work that mentions the literature, is able to give less than two pages to it, but says it is "refreshing and historically valuable." If this be true it ought to be worth while to have a more extended knowledge of it.

"In poetry," says Kuhns, "much more of a higher sort has been written, generally, however, in the form of translations from the English, and occasional poetry appearing for the most part in newspapers or recited on festive occasions." The fact that for a short time a magazine was published in the dialect does not seem to be known to any one that has written about the dialect literature (cf. Rauch). An Almanac in the dialect (see Keller) is mentioned in the "*Americana-Germanica*"; another one (see Schuler) has been found. The prose written in the form of weekly letters to a large number of newspapers has a value and an interest that has never received its due appreciation (cf. Grumbine, H. Miller, Harter, Rauch, Zimmerman, Lins, D. Brunner).

Moreover the present writer has for many years been a collector and believes that he has in his possession, or has seen, all the books that have ever been written in the dialect. He has also collected poems of the kind mentioned by Kuhns, and now has a very large number in his collection (some of these have never appeared in print); and, therefore, believes that he can give, or has given, a much fuller and more comprehensive view than has ever appeared heretofore.

In the third place by a more detailed investigation of the circumstances connected with the productions of any individual writer, it is believed that a means has been found to mediate between widely divergent views. For instance, Karl Knortz, in discussing Fischer, one of the two poets mentioned by him, says: "Einer der neuesten Beiträger zur Pennsylvanisch-deutschen Litteratur . . . bildet, um es kurz und bündig zu sagen *das allertraurigste Erzeugnis derselben.*" "Der Verfasser der noch nicht einmal seine sogenannte 'Muttersprache' kennt, steht mit den Regeln der Dichtkunst auf gespanntem Fusse," and then goes on to show that the book has no legitimate excuse to justify its existence. It is of the *same man* and the *same book* that Dr. Zimmerman in his collection, "Deutsch in Amerika," says: "Von Natur mit gesundem Humor begabt, schrieb er viele Gedichte und Skizzen in Pennsylvanisch-deutscher Mundart, das Alltagsleben der Deutschen in Pennsylvanien *meisterhaft schildernd.*" And again this *same man* and this *same work* is referred to by Prof. Faust when he says: "The two most prominent *poets, for such a title may be bestowed upon them,*" and when he says: "This poetical literature of the Pennsylvania Germans is one of the *few* original notes in American lyrical poetry."

To cite another instance of widely divergent critical views: In the "Friedensbote," published at Allentown, Pennsylvania, a Pennsylvania German writes a letter in the dialect, apropos of the book to be issued on and in the dialect by Dr. Horne, then principal of The Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown, Pennsylvania. After discussing the ancestry of the dialect, he proceeds to consider the books that have been written in the dialect, with a view to giving the prospective author ad-

vice as to what errors of former writers he must avoid. The particular paragraph that I have at present in mind I give in the original dialect: "Nau, wann du dra' gehst for sel Buch schreiwe los des verhenkert Englisch Kauderwelsch haus wo gar net in unser Sproch g'hört. Ich ärge mich allemol schwarz un blo wann so dumm stoff gedruckt un in die Welt g'schickt werd wo Pennsylvanisch deitsch sei soll, awer lauter geloga is. 'S is uns vorläschtert wo mirs net verdient hen. Un wann dei Buch mol fertig is un's kummt mir unner die Finger un 's is so 'n *elendiger Wisch wie kerzlich eener in Fildelfi raus kumme is*, dann ufgebasst—for dann verhechel ich dich dass du aussehnst wie verhudelt Schwingwerk, un die Leut dich for'n Spuks awgucke."

"Schinnerhannes vom Calmushiwel."

The above is the opinion expressed by a Pennsylvania German editor, of a book published in Philadelphia, "Gemälde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben; Schilderungen und Aufsätze in poetischer und prosaischer Form in Mundart und Ausdrucksweise der Deutsch Pennsylvanier," von Ludwig August Wollenweber, Schafer und Koradi, Philadelphia und Leipzig, 1869. The same work that is called "'N elendiger Wisch" is referred to by Karl Knortz as "ein wertvolles Werkchen," and then he tells us that here we may expect the truth, for the author was himself one of these people, etc.

The present writer has tried to ferret out the reasons for these differences of opinion, and errors of fact have been corrected. Adverse criticism has too frequently come from persons who do not understand the dialect or who have measured dialect literature by the canons of higher forms of literature; favorable criticism too frequently from over-zealous defenders of the dialect.

By gathering more facts than were at the disposal of the above critics, and by searching into the motives that induced these writers to produce their works, and by judging them in their own sphere as dialect writings, and not by comparing them with classical writings of a written language, but rather with writings in the various dialects of Germany, he has sought in the proper places to mediate between divergent opinions and attempted to arrive at a true conclusion.

III. WHAT THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN DIALECT IS.

The settlers of Pennsylvania that came to be known as Pennsylvania Germans came chiefly from the valley of the Upper Rhine, the Palatinate and Switzerland. The books they brought with them and those that in the colony were printed were High German; the language of their churches and their schools was High German; but in the home, in their simple dealings with each other they used the dialects of their native districts, the Lower Franconian and Alemannic dialects, and out of these two basic forms there developed in Pennsylvania an almost homogeneous dialect, in which, however, the former predominated. As time went on and occasion required, a large number of English words were pressed into service, though they were always subjected to dialect inflections and constructions. Objects for which there was no name in their speech received the English name. The people no longer had any connection with the Fatherland except in matters of religion, and gradually acquired the English language or such parts of it as their needs required. With the acquisition of English it came about that the people never hesitated to draw upon an English word when speaking the dialect and memory failed or a suitable dialect or High

German word was missing, or an English word served the purpose better. The entire terminology of the law, at least so far as they needed it, was adopted into the dialect. This became so common that Dr. Henry Muhlenberg and B. J. Schipper in their German-English English-German Dictionary, Lancaster, 1812, say that it often happens that without special reflection or consulting a dictionary the people are no longer certain whether they are using an English or a German word.

“Durch den beständigen Umgang mit den Englischen, kommen wir so in die Gewohnheit hier und da ein Englisches Wort im Gespräche zu gebrauchen das wir (ohne besonderes Nachdenken oder ein Wörterbuch), oft nicht wissen ob es Englisch oder Deutsch ist.” And in an Appendix they give a large number of such words—“Solche Worte die wir Deutsche theils wegen dem häufigen Gebrauch der Englischen Sprache, theils notgedrungen um neue Gegenstände zu benennen so zu sagen, in unsere Muttersprache aufgenommen haben.” A few of these words in the form in which they appear in the Dictionary are here added. Arbitrehschen (arbitration), Bähl (bail), Dschödsch (judge), Kautoback (Kau—German, chewing tobacco), Minsspie (mince pie), Serdschänt (sergeant), Schmidtschop (Schmidt—German, blacksmith shop), Einfensen (ein—German, to fence in), Skalp (scalp), Vendue (a public sale), Quilten (to quilt).

At its best—or worst—the Pennsylvania-German dialect includes all of the original dialect vocabulary, a large number of words from High German, especially religious and biblical, and all of the English language known or needed. Wusstman has correctly said “Der Mann aus dem Volke weiss in den meisten Fällen gar nicht, dasz er Fremdwörter gebraucht.

From the point of view of the scholar and the philologist the best answer to "What is Pennsylvania German" is Prof. M. D. Learned's *Pennsylvania-German Dialect*, Baltimore, 1889.

IV. WHAT PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN IS NOT.

Not long since a well-educated young lady in New York inquired of one of her friends, a lawyer, whether he himself could speak that peculiar dialect of his ancestors. When he assured her that he still had that accomplishment, she requested that he give evidence of his ability along those lines. When he very glibly proceeded to do so, he found himself promptly cut short with the suggestion that he was trying to hoodwink her. She knew exactly what she wanted, and began to illustrate by examples like the following: "Did you hear Lizzie, Abe Snyder's wife, she died fur him last night, and her only sick a week yet? Ach, reely did she though? Yes, and her so well always and him so sickly that way all the time, don't it now beat all?" or "Here is a algebray, I am going to college, I must know many things that I never yet heard of in this world and you are to learn me." "A teacher ought to be English but he is very Germaner than the scholars." "Would you spill the salt yet, you put a hex on everything." "Well, I must say it don't look wery nice of you to talk down on us and you living here with us." "Firstly I want you to please git me a Lancaster lawyer to come out here as soon as you otherwise kin."

It may be that some people talk this way; to discuss that does not lie within the province of this paper; it is enough to say that it is not Pennsylvania-German dialect.

V. WHY THERE IS A DIALECT LITERATURE.

The rustic at home pokes fun at the fine phrases of the urbanite, while the city man ridicules the language of the peasant. The city man, however, seems to have more of authority and the countryman is usually on the defensive. This relation subsists also between the language and the dialect, as soon as a more or less standardized language is evolved out of kindred dialects.

In the Middle Ages, when the aristocratic court poetry gave way to writers representing the Middle Class spirit, Hugo von Trimmer in his poem "Der Renner" thus apologizes for his dialect:

Ein ieglich mensche sprichet gern
 Die sprâche, bî der er ist erzogen;
 Sint mâniu wort ein teil gebogen
 Gen Franken, nîeman daz sî zorn,
 Wan ich von Franken bin geboren.

It matters not what dialect or what period we examine, the results are the same; thus in a little volume, "Marsch und Geist: Gedichte in niederdeutscher Mundart" von Franz Poppe, Oldenburg, 1879, we may read on the first page:

Se säen, wi Noorddütschen
 Verstunnen kin Gesang
 An'n Rhiin un an de Donau,
 Dar harr de Sprak blot Klang.

 Dat het us lang verdraten
 Dat se us so veracht't
 As harr'n se't Recht tom Singen
 Fär sick alleenig pacht't.

Even Goethe had to defend himself against the charge that his speech was colored by South German dialect. To

this he replied: "Jede Provinz liebt ihren Dialekt; denn er ist doch eigentlich das Element in welchem die Seele ihren Atem schöpft."

In different parts of the world, dialects have the same reproaches hurled at them, have the same prejudices to contend with. Out of pure self-defense they have sought adequate expression. The spirit thus arouses itself in one of two ways: in the one case men of poetic bent, often men who have already written poetry in a recognized literary idiom, now at last, either of their own motion or by request, essay the rhythms of their native speech and bring forth their productions with a defiant "There now, stand corrected"; on the other hand, men will burst out with declarations of their affections for their despised tongue and in their very passion create poems. What is true of dialect writing in general finds its exemplification in the Pennsylvania German.

Rondthaler wrote his first poem to prove a point (see Rondthaler). Harbaugh, who had already published English verse, required urging before he ventured to write dialect and even then published at first timidly, without affixing his name. J. Max Hark wrote "En Hondfull Färsh" as an experiment and with those poems rested his case (see PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY, Vol. X.). Lee Light Grumbine began in the same way, and was encouraged to do more work of the same kind. Col. Thos. Zimmerman, after very successfully translating a great deal of German into English, was persuaded to translate Scotch, English and Irish ballads into Pennsylvania German. All of these men enjoyed a wide acquaintance with literature; all could frame their thoughts as readily in Pennsylvania German as in English. All had written English poetry or rendered translations into Eng-

lish. To the last three the Pennsylvania-German Society had said in effect, "Why not speak for and in the dialect?" and this they proceeded to do, the last two continuing the work after the success of their first experiments (see the respective chapters—L. L. Grumbine, Zimmerman).

To the second class belong such poems as that of worshipful adoration of his mother tongue by Adam Stump, of which the last stanza runs thus:

O sanfte, deire Muttersproch!
 Wie Hunnig fliest sie darrich mei Sinne!
 Un wann ich mol im Himmel hoch
 Mei scheene Heemet duh gewinne
 Dann heer ich dort zu meinem Wohl
 En Mutterwort—ja, ah ebmol.

Or the word of Ziegler, confident of its powers:

Will ich recht ve'stannig schwetze
 Eppes ausennanner setze—
 A, B, C, un eens, zwee, drei,
 So dass jeder commoner Mann
 Klar un deitlich sehne kann
 Well 'as Gold is un wel Blei,
 Nem ich gute deutsche Warte,
 Weis un schwarzi, weech un harte
 Noh vollbringt die Sach sich glei.

Or again the vigorous words of Dr. Keller:

Ich schwetz in der deutsche Sproch
 Lieb sie ah un halt sie hoch;
 Sie is ah ken Nevekind
 Das mer in de Hecke find—
 Sie kummt her fum schöne Rhei
 Wu sie Trauwe hen un Wei!

This incentive to write finds its parallel again in Europe; listen once more to Franz Poppe:

Us' Sprak is as us' Heiden
 Ursprüngelk noch un free
 Us Sprak is deep un mächtig
 Un prächtig as de See. . . .
 Min Modersprak, wu klingst du
 So söt un doch so stark!
 Wo leew' ich di van Harten
 Du Land vull Kraft un Mark!

For the earliest example in print of what purports to be a specimen of the dialect we must undoubtedly have recourse to Johann David Schöpf's "Travels" (1783-1784), published at Erlangen in 1788 and reprinted in Radlof's "Mustersaal aller teutschen Mundarten," Bonn, 1822, Vol. II, p. 361; but the man does not exist who would acknowledge this as his dialect, or who would recognize it as a native idiom at all. Professor Haldemann, who cited the same passage in his "Pennsylvania Dutch," agrees in regarding it as nothing other than a sportive example and a spurious joke.

In Firminich, "Germaniens Völkerstimmen," Vol. III, p. 445, Berlin, 1854, there is another longer specimen which was taken from a Pennsylvania newspaper.

The earliest example in print of writing in the dialect by such as also spoke it must be sought in the early newspapers of Eastern Pennsylvania. *Der Deutsche in Amerika* of 1841 contained many rhymed compositions. In 1846, advertising doggerels appeared in the Allentown *Friedensbote*. One after another the newspapers took up the matter, publishing short prose or verse selections; their readers wanted it; except in familiar intercourse with each other the rural population of eastern Pennsylvania

was obliged to use one or the other of two foreign languages; in business chiefly, and in law entirely, it was the English; in their religious and intellectual life it was the High German; accordingly they seem to have welcomed almost anything that was in the language of their daily speech; they seem to have felt a void because their speech was only something to be heard and not also something that could be seen. And then, when in many papers they could see their speech in print every week, there manifested itself a more ambitious desire to see their speech between the covers of a book. The story in the Introduction to Wollenweber's "Gemälde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben" fairly represents the feeling of the dialect-speaking Pennsylvania-German population.

Ich wär nie uf de Gedanke komme das Buch zu schreiwe, aber do war ich das Frühjohr uf dem grosse Felse bei Allentaun, un hab uf dem wunnerbar schöne Platz, wo mer viele Meile weit die schöne Berge un das vun Gott so gesegnete Land sehne kann.

Un wie ich do so gestanne, un die Natur so bewunnert hab, das mei Herz ganz weeg geworre, un's Wasser mer schier in die Auge komme ischt, da kommt uf e mol en alter Mann dorch die Hecke un stellt sich grad nebe mich un frogt mich, wie ich die Ansicht do gleiche thät. Sehr gut, geb ich ihm zur Antwort. Well, sagt er, ich wohne a paar Meile von do, un komme wanns Wetter schö ischt, schier alle Monat uf de Felse, un wann ich dann mich so recht satt gesehne hab, do geht mei Herz uf, un ich mehn ich wär im rechte Tempel Gottes, und dank dem guten Vater un Schöpfer mit ganzem Herze, dass er uns e so schön's un gut's Land gebe hot. Un wann ich von meiner Bergräs wieder hem humm, bin ich ganz vergnügt, un predig meiner Fraa un Kinner, wie schö als Gott die Welt gemacht hot, un wie mer ihm dafür danke sollte.

Nau hab ich schon dran gedenkt, wenn e mol e Bücherhändler dran gehn dät, un dät e Buch drucke losse, wo mer in uns're egene

Sproch, über unser Land un Volk lese könnte, un nenebei a so gespässige Stückelchen nei bringe, wie sie manchmol im Doylestowner Morgenstern un im Express stehn, un wie sie die Johre zurück im Kutztowner Neutralist gestanne hen, das em der Bauch vor Lache gewackelt hot, un ich bin schur davon alle meine Nachbore däte so e Buch kafe, un der Buchhändler dät net schlecht dabei ausmache und sich noch Dank dazu verdiene.

Well, sagt ich zu dem Alten, ich geh morge nüber noch Philadelphia, wo ich die Buchhändler Schäfer und Koradi kenn und ich will mit ihne von Eurem Vorschlage schwätze, vielleicht gehn se dran, un losse so a Buch drucke, un bis mer dann wieder e mol uf dem Felse zusamme kumme ischts Buch vielleicht fertig. Awer Drubel wärds koste, dann unser Pennsylvanisch Deutsch ischt hart zu schreiwe, un mancher verenglischt es so, dass mer gar nimme draus kumme kann. Doch denk ich wann a hier un da a Mistäk im Buch gemacht werd, wärre die Leut es net so hart ufnehme, sischt jo es erscht Probestück, e Buch in Pennsylvanisch Deutsch. Nau, sagte der Alte, wann du sell sewege bringst un e Peddler kommt mit dem Buch in unsere Gegend, do wett ich ens gege zwe, dass er all verkauft wo er hot; und dass er geschwind mit fertig werd, will ich ihm mei bester Gaul gebe for rum zu reite.

Der alte Mann drückte mir die Hand und sagte, very well. Ich war aber noch net satt genunk über die Schö Gegend zu gucke, un es war schier Nacht wie ich hem kumme bin.—Dem alte Mann sei Geschwätz ischt mir die ganze Nacht dorch de Kop gegange, un nächste Morge bin ich noch Philadelphia un weil mei Geschäft a bald gesetelt war, hab ich dem Buchhändler dem alten Mann von Lecha County sei Wunsch gesagt, un sie ware a gleich redy for die Sach' un nau werd bald das Buch überall rum gehn, wanns nur a gefällt, das dät dem Schreiwere en arge Freud mache, un er dät uf sei Pennsylvanier un sei Pennsylvanien noch stolzer werre wie er jetzt schun ischt.

The same forces which called these first newspaper articles and this first book into existence continued to operate and to a certain extant are still operative. In a recently

published book, entitled "Boonastiel, Pennsylvania Dutch," by Thomas Harter, the author expresses himself thus in the preface: "The articles contained in this volume were published from time to time in the *Middleburgh Post* (Pa.) of which I was editor until 1894, and since then in the *Keystone Gazette*, Bellefonte, Pa., under the heading 'Brief Fum Hawsa Barrick,' addressed to myself as 'Liewer Kernal Harder' and signed 'Gottlieb Boonastiel.' At first they were written only for personal amusement, and appeared only occasionally, but I soon found them so essential to the prosperity of my paper that in order to keep up its circulation I was compelled to write every week and now have a great number of letters on file, out of which I have selected the substance that composes this volume."

A number of other persons, correctly gauging this desire of the people to see their dialect in book form, have issued collections of their own writings or of those of a number of authors. These books have never been a drug on the market and to my certain knowledge several other writers have frequently been urged by their friends to publish, but have not yet consented to do so.

A book in the dialect naturally will obtain only a small circulation outside of the district where the dialect is spoken. It is none the less valuable, for if the book is written by one of these people, and for them, and for the most part about them, and accepted with satisfaction by these people, we may be reasonably certain that we have either a flattering idealization of them or at least a faithful portrait and not a caricature. It may be noted, in illustration of this point, that Mrs. Helen Riemensnyder Martin's novels are not among the most popular works in the district about which she writes, and for the obvious reason

that she always selects one of the worst types it is possible to find and sets him off against a very high type from some other part of the country, as for example a low-type Pennsylvania German against a high-type New Englander.

“Ein Bauer der *seine* Sprache frei und sicher spricht, ist ein *Mann*, er bringt uns den Hauch einer eigenen Welt, seine Weltanschauung mit; so hart sie sein mag- er kommt nie an uns heran ohne Erquickung der Seele,” says Klaus Groth. That a number of writers, by responding to the desire of the people to have something in their own speech, have succeeded in giving us the “Weltanschauung” of the body of the Pennsylvania Germans will be shown by the words with which they have been greeted by their own people and the success which has attended their endeavors as authors. Almost every chapter will bear evidence to this fact.

Once the current was fairly under way, and the columns of the newspapers open, many came forward with efforts that might otherwise never have found their way into print.

The establishment of the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* some years ago, affording a reasonably large audience of interested readers, has been instrumental in bringing forward a number of new singers, and from a Pennsylvania poetess the call has gone out:

Wu sin die deitsche Dichter
 Sie sin verschwunne all
 Wu sin die grosse Lichter
 In unsere Ruhmeshall
 Heraus, heraus Reimreiser,
 Wu sin ihr all versteckt
 Ihr sin jo die Wegweiser
 Die Schönheit uferweckt.

Another small class of books may be mentioned as owing their existence to a very real necessity; it is stated thus in preface to the second edition of Horne's "Pennsylvania German Manual," 1895: "The great problem presented for solution is how shall 600,000 to 800,000 inhabitants of eastern Pennsylvania, to say nothing of those of other parts of our own State and of other States, to whom English is as much a dead language as Latin and Greek, acquire a sufficient knowledge of English to enable them to use that language intelligently." As a guide to the study of English the manual, which includes a guide to pronunciation, a select reader, and a dictionary, was submitted to the public for use in schools and families. The book was first published in 1875 and a fourth edition has made its appearance.

The earlier writers wrote to show that it was possible to use the dialect for literary expression, to satisfy the desire among the people for stories in their daily speech, to teach those who dealt with the Pennsylvania Germans in business the elements of their speech and to use the dialect as a means of teaching the Pennsylvania Germans the English language.

Of subsequent writers some wrote because others had written before them—inspiration; where possible the reasons have been ferreted out in the case of each individual writer and in each chapter noted; a large number, however, have had no other reason for writing than the *Sänger* of Goethe, and have asked no other reward than that one did:

Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnt
Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt
Ist Lohn der reichlich lohnet.

VI. THE RANGE OF PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN DIALECT POETRY AND THE TYPES OF DIALECT WRITING.

Wide is the range of literary forms that our dialect writers have cultivated. In verse there is much narrative and descriptive poetry, considerable that is truly lyrical (in the modern sense), and some selections that have had a wide popularity as songs (see L. Miller, E. Grumbine, Henninger). A number of sonnets have been written (Hark, Ziegler), and just as in the more serious literatures, a claim has been set up by one writer to have written and *first* sonnet in the dialect (Hark, PROCEEDINGS P. G. S., Vol. X.). This claim has been disproved (see article on Ziegler). Ziegler, in humorous vein, has even written a sonnet on the sonnet as a literary form. There is a great deal of occasional poetry, this usually was intended to be read at the reunions of families, the gathering of former students of a school, for birthdays, to celebrate the coming of the New Year, one for a College Class Day (Henninger), one to settle a factional fight in a church (Koplin), and at least three "In Memoriam"—Weiser: Zum Andenken an Dr. H. H.; Gruber: Zum Andenken an L. L. G.; the latter full of snatches from Grumbine's own verse skillfully woven into the poem, and finally Ziegler's "An Meine Mutter." All are good; the latter actually takes Tennyson for his model and in some places paraphrases, and very successfully, parts of that poem. Of the latter it can be said that never has a dialect writer set himself so lofty a model and then approached the same so nearly in form and feeling as has Ziegler.

The poetics of dialect literature has never been written, but here and there we may gather some of the laws that will be incorporated in it. Karl Weinhold in an essay "Ueber Deutsche Dialekt Forschung," when speaking

of the new life that entered Dialekt Dichtung through Hebel, adds "Viele meinten es ihm nachtun zu können, allein nur einer unter den zahlreichen Dialektdichtern hat erreicht was er wollte." In accounting for this he says "Er hat *nicht* wie die anderen *Landschaftliche Laute und Worte Zusammengeleimt sondern das Fühlen, Denken und Sprechen des Volkes Glückliche wieder erschaffen. Das ist das Einzige und Höchste was diese Literarische Gattung leisten kann*, alles andere ist leere Spreu und eitle Tändelei.

If now we examine the titles of their poems, we find that the Pennsylvania-German writers have treated almost without exception themes that lie near to the "Denken und Fühlen of the Volk."

They have lingered long and lovingly around the old homestead, "Unser alty Heemet" (Rauch, Meyer, Gruber), literally from the cradle to the grave and the new home beyond the grave. From the time the joyous cry goes up "it's a boy"—"En Buwele is es" (Keller) to the graveyard, "Der alt Kerchhof" (Weitzel), where mother sleeps—"Die Mammi schlofft" (Stump) and to the heavenly home, "Es himmlisch Heemweh" (Bahn).

Boyish pranks find their gleeful narrators; the catching of the fabled bird or beast, "Die elfatrutsche Jagt" (J. J. B.), teasing the old buck, "Der alt Schofbok" (DeLong), sneaking into mother's pantry, "Der Tschellyschlecker" (More), the forfeits the boy pays when mother comes with the shingle, "Der Mammi ihre Schindel" (translation, Schuler), childhood's pastimes, such as making chestnut whistles when in the springtime the sap begins to flow, "Keschts Peifa" (Keller), boys' work on the farm, picking stones in the fields newly cleared for cultivation, oh how the boys hated the job, "Der Bu am Schteeleesa"

(Stump), and there were some who "played off" when the boss was not watching, as Dinkey's hired man, "Em Dinkey sei Knecht" (Wuchter).

There are dozens devoted with loving tenderness to the country school. This point need not be enlarged upon farther than to say that Harbaugh's Old Schoolhouse by the Creek, "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick," was the inspiration of the entire body of poetic literature in the dialect.

Every kind of work has its singer, haymaking, "Hoyet und Erndt" (Mays), flax culture, "Flaxbaue" (Keller), a veritable little epic of toil in ten short cantos; many have described the old-fashioned applebutter bee, of which it is hard to say whether it was work or sport, "Latwerkkoche" (Grumbine, Fischer, etc.).

On Saturday evening, when the work of the week is over the young will gather at singing school, "Die Singeschule" (Henninger), on Sundays at the old church, "Die alt Kerch" (Reinecke), in the fall everybody gathers at the fair, "An der Fair" (Hark).

The seasons are sung; one writer (Bahn) celebrates them all; what joy there is in winter, "Hurrah fer der Winter" (Wuchter), and its sports, coasting, "Es Glatt Eis Fahre" (Keller). There is also a melancholy side to the ice storm that breaks the trees, "Es Glatt Eis" (Bahn), yet who does not welcome the snow, "Der Schnee!" (Wuchter). But when the cruel winter is over everybody rejoices in the merry springtime, "Es Frühjohr is do un alles is fro" (Mays), while another is glad for the opportunity to work—"Im Summer" (Wollenweber). Autumn, "Schpotjohr" (Leisenring), too, has its poet.

The festal seasons of the year have not been forgotten,

a birthday, "En Geburtsdawg" (Witmer); the Fourth of July, "Der Viert" (Grumbine, Miller); Christmas eve, "Die Nacht vor der Chrischdawg" (translation, Zimmerman, Miller); New Year's Day, "Neujohr" (Weitzel); Shrovetide, "Fahsnacht" (Wuchter); a Moravian Eastermorning, "En Herrenhoodter Oschtre-morja" (Hark); Santa Claus, "Der Belsnickel," "Das Krischkindel" (Harbaugh).

The delight of those who have lived near to nature's heart is not only in the phenomena of nature but also in her creatures; the birds have called forth rhyme, the whippoorwill, "Der Wipperwill" (Fischer); the peewee, "Der Pihwie" (Harbaugh, Wuchter); the birdhouse, "Es neu Vogelhaus" (Eshelman); the robin, "Die Am-schel" (Hark, Weitzel); a hen and her chicks, "En Gluck voll Beeplin" (Grumbine, E.); likewise the trees, the old willow, "Der alt Weidebaam" (Bahn); under the spreading chestnut tree, "Unnich 'em alte Keschedabaam" (Hark); the chestnut tree, "Der Keschedabaam" (Keller); the woods, "Der Busch" (Weitzel, Stump); in Brush Valley, "Im Heckedahl" (Meyer).

By no means of least importance are the rhymed character sketches, a character, "En Character" (Weitzel); the old schoolmaster, "Der alt School meeschter" (Fischer); the braggart, "Der Prahlhans" (Grumbine, E.); our Henry, "Unser Henny" (Hark); Jacky, "Der Jockel" (Keller); the clown, "Der Hansworscht" (Mays); the beggar, "Der Bettelmon" (Minnich); a plain man, "En simpler Mon" (Ziegler); the miser, "En Geitz" (Wuchter); the old charcoal burner, "Der alt Kohlebrenner" (Mays); the washerwoman, "Die Wasch-fraa" (Keller); the toper, "Mei arme Bee" (Grumbine, L. L.); the fisher, "Der alt Fischermon" (Gruber).

Finally, although this does not exhaust the categories, nor the titles that could be cited under each, but is intended merely to illustrate the rule which forms the subject of this chapter, we end as we began, with the old homestead; it has been ransacked from the topmost floor, "Uf'm owerschte Speicher" (Stein), "Der alt Garrett" (Brunner); the bedroom, "Die Schlofschtub" (Harbaugh); the old hearth, "Der alt Feuerheerd" (Harbaugh); the old arm chair, "Der alt Schockelschtuhl" (Bahn); a quilt, "Juscht en Deppich" (Eshelman); every nook and every object to which the memory fondly clings has been glorified in song.

If the poems themselves be examined it will be found that these writers have not only recreated the thought and feeling of the Volk, but that they come safely also under the third requirement as set down in Weinhold's rule—they have remained faithful to the language of the Volk.

At times the writers have transgressed the rules, and in consequence have not been wholly successful in their undertaking; in this class it has always seemed to the present writer should be included Lee L. Grumbine's translation of the Ancient Mariner, the theme not being adapted to dialect treatment; his other translations are truer reflexes of the Volk mind. On the other hand Bryant's "Thanatopsis" has been translated by Ziegler with wonderful fidelity to the thought into a language smooth and rhythmical, so that in words and in structure it remains, as the language of true poetry often does, strangely near the language of daily speech.

Parody has a number of illustrations, as in Gruber's "Die Letscht Maud Muller"; E. Grumbine's "Die Mary un ihr Hundley," among others. There is more that might be called reminiscent of the other writers—H. Mil-

ler's "Bells" after Tennyson, Ziegler's "Schneckehaus" after Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus"; Fischer is full of Burns; in one case he is thinking of Longfellow's "Under a Spreading Tree"; E. Grumbine's "Der Alt Busch Doctor" is after a poem by Will Carleton; Ziegler has one that recalls Horace's "Exegi Monumentum." Others have borrowed from earlier dialect writers as Mays, and others from Harbaugh, or Harbaugh (perhaps) from Hebel.

In the field of translation, the ground that has been covered is vast, the authors that have been drawn on are many. J. Baer Stoudt has rendered Longfellow's "The Rainy Day," a number have tried "The Psalm of Life," while Ziegler has rendered several others from Longfellow as well as Bryant's "Thanatopsis." L. L. Grumbine has gone to John Vance Cheney and rendered all of Coleridge's "Ye Ancient Mariner," Zimmerman has one from greek anthology, Rauch from Hamlet, and from Poe. Dialect has been turned into dialect, several writers turning Suabian into Pennsylvania German; Schuler, a ballad after Breitman, "Ven der angry passions gadding," into the Pennsylvania German. Likewise, several have come from Irish and Scotch originals, notably, "Auld Robin Gray" and "The Bairnies Cuddle Doon at Nicht" (Zimmerman); finally, and not least, Elwood Newhard has rendered parts of Gilbert and Sullivan's Comic Opera "Pinafore," travelled over Pennsylvania with a company and sung these parts in the dialect, meeting with great success.

It must be remarked in passing that amongst the Pennsylvania Germans there are known in dialect form a great many rhymes, riddles and weather rules in metrical form. Their origin is like Topsy's—"They just growed," or as Theodor Storm says "Sie werden gar nicht gemacht, sie

wachsen, sie fallen aus der Luft, sie fliegen über Land wie Mariengarn, hierhin und dorthin und werden an tausend Stellen zugleich gesungen." J. Baer Stoudt has collected these and published them in the PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY, Vol. XXIII.

The bulk of the prose has been in the form of newspaper letters (Rauch, D. Miller, H. Miller, Wollenweber, Harter, etc.). While these are, in the main, humorous, we get snatches of other forms here and there. Book reviews occur, such as Leisenring on Wollenweber's book (see p. 24). The present writer has in his possession a letter in the dialect by a professor at the Theological Seminary at Lancaster commending a young pastor for a dialect poem he has written in the interests of peace in a factional church. Horne *advertises* Ziegler's book in a broadside to prospective buyers. A bit of brief Biography—Conrad Gehring's "Lives of the German Governors of Pennsylvania"—has appeared in Horne's Manual, while Joseph Warner has published a "Comic History of the United States," modeled on a book of similar title in English. Two dramolets were written and also played in many a crossroads schoolhouse (see Rauch, E. Grumbine).

Several other types of composition, though not in print, must be mentioned here:

Sermons.—Many preachers no doubt used, instead of German, a language closely approximating the dialect, but there is one that stands in a class by himself—Moses Dissinger, "The 'Billy' Sunday of the Pennsylvania Germans." Some of his stories, his figures of speech, his striking illustrations, have appeared in print, many more are still vivid in the minds of those who had the opportunity to hear him preach.

Lectures.—At least one Pennsylvania German, Rauch,

had a set lecture with which he travelled; a part of this is reprinted in one of the earlier volumes of the PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY'S PROCEEDINGS. In addition to delivering this lecture he also read his own and from Harbaugh's poems.

Letters.—These have been referred to above; others are mentioned in the article on Harter. In gathering the material for this work, the present writer found that in soliciting information he could get nearer to his correspondents if a few paragraphs were written in the dialect. The Pennsylvania-German writers had been so much misunderstood that they seemed to open their hearts in a different way when made to realize that the writer not only knew and used their dialect but understood their point of view and appreciated their feelings.

Political Speeches.—The politicians early learned to know the value of the dialect as a means of approach to the voters. Many are the names that might be cited here and under this rubric would be included the speeches of the Hon. W. H. Sowden, of Allentown, although he, their author, was a native of Cornwall, England. (For notes on the dialect in the Courts see article on Rauch. Compare also footnote to President Fackenthal's address Proceedings of the P. G. S., Vol. XXIV, p. 11.)

After Dinner Speeches and Addresses.—Henninger was perhaps the prince of those in the list. Henry Houck, too, will long be remembered for his efforts along this line. See also Dr. N. C. Schaeffer on Henry Harbaugh in Introduction to Lynn Harbaugh's life of Henry Harbaugh.

Almanacs.—At least two almanacs appeared entirely in the dialect; of one of these Eli Keller was the editor and compiler, H. A. Schuler of the other. They both came from the Friedensbote Press, Allentown.

VII. A WORD ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENT.

The problem of arrangement presented many difficulties. There were clearly a number of writers that belonged to the founders of the literature. Among these are Harbaugh, Rauch, Fischer and Horne. At the same time Eli Keller, who published some of his best poems in Rauch's almost forgotten "Pennsylvania Dutchman," is still producing good poems; the life of Ezra Grumbine also covers almost the entire period. Milton Henninger produces a poem at intervals of almost a score of years. Horne, who belongs to the earlier writers, continued to revise and reprint his book, and it has even had a number of editions since his death, revised by his son.

Since the treatment has been in the main biographic, the course taken has been to group together certain writers as of The Earlier Period, including amongst these the consideration of all writers no longer living. Those grouped in The Later Period, comprising writers still living, have been arranged in alphabetical order. For convenience some have been characterized by a line or a phrase. Of those not so characterized some are so well known as not to need it, in the case of others it has been possible to sum up their work in the manner indicated, that is, by a line or a phrase.

It is also proper to add that no effort has here been made to construct a phonetic alphabet to be adhered to throughout, or to invent a uniform system of spelling the dialect. The writers do not agree on this point; indeed they often quarreled with each other about it. It, therefore, seemed best to the editor and compiler, with a view of affording the widest representation, to leave the quoted parts in exactly the dialect setting and spelling in which they were put by the writers themselves.



THE EARLIER PERIOD AND WRITERS NO LONGER LIVING.

I. LOUIS MILLER.

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Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Vol. XII.

Short Sketch of the Pennsylvania Germans. H. L. Fisher, Chicago, Ill.

Antedating Rondthaler usually accounted the first to have essayed dialect verse is another Pennsylvania-German poet whose poems were, however, in all probability not in print at so early a date. Louis Miller was born the son of a school teacher, at York, Pa., December 3, 1795; he became a carpenter and later a builder, and is said to have gained credit and distinction as such; he was a man of ready wit, and of a culture unusual for his time and in his community. This fund of information he acquired by diligent self-instruction and by one very extensive trip through Europe. Besides this he was a talented cartoonist and caricaturist, as is shown by two volumes of his sketches still extant. So far I possess only one of his poems; it is a driver's song which was said to have had a goodly share of popularity in the days when the German farmers of southern Pennsylvania used to convey the products of their farms and distilleries to market in Baltimore in their great Conestoga wagons.

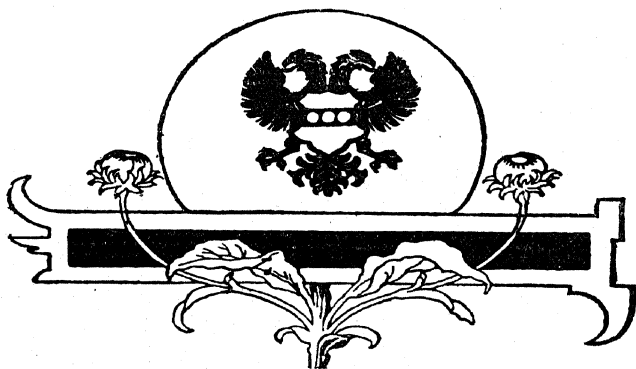
Nooch Baltimore geht unser Fuhr
Mit dem bedeckte Waage;
Der Turnpike zeigt uns die Geschpur,
Die Gäul sin gut beschlaage.
En guter Schluck, Glück zu der Reiss,
Der Dramm, der steigt un fällt im Preis—
So bloose die Posauner—
Hot, Schimmel, hot! ei, Brauner!

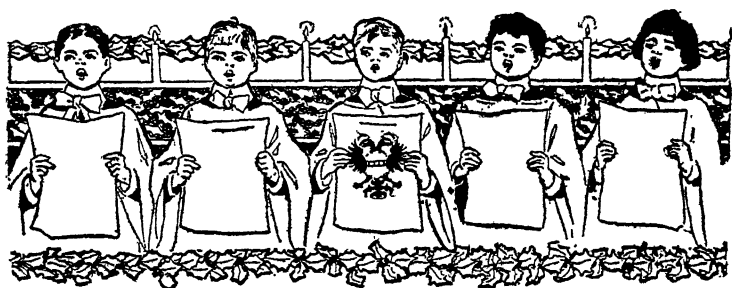
Mer fahre bis zum Blauen Ball,
En deutscher Wirt, ein guter Schtall—
Der Eirisch isch Schalk Jauner—
Hot, Schimmel, hot! ei, Brauner!
Do schteht 'n Berg, dort ligt 'n Dahl,
Un 's Zollhaus gegenüwer;
Es singt en Lerch, es pfeift 'n Schtaar;
"Die Freiheit isch uns lieber."

Es regert sehr, der Pelz wert nass,
Mer steige aus dem Waage,
Un ziege aus dem kleene Fass,
Was taugt für unsere Maage;
Seenschts net das, nau, schun schpreier geht?
Mer bleiwe net dahinde,
Un wer das Fuhrwerk recht verschteht,
Losst sich net lodisch finde.

Den Dramm, den hen mer jetzt verkauft,
Un 's Gelt isch in der Tasche;
Jetzt fahre mer vergnügt zu Haus,
Und lere's in die Kaschte;
En guter Schluck! Glück bu der Reiss!
Der Dramm, der schteigt un fällt im Preiss!—
So bloose de Posauner—
Hot, Schimmel! hot, ei Brauner!

Jetz henmer schun en gute Loth
Von alle Sorte Waare,
Die wolln mer jetz heemzus graad
Auf's schmaale Eck hi fahre.
Der Fuhrloh zaalt des Zehrgeld zrück,
En guter Schluck, zu allem Glick,
Mir sin ke Schalke Jauner!
Hot, Schimmel! hot, ei Brauner!





2. EMANUEL RONDTHALER.

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Life of Philip Schaff. D. S. Schaff, New York, 1897.

Nazareth Hall and Its Reunions. Reichel, Philadelphia, 1869.

Pennsylvania German, Vol. I, 2, 18.

Pennsylvania German, Vol. VII, 3, 121.

The song for which the claim has been made that it is the earliest known poem in the dialect was entitled "Abendlied," when, in August, 1849, it first appeared in the *Deutscher Kirchenfreund*, published by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff. Up to 1857, Dr. Schaff declined to reveal the identity of the author, but shortly thereafter attributed its authorship to Rev. Edward Rondthaler, Sr., a Moravian missionary and minister who was for a time tutor and subsequently principal of the famous Moravian school, Nazareth Hall, Nazareth, Pa., and who died in 1855.

On the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of this school in 1769, a book was prepared by William C. Reichel, "Nazareth Hall and Its Reunions," Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1869, in which our poem is included in an appendix, but under the title "Morgets un Owets" and with a slightly modified orthography; we are there informed that the author was Rev. Emanuel Rond-

thaler, a brother of the above named, who had also been a teacher in the same institution, and who died in 1848. This last statement is confirmed by Bishop Edward Rondthaler, of Winston-Salem, N. C., a son of the former, and by Miss Elizabeth Rondthaler, of Bethlehem, Pa., a daughter of the latter, from whom also comes the statement that it was written by her father about 1835 when he was twenty years old, because he desired to prove as above stated that the Pennsylvania German, so generally despised, could be used to express poetic and refined sentiment. A consideration of certain phenomena of nature, and particularly of the morning bringing favorable omens as compared with those of evening, leads our divine to note in general the mutability of human fortune, on which follows the comforting reflection that "up yonder" what is fair in the morning will be no less so at eventide if there be an eventide there at all. Hereupon the poet bursts into an expression of passionate longing for that blest abode, and calls upon his friends not to grieve for him when he is laid in the tomb and enters the realms where there is no change. (Cf. for subject matter I. Thess., IV, 13.)

Prof. Reichel in his introductory remarks declared it as his belief "that it is one of the first attempts to render that *mongrel* dialect the vehicle of poetic thought and diction." He commends the poem for the touching appeal it makes to the finer feelings of our nature and the spirit of Christian faith and hope with which it is imbued. The professor adds a translation into English in a different meter which is, in reality, more in the nature of a paraphrase.

As to the "mongrel dialect," it is interesting to note that of the 162 words in the poem, only two are English.

Reichel's version betrays an effort made by means of

the orthography to accentuate the difference between the pronunciation of the dialect and the High German. While a few of his changes might meet with acceptance, his version is not on the whole successful, and at least one change is made in gender which violates present usage in that same county, as well as the High German.

ABENDLIED.

Margets scheint die Sun so schö
Owets geht der gehl Mond uf,
Margets leit der Dau im Klee,
Owets tritt mer drucke druf.
Margets singe all die Vögel,
Owets greischt die Loabkrot arg.
Margets gloppt mer mit der Flegel,
Owets leit mer schun im Sarg.
Alles dut sich ännern do,
Nix bleibt immer so wie now.
Was ei'm Freed macht, bleibt net so,
Werd gar arg bald hart un rau.
Drowe werd es anners sein,
Dart, wo's now so blow aussicht;
Dart is Margets alles feih,
Dart is Owets alles Licht.
Margets is dart Freed die Füll:
Owets is es au noch so,
Margets is em's Herz so still,
Owets is mer au noch froh.
Ach! wie dut me doch gelischte
Nach der blowe Wohnung dart;
Dart mit alle gute Chrischte,
Freed zu habe, Ruh alsfort.
Wann sie mi in's Grab nein trage,
Greint net, denn ich hab's so schö:

Wann sie es des Owets sage
 Denkt—bei ihm is sell all anes!
 1849. *Deutscher Kirchenfreund*, Aug.

MORGETS UND OWETS.

Morgets scheint die Sun so schö,
 Owets geht der gehl Mond uf,
 Morgets leit der Dau im Glä
 Owets drett mer drucke druf.

Morgets singe all die Feggle,
 Owets greyscht der Lawb-krott arg,
 Morgets gloppt mer mit der Fleggle,
 Owets leit mer sho im Sarg.

Alles dut sich ennere do,
 Nix bleibt immer so wie nau;
 Wos' em Fräd macht, bleibt nett so,
 Werd gar arg bald harrt un rau—

Drowe werd es anners sein,
 Dart wo nau so blo aussicht,
 Dart is Morgets alles fein,
 Dart is Owets alles Licht.

Morgets is dart Fräd die Fill,
 Owets is es o noch so;
 Morgets is ems Herz so still;
 Owets is mer o noch fro.

Ach! wie dut mer doch gelischte,
 Nach der blo'e Woning dart;
 Dart mit alle gute Christe
 Fräd zu have—Roo als fort.

Wann sie mich ins Grab nei drage,
 Greint nett—denn ich habs so schö—
 Wann sie—"Ess is Owet!"—sage—
 Denkt—bei ihm is sell, "allone."

Nazareth Hall and Its Reunions, 1869.

MORGETS UND OWETS. (Translation.)

In the morning the sun shines cheerful and bright,
In the evening the yellow moon's splendor is shed:
In the morning the clover's with dew all bedight,
In the evening its blossoms are dry to the tread.

In the morning the birds sing in unison sweet,
In the evening the frog cries prophetic and loud;
In the morning we toil to the flail's dull beat,
In the evening we lie in our coffin and shroud.

Here on earth there is nothing exempt from rude change—
Naught abiding, continuing always the same;
What pleases is passing—is past, oh how strange!
And the joy that so mocked us is followed by pain.

But above 'twill be different I very well know—
Up yonder where all is so calm and so blue!
In the morning there objects will be all aglow,
In the evening aglow too with Heaven's own hue.

In the morning up yonder our cup will be filled,
In the evening its draught will not yet have been drained,
In the morning our hearts will divinely be stilled,
In the evening ecstatic with bliss here unnamed.

And oh, how I long, how I yearn to be there,
Up yonder where all is so calm and so blue,
With the spirit of perfected just ones to share
Through Eternity's ages joy and peace ever new.

And when to my grave I shall slowly be borne,
Oh weep and lament not, for I am so blest!
And when "it is evening" you'll say or, "'tis morn"—
Remember for me there is nothing but rest!

This is the translation of Rondthaler's "Abendlied"
made by Prof. William C. Reichel, *Pennsylvania German*,
May, 1906.



3. HENRY HARBAUGH.

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Blessed Memory (The) of Henry Harbaugh. Jos. Dubbs, D.D., P. G., Vol. X, 1, 1.

Henry Harbaugh is well known; Pennsylvania-German literature has often been interpreted to mean little else than Harbaugh's *Harfe*, the volume of his collected dialect poems. His name is mentioned by every one who has spoken or written of Pennsylvania-German literature; moreover an excellent Life has been written by his son, Lynn Harbaugh, and published by the Reformed Church Publication Board, Philadelphia, 1900, and few new facts could be added to the material presented in that work. The biography, however, has distinctly the tone of being written for those who knew him as a pastor and a theologian and the reader would little suspect his real rank as a dialect poet from the half dozen pages devoted to this side of his career. It is rather as the beloved shepherd of the flock, the careful church historian or the learned professor of theology that he appears, and his life work is in large measure covered by these terms. Yet his dialect productions mark the crest of a wave of influence that was set in motion at the beginning of the nineteenth century in a little secluded valley of the southern Black Forest by John Peter Hebel, through the publication of a small volume of poems in the Alemannic dialect, a wave of influence which in time spread over the whole of Germany.

"Die Anregungen zur Nachfolge zu verfolgen," says Hebel's biographer in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, "und zu fragen wer sich hat durch Hebel's Vorgang und leuchtendes Beispiel begeistern lassen auf dem Gebiet deutscher Zunge, von der Schweiz bis zum norddeutschen Plattland, seiner dichterschen Muse das Gewand des Dialekts umzulegen, ist nicht dieses Orts." If the writer had

ever undertaken this task, he would have found it necessary to extend the geographical limits set and to add "und sogar über das Meer nach Amerika."

Henry Harbaugh was born near Waynesboro, Pa., October 28, 1817; his ancestors had come from Switzerland and were tillers of the soil; at nineteen he left the farm and his home, in order to have a freer hand in working out his future. After four years of life in Ohio, carpentering, going to school and teaching school, he was able to return and enter Marshall College, Mercersburg, Pa.; three years he spent in Preparatory School, College and Theological Seminary, then, in 1843, served successively three congregations as pastor, at Lewisburg, Lancaster and Lebanon, Pa., until 1863, when he became professor of didactic and practical theology at the Seminary of The Reformed Church at Mercersburg. During the later periods, from 1843 to his death, he founded and edited *The Guardian*, a monthly magazine, contributed frequently to the *Mercersburg Review* (editor, 1867 to his death), wrote numerous books chiefly on theological and biblical subjects, biography, poetry, addresses, lectures (unpublished) and articles for encyclopedias. December 28, 1867, in the midst of his labors, he ended this life.

On January 9, 1868, his friend Dr. Philip Schaff wrote in the *Christian World*, among other things as follows: "As the poet in the Pennsylvania-German dialect he stands alone, if we except an isolated attempt made before, namely, the touching evening hymn, 'Margets scheint die sun so schee,' written by a Moravian minister, the late Rev. Mr. Rondthaler, and published in (Schaff's) *Kirchenfreund* in 1849. I first directed his attention to this piece of poetry and suggested to him the desirableness of immortalizing the Pennsylvania German in song before it

dies out as the Alemannian dialect has been immortalized by Hebel. He took up the hint and wrote his 'Schulhaus an der Krick' which he modestly submitted to me and which, when published in several newspapers, produced quite a sensation among the Pennsylvania Germans and found its way even to Germany. The 'Heemweh' and other pieces followed from time to time and were received with equal favor. These poems can, of course, be fully appreciated only in Pennsylvania; but in originality, humor and genuine Volkston they are almost equal to the celebrated Alemannian poems of Hebel. They are pervaded moreover by a healthy moral and religious feeling."

Schaff's opinion of Harbaugh's capacity for writing poetry had been expressed upon the occasion of the appearance of Harbaugh's first volume of English poems thus: "The appearance of a volume of poems by H. Harbaugh was to us simply a question of time. It had to come sooner or later by an unavoidable necessity. The bird will sing and the poet will write." Singing, speaking, thinking and writing did fill the circle of his life. The bent of his mind from childhood foredoomed him to be a poet. How else could the farmer boy on a trip to a neighboring sawmill have been more interested in the Legend of Mount Misery than in the proper loading of logs upon the wagon; why else should the flight of birds have for him such a solemn mystical meaning; why should there have been to him majesty in the forest and not mere trees for lumber; would the real farmer boy have stolen off to the hills with a well-thumbed book to read and meditate? Who else would have thought of becoming a miller because when the hopper is filled and the waterwheel is set in motion the miller has time to read and study, and not rather time to play at cards with the idlers that gath-

ered from the neighborhood? When we think of him as keeping a notebook almost from the time that he could write, privately schooling himself, writing letters, essays, addresses (and on occasion delivering them), and with it all, always singing and teaching others to sing—we have a picture not only of the youth but a sure token of the man that he was to become.

Some of his English poems have been very widely read and give promise of continuing to live, especially "The Mystic Weaver" and "Through Death to Life"; of his spiritual songs, several are being used in the church services of his own church, The Reformed Church in The United States, and at least one, "Jesus, I live to Thee," has taken its place in the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Hymnals and in a number of other collections.

At the end of the third chapter of the biography, Lynn Harbaugh says: "Much of it all—the downfallings and uprisings, the smiles and tears, and aught else that goes to make up the lights and shadows of an eventful life—may be rounded out from the diary of one's own experience, for the old world wags much the same for all, and life's story is an old one." In these words we can explain the popularity of Harbaugh's dialect poetry. He has chronicled these downfallings and uprisings, these smiles and tears, these lights and shadows, and their appeal is universal because these experiences may be rounded out in the diaries of the lives of so many of those who have heard or read his lines, of those for whom they were written.

In "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick" the speaker, a person who had gotten tired of home, has gone "owwe naus"—out west, as we would say—and after twenty years of fortune-chasing has come back to proclaim that

there's nought but humbug "owwe draus," that brown-stone fronts and boundless wealth are not to be compared in value with the little old schoolhouse near his father's house, before which he stands. As he stands and looks and thinks he finds all still as of yore, the babbling brook, the alder bushes by it, the little fishes in it; the white oak at the schoolhouse door, the grape vines twining over it and the swallow's nest at the gable. All is so realistic, it cannot be but that he is back again in his youth, his joyous laughter affirms it, but tears flow the while he laughs, denying it; thus he continues through the many descriptive stanzas that follow; sometimes in the present tense things are and again in the past they were; we get a complete picture of the old-time schoolmaster, the architecture and furnishing of the schoolroom, the seating of the pupils, the discipline of the teacher, the games on the playground, schoolday flirtations, tricks played upon the teacher. So vivid does the narrator make it all that he is suddenly brought to himself with the question, where are those pupils now? Facing actuality once more he is again torn with the conflicting emotions—joy at being in its presence and the desire to weep for the past that is no more; finally he bids good bye to the old schoolhouse, pleading with those who still live there to take good care of it at all times.

Ulysses S. Koons has written: "What tenderness, what pathos and humor pervade this poem in its picturing of the humble schoolhouse of long ago! We do not wonder that this poem has always been a great favorite." And speaking of the lines:

Die kleene Mäd hen Ring geschpielt
Uf sellem Wassum da;
Wann grose Mäd sin in der Ring—
'S is doch en wunnervolles Ding—
Sin grose Buwe ah!

Die Grose hen die Grose 'taggt,
Die Kleene all vermisst!
Wie sin se g'schprunge ab un uf
Wer g'wunne hot, verloss dich druf,
Hut dichdiglich gekisst!

he adds: "If universality is one of the characteristics of genius these lines must be considered a masterpiece, for where on earth has there ever been a schoolhouse where this ring kissing game of joyous memory has not been played precisely as set forth by our poet."

But the present writer says there is universality in every line and every thought. What family was there, or is there, that did not have its dissatisfied boy who must needs seek his fortune abroad? What tender-hearted mother or stern father but has doubted whether their dear one, in spite of material things that may have come to him, is quite as well off as he would be at home, and, therefore, gives ready assent to the sentiment that there's nought but humbug "owwe draus." The present writer recalls the occasion when he was very young, a new schoolhouse near his home replaced an older one, and the new one was being dedicated by a Sunday School which made use of the building on Sundays; a very old man was one of the speakers; there were addresses in English and addresses in German, all of which he has forgotten, if he ever understood them; the old man had finished his address in German and had taken his seat when he suddenly jumped up and said "Oh, ich het schier gar vergesse—Heit is es exactly zwanzig jahr" and recited the whole poem to the end, amid the smiles and winks of the younger men and the deep sighing and even tears of the older men and women, and so true, so realistic did it all seem that he did not know until years later that the old man had not spoken

of himself and been describing the schoolhouse that had stood on that very spot in years gone by; and yet the schoolhouse of Harbaugh and the one where this occurred were as far apart as the most eastern and the most western counties of German Pennsylvania.

He gives us a picture not only of a schoolhouse, and of bygone days, not only a portrayal of man's inwardness and its expression, but of the thoughts and feelings of the people of whom and for whom he writes. "Er war," says Benjamin Bausman, "obschon er beinahe ausschliesslich in Englischer Sprache schrieb, von Haus aus ein sogenannter Deutsch Pennsylvanier. In seinem väterlichen Haus wurde Pennsylvanisch Deutsch gesprochen. Den eigenthümlichen Geist dieses Volkes saugte er von seiner frühesten Kindheit ein. Er liebte dessen Gebräuche, dessen kindlichen Sinn und dessen schlichte Frömmigkeit, und fühlte sich nirgende so wohl zu Haus als in den Familien und grossen Kirchen Ost-Pennsylvaniens." Then follows this very significant sentence: "Bei seinen Besuchen unter diesem Volk bemühte er sich jedesmal, etwas aus dessen geschichtlichem Leben zu sammeln, und aufzubewahren." To this people he brought in his poems reflexes of their better selves in youth and in old age, in deepest sorrow or greatest joy, when sunk in dark despair, when buoyed up by a confident trust in the Master's promises: it was no wonder, as Fick says, quoting Bausman, "dass das Volk sein Gemütvollen Gedichte an den Feuerherden las, und darüber weinte und lachte." It is no wonder that the volume of his poems lies alongside of the Family Bible, as Karl Knortz tells us it does; it is small wonder if it were true as he too tells us that they can repeat "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick" from memory better than their confession of faith.

During the years 1861 and 1862 most of his poems were published in the *Guardian*; in January, 1861, "Der Regeboja" without comment; in August, "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick," with a half apologetic explanatory note by the editor, and no indication of authorship; in November, "Haemweh," one of his best, still anonymous; in February, 1862, to "Lah Business"—a poem of which Dr. Dubbs has written that "it is so much inferior to his other productions as hardly to appear to be from the same hand"—was first added "By the editor." From this time the poems appear almost every month "By the editor" for about a year, when his activity along this line ceased under pressure of his new duties as professor of theology. Nor was it granted him during his busy life to fulfil the wishes of his friends that he publish a collection of his poems. Immediately after his death Dr. Passavant, of the Lutheran Church, in a letter to Dr. Schaff, in which he declared that he felt "Haemweh" to be the equal of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," urged upon him to undertake the work. By Dr. Schaff it was in turn referred to the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Bausman, under whose editorship the "Harfe" appeared—a collection of fifteen dialect poems with the author's own English version of four of them; it is illustrated also with woodcuts of "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick," "Die alt Miehle" and "Haemweh"; also a portrait of the author. There is a Vorrede and a biographical sketch by the editor, and an In Memoriam—in the dialect—"einen rührenden poetischen Nachruf," says Dr. Fick—by a descendant of the old Pennsylvania-German Indian agent, the Rev. Conrad Z. Weiser.

"Es sind meistervolle Genrebilder," says Fick, "wenn er des alten Feuerherdes, der Schlafstube, der alten Mühle gedenkt, oder

wenn er erzählt wie er von seiner Mutter beim Fortgehen aus dem Elternhause abschied und sie weinend auf der Veranda stehend, ihm nachblickte."

Writers on the history of music tell us that before a certain pedal arrangement was perfected for the harp it was not practical for the performer to play all the keys. In the last poem referred to above, "Haemweh," Harbaugh's Harfe had all the improvements in rapid succession, running the whole range of tonal coloring. The poem begins with the simple calm suggestion, unreasoned and ununderstood, that he ought to go to see the old homestead, an annual thought. It grips him, however, and he sets out, and now it drives him faster and faster, until as he nears the top of the last hill that hides it from his view the joy of anticipation rises to such heights that he must literally leap into the air to speed his first glimpses. More slowly now, but still in rapid panorama the familiar scenes of childhood pass until he reaches the gate where his heartbroken mother waved him his last farewell, here he touches the very depths of grief. The light of the veranda brings thoughts of his father gone, but he had lived to see the day when he could give his hearty approval to the course his son had pursued. He now stands before the door. Shall he step inside?

Es is wol alles voll inside
Und doch is alles leer.

Full and yet empty, the contrast of these two lines are the contrast of the whole poem. His joy was like a glorious sunburst but the grief-stricken outcry like a crash of thunder in the darkness of the storm. Over it all the rainbow of hope rises once more, and, resigned, he goes back to the tasks of this world until it be the will of God to call him home.

That rainbow still stands over Harbaugh's tomb, for on one side of the marble monument that marks the spot where Harbaugh sleeps are cut the words from "Haem-weh"

O wann's net vor der Himmel wär
 Mit seiner scheene Ruh,
 Dann wär m'r's do schun lang verleedt,
 Ich wisst net, was zu dhu.
 Doch Hoffnung leichtet meinen Weg
 Der ewigen Heemet zu."

And from the same poem, these lines on the other side:

Dort find m'r, was m'r do verliert
 Und b'halt's in Ewigkeit;
 Dort lewe unsre Dodte all,
 In Licht und ew'ger Freid.

"Der Pihwie" is a dialogue between a farmer and the Peewee—harbinger of spring. In the *Guardian*, Dr. J. H. Dubbs says that this, though otherwise a fine poem, has a strong, though undesigned, resemblance to Hebel's "Der Storch." This seems to have been an unfortunate expression; it is quoted in Lynn Harbaugh's Biography and in his essay. He has even been constrained to add there was nothing like servile imitation or outright plagiarism.

Such words would have been unnecessary if the two poems had ever been printed side by side. Harbaugh had been a boy for whom the birds sang; he had no doubt, before he knew what poetry was, said "Ei Pihwie bischt zerick." It is a method of welcome common to all peoples for the bird of spring. Another Pennsylvania-German poet has treated the same subject in the same way, often in the same phrases. If that part of Hebel's poem be omitted in which he talks with the stork on the war and

the return of peace we are on common ground in all three poems. There is no other way of treatment—there are no other things to say. It must be dialogue, and what can you say except “Welcome”? what discuss except “the weather”? are you sure the winter is over, summer will now surely come; his nest—show him a place, invite him to proper materials for building it; his food—what he may have, or you may tease him about what he steals. Harbaugh had studied Hebel, and in this way may have received the suggestion of writing a poetic welcome to the bird that to him as a boy had heralded the advent of spring. The rest was inevitable.

The narrow range of theme for dialect writers, the similarity of the ways of thinking the world over will lead us not to be surprised if we find, but surprised if we do not find, such similarity.

O heert, ihr liewe Leit, was sin des Zeite
Dass unser eens noch erlewe muss!

sings Harbaugh, 1862.

Die Welt werd annerscht, un die Leit
'S giebt ganz en anner Wese.—
Des was e Zeit ihr liewe Leut
'S werd ke me so gebore

says Karl August Woll, Heidelberg, 1901.

In “Busch un Städel,” Harbaugh makes the countryman go to town and reason why he does not like it there. In a poem with the same title H. C. Wilhelmi has made the countryman describe the supercilious attitude of the city man when he comes to the country and in mock irony makes him say:

Wie traurig ist das Factum doch
Dass solch viel Volk unwissend noch.

In "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick" Harbaugh says, comparing the rest of the world with home:

Ich sag ihm awer vorne naus
Es is all humbug owwe draus.

A Hollander who has migrated to America writes of his home:

Hew up de ganze Welt nix sehn
Wat di to gliken wär.

We have seen how in "Haemweh," Harbaugh says:

Ich wees net was die Ursach is
Wees net, warum ich's dhu;
'N jedes Johr mach ich der Weg
Der alte Heemet zu.

A Platt-Dutchman from Bremen, Gustav Halthausen, does not actually make such a journey, but fain would do so:

Süh Fründ, mi will de Heimath
Noch gar nich ut den Sinn
So ol ik ok all worden
So lang ik wek ok bin
Un is en Fröhjahr weller
Mal kamen up de Eer
Dan trekket de Gedanken
Noch jümmer öewert Meer.

The dialect writers are a close fraternity, and must often be expected to express identical thoughts in all but identical terms.

In the biography we are told that Dr. Harbaugh loved childhood and children; that it was his delight to watch them at play and to cherish their sayings in his heart. He was particularly skilful in addressing little children, telling them stories—Christmas stories, stories sometimes of his own invention. This side of his nature also re-

ceived recognition, found expression not only incidentally as in "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick" but in separate poems like "Will widder Buwele sein," "Das Krisch-kindel," "Der Belsnickel."

Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, superintendent of public instruction of Pennsylvania, has said of Dr. Harbaugh: "He was a typical Pennsylvania German. The dialect and its range of ideas he acquired at his mother's knee and from the companions of his childhood and youth. His powers of work and his love of fun were developed under the tutelage of the old farm and under the influence of its customs, traditions, and forms of speech. He was thoroughly familiar with the homes and habits, the social and religious life of the Pennsylvanians of German ancestry. He knew their merits, foibles and shortcomings, their peculiar ways and superstitions, their highest hopes and noblest emotions. He admired their frankness and simplicity, their thrift and industry, their honesty and integrity. He shared their fondness for good meals, their sense of humor, their hatred of every form of sham and humbug. He summed up in his personality and exemplified in his life the best characteristics of these people." To this excellent characterization it might be added that the few dialect poems he wrote are an epitome of the manners and customs, the life and thought of these Pennsylvanians.

What can be said of his poems may fairly be counted as characteristic of the best that has been written in the dialect. The last mentioned poem, "Der Belsnickel," was cited by the *Philadelphia Demokrat* to show that the dialect does not or need not, if it stays in proper bounds, adopt many English expressions. On the other hand, a poem on the harvest field attributed to Harbaugh, though

not printed in his *Guardian* and not in the collected poems, is so full of slangy English expressions dragged in to rhyme with German words that it might easily stand alongside of those that give most offense from this point of view.

There is another poem which he published in the *Guardian* in August, 1862, as "By the editor," which was not taken into the *Harfe*; it is short—12 lines—is entitled "Das Union Arch," majestic, beautiful and firm it stands; 'tis treason to lay hands upon it to tear it asunder; it will stand many an assault, nor will it be rent, for Lincoln is its guardian.

DAS UNION ARCH.

Sehnst du sell arch von vierundreissig ste?

Un wescht du was sell bedeuta dut?

Es stellt die Union vor, gar grieslich schoe,

Der Keystone in der Mitt steht fescht un gut.

Sell Arch loss sei! -ke single Ste reg a;

Dort mus es steh bis Alles geht zu nix

Wan eppes legt sei Treason Hand dort dra

Don schießt, mir wie en Hund mit Minnie's Bix!

Sell Arch is vesht cement mit hertzen Blut;

Es stant en harter Rebel sturm, I'll bet;

"Verreist's!" kreisht aus die gans Sesession Brut—

Der Lincoln watcht sie close un losst sie net.

Schaff had suggested that the dialect was dying out, Harbaugh accepted this view. August Sauer in the Introduction to "Die deutsche Säculär Dichtungen an der Wende des 18 u. 19 Jahrhunderts" says: "Wenn das Leben des Menschen sich dem Ende neigt so treten die Ereignisse seiner frühesten Jugend am stärksten in seinem Gedächtnisse hervor." In "Geron, der Adelige" Wieland has said the same thing thus:

Das Alter ist geschwätzig, wie ihr wisst,
Es liebt zu reden von den guten Zeiten
Die nicht mehr sind, in denen es, als wie
In einem Traum allein noch lebt.

As the dying swan, of which Harbaugh wrote elsewhere, the dialect in Harbaugh's hands sang of the "old," six of the fifteen titles have the word old—"Das *alt* Schulhaus," "Der *alt* Feuerheerd," or in contrast new—"Die *neie* Sort Dschentleleit," or some suggestion of comparison of past and present—"Will widder Buwele sei," three others in the first stanza, two in the first line betray the same theme. In "Die Schlofstub" he says: "Als Pilger geh ich widder hin, Ins Haus wo ich gebore bin." In "Das Krischkindel": "Oh du lieber Kindheeds krischdag," and in "Haemweh": "'N jedes Johr mach ich der Weg, der Alte Heemet zu."

In thus picturing the old and the new Harbaugh has touched Pennsylvania-German life at so many points that those who came after him were almost under the necessity of paying tribute to him by taking the same title and treating it differently. Solly Holsbuck, "Will widder Buwele sei"; Wuchter, "Der Pihwie"—varying the title slightly and giving us a different angle; Brunner, "Wie mer Glæ wara"; Bahn, "'S Himmlisch Haemweh"; Flick, "'S alt Schulhaus am Weg," by taking a line or a thought and developing it as a separate poem, or by something suggested as additional material in completing an exhibit; Brunner, "Der alt Garret"; DeLong, "Die Gute alte Zeita"; Daniel, "Zeit und Leut annere sich"; Gerhart, "Die alt Familie Uhr"; Gruber, "'N Schoenie alte Hemath"; Hark, "Der alde Kärchhof uf'm Bärq"; Horn, "Der alte Grabmacher"; Fischer, "Das alt Marikhaus"; Craig, "Die alt Kettebrick."

Henry L. Fischer, quoting Goethe's lines "Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur, Die Lust zum Fabulieren," as applying to himself, means to tell us that he is not only figuratively of Harbaugh's school, but that he is a lineal descendant of the same Jost Harbaugh from whom both Henry Harbaugh and the poetess Rachel Bahn were descended.

A couplet from George Mays:

In sellem schane Deitsche Schtick
Das alte Schulhaus an der Krick

reveals to us that writer's ideal; when Henry Meyer for a Family Reunion writes:

Heit kumme mer noch emol z'rick
Ans alte Blockhaus an der Krick
Der Platz wu unser Heemet war
Shun länger z'rick wie sechzig Jahr,

we see not only how well he knew his Harbaugh, but also how closely, at least in this stanza, he has imitated him.

E. H. Rauch, contemporary of Harbaugh and master of another form of dialect writing, could not forbear attempting a metrical composition, "Die alte Heemet," the title of which is reminiscent of Harbaugh, and which in every one of its prosy lines reeks with Harbaugh's thoughts and words with none of his skill in handling them.

In the chapters Harvey Miller and Charles C. Ziegler it is shown how these two writers were drawn under the spell, the former by reciting, the latter by hearing recited in school on a Friday afternoon, Harbaugh's "Das alt Schulhaus an der Krick." Ziegler's beautiful lyric, "Draus un Daheem," from which his book takes its name, might be called an expansion and elaboration of the idea of the third stanza of "Das alt Schulhaus."

In this way do all of the writers in the dialect—some by word of mouth, some by the evidence of their works, some by both—show how they have come under the influence of Henry Harbaugh, the Pennsylvania-German Hebel. The Pennsylvania-German Hebel because he stands at the fountain head of Pennsylvania-German dialect literature as Hebel does to Modern German Dialect literature, because he was a careful student and close follower of Hebel. (In an article in "Hours at Home," on Burns, October 1, 1866, this Pennsylvania-German dialect writer brings together the names of the two great dialect writers of Germany and Scotland, "Hebel the German Burns." Karl Knortz, *Nord. Am. Lit.*, Bd. II, s. 190, has found an additional bond besides that of being dialect writers: "Er fand wie Robert Burns bei seinen ländlichen Arbeiten immer noch Zeit und Müsse genug, seinen während weniger Wintermonate Genossen Schulunterricht durch beharrlichen Selbstunterricht fortzupflanzen. Beim Pflügen las er beständig und ging nie aus ohne ein Buch in der Tasche zu haben.")

He deserves to be called the Pennsylvania-German Hebel because he has been so recognized at home and abroad. Dr. Fick, of Cincinnati, says: "Es ist gewiss nicht zu viel gesagt wenn man Harbaugh den Hebel Amerikas nennt." In Germany, in 1875, he was hailed as "Ein Pennsylvanisch deutscher Hebel" by that devoted student of German dialects, Anton Birlinger, of Bonn University, in his *Alemannia*, Vol. II, p. 240.

One more point should be briefly discussed before leaving this writer—his use of the dialect, and of the English and German languages—because in this too he is typical of the Germans of Pennsylvania. The language of his boyhood home was the dialect, of his early school days Eng-

lish; in youth he gave himself a severe schooling to acquire a ready English; when preparing for the ministry the claim of German made itself felt and he again set himself to preparing himself properly. This he did by reading, by translating and by becoming a member of a college debating society using the German language. The members of this society were unsparing in their criticism of each other and Henry Harbaugh was often sternly called to order for his tendency to drift into the use of the dialect. All his life he worked among people using the dialect, all his life he had to preach English and German; in the preparation of his works on Church history and on theological subjects he had constantly to use German sources and authorities. Yet it was always an effort to preach German and always a relief to resort to English. Even in his sermons this characteristic Pennsylvania-German trait cropped out—"once in a while his sermon was made singularly emphatic by a little hesitation and then the introduction of a broad, crisp Anglo-Saxon word in place of the German one that could not be recalled."

He must be included in the list of Pennsylvania-German dialect orators; he must have delivered many speeches and addresses in the dialect from his college days on, when he was criticized, to a famous one the year before he died at an alumni banquet of Franklin and Marshall College at Lancaster. Thirty-three years afterwards Dr. Nathan C. Schaeffer, superintendent of public instruction of Pennsylvania, who was present as a student on the occasion, writes: "Its humor and delivery made a deeper impression than the oratory of all the eminent men at home and abroad whom I have had the good fortune to hear at banquets, in the pulpit or from the rostrum." As if he had said too much, he then adds: "This may be due to the fact that

the speech was delivered in the dialect of my boyhood;" but later on he adds: "The impression made by his enumeration of the contributors (the subject of the toast was *The Mercersburg Review*) and by his description of the work it accomplished before it was suspended is evident from the fact that the *Review* was revived and under different names its publication has been continued to the present time." In his hands the dialect was a noble and forceful instrument, whether used for prose or verse.

The prayer of the editor, Benjamin Bausman, "Möchte die lieben Leser bitten 'die Harfe' nicht an die Weiden zu hängen, sondern recht oft ihre schönen Klänge im Kreise der Familie ertönen zu lassen," seems to have been heard and answered, for as this chapter is written The Reformed Church Publication Board is announcing in the papers of eastern Pennsylvania a new printing of Harbaugh's "Harfe."





4. EDWARD HENRY RAUCH.

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In Col. Edward Henry Rauch were centered a ceaseless activity, a wonderful initiative and an untiring energy that meant more for the growth of Pennsylvania-German literature than any other individual group of forces. To trace in detail his movements in Pennsylvania would be too long a story, yet they must be passed in rapid review, in order that we may be able to understand his relations to the people of the State. He was born in Lititz, Pa.,

July 19, 1820, grandson of Johann Heinrich Rauch, who had come from Köln in 1769.

Presently we find Mr. Rauch in politics, as clerk in the office of the Prothonotary at Lancaster, 1845; then three years later, 1847, Deputy Register of Wills; again three years later entering journalism, and under the leadership of Thaddeus Stevens editing and managing two anti-slavery Whig papers—the *Independent Whig* and the *Inland Daily*; in 1854 on his own account going to Bethlehem and starting the *Lehigh Valley Times*, which he sold in 1857 and purchased the *Mauch Chunk Gazette*, to which he added in 1859 a German paper—the *Carbon Adler*.

In 1859, he became transcribing clerk of the State Legislature and in 1860–1862, chief clerk, although he accepted this office only on condition that he should have leave to go with the company he had raised for the war. Three years he was at the front, when, on being discharged because of physical disability, he started the *Father Abraham* at Reading, Pa.—a militant campaign sheet in a county of doubtful loyalty. Next he became city editor of the *Reading Eagle*; in 1868 we find him once more in Lancaster, a second time founding a *Father Abraham*.

With Colonel McClure he was one of the Greeley campaign managers in 1872, four years after he published the *Uncle Samuel* in the Tilden Campaign; in 1878 political conditions invited him once more to Mauch Chunk where he founded the *Carbon County Democrat*, and was soon able to absorb his rival, whereupon he settled down to the end of his days. He died September 8, 1902, in Mauch Chunk, in which place his son is still conducting the same paper.

Among minor accomplishments Mr. Rauch had the ability to simulate almost any handwriting or to reproduce

any signature. This led him to study the subject until he became an expert, and as such, during a period of almost fifty years, he was called into the courts of many states in cases involving disputed handwriting.

But this military and civil tribune was withal a dialect writer. Already in his first *Father Abraham* there appeared an occasional short selection in dialect, but those were times of too terrible earnestness for such work; but later, in 1868, with the advent of the second *Father Abraham*, contributions in the dialect over the signature of "Pit Schwefelbrenner fum Schliffeltown" became a regular feature.

Karl Knortz has referred to these selections as "Humoristisch sein sollende Briefe"; a commentary on this reader's capacity to appreciate humor, for five years later the author of the letters could speak of them as follows: "Our first regular productions in Pennsylvania Dutch appeared in the *Father Abraham* campaign paper over the signature, 'Pit Schwefelbrenner.' They contributed more to the remarkable popularity of that paper than anything else it contained, and the circulation increased rapidly, not only in Pennsylvania but also in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, Wisconsin and other States." A bit of presumably disinterested opinion is the following: While these letters were running in the *Father Abraham*, the *Philadelphia Press* published a translation of one of the letters for the benefit of its readers and prefaced the production by the following statement:

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

We give below a first class specimen of that unique literature, which has within a few years become intensely popular, and which carries with it a quaint logic often more convincing than harder

facts wrapped in satin ornaments. Everyone has read with delight the celebrated Bigelow papers, which gave point and pungency to thoughts that the language of the forum or the parlor would have suffered to lie dormant. The shrewd observations of Naseby have not only immortalized the man, but have answered a purpose which no other literature could have met. Thousands of dogmas are presented which no argument can banish, simply because they cannot be reached by argument. They can be pushed aside by a comparison, exploded by a joke, vaporized by a burlesque, or the victimized party may be made ashamed of himself by seeing how ridiculous his neighbor appears, who carries out the doctrines he so gladly entertains and so blindly believes. Great good then, may be done by the adoption of such a literature. Why, it is hard to tell, but the fact is true, as every one will admit.

The East has thrown its patois into the books of James Russell Lowell, under the signature of Hosea Biglow, and no one regrets their perusal. The Southwestern form of speech and method of argument has been incorporated in side-splitting letters by Petroleum V. Naseby. The Pennsylvania Dutch is a language peculiarly susceptible to similar use. Mr. Rauch, editor of *Father Abraham*, a spirited campaign sheet, published in Lancaster, conceived the idea of rounding this language, or rather this compound of English and German languages, into effective and popular canvassing logic. His success has been complete, and the letters of Pit Schweffeltbrenner, from Schliffeltown, have created a sensation if not as widespread, as intense as those from the "Confederate Crossroads which is in the Stait of Kentucky." The translation we append is merely to give the substance of the original. It conveys no idea of the peculiar and inimitable merits of the German version, which consists more in the manner of saying it than in what is said. (From *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*, Vol. I, No. I, 1873, January.)

Interesting in this connection is a notice in the work "Early English Pronunciation," by Prof. Alexander J. Ellis. If we recall that some of these early letters were

issued as a small pamphlet, the quotation is self-explanatory. "While I was engaged with the third part of my 'Early English Pronunciation,' Professor Haldeman sent me a reprint of some humorous letters by Rauch, entitled 'Pennsylvania Deutsch: De Campaign Breefa fum Pit Schweffelbrenner.' Perceiving at once the analogy between this debased German with English intermixture and Chaucer's debased Anglo Saxon with Norman intermixture, I requested and obtained such further information as enabled me to give an account of this singular modern reproduction of the manner in which our English language itself was built up, and insert it in the Introduction to my chapter to Chaucer's pronunciation."

In 1873 another enterprise that Rauch had had under consideration for a number of years saw its beginning with the issuing in January, 1873, of the first number of *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*—a monthly magazine. This first number contained the publisher's announcement in parallel columns of English and Pennsylvania German (this will be included in entirety elsewhere with the contents of all the known numbers of the magazine and specimens of the articles mentioned); familiar sayings in similar parallel columns; a poem by Tobias Witmer together with a translation into English by Professor Haldeman, of the University of Pennsylvania; a poem by Rauch himself, evidently in the manner of Harbaugh and entitled "Unser Alte Heemet"; a Pennsylvania-German letter; the first of Rauch's Shakespeare translations; a number of pages of English short stories and poems, followed by the first installment of the author's Pennsylvania-German Dictionary with this interesting note: "We are confident that before the first of January, 1874, every reader of the *Pennsylvania Dutchman* by simply studying this part of

the publication together with the pages of familiar sayings will be able to reap substantial benefits and use the language for practical business purposes."

That the language was necessary for business purposes will seem evident by the parallel column advertisements in which lawyers and merchants assure their readers that they speak "Deitsch so goot dos English."

Apropos of the use of dialect for business purposes, it might be remarked that as recently as 1905 a candidate for judge in a county in which his party was in overwhelming majority was defeated because, though he had been long a resident of the county, he had not thought it worth while to learn the dialect. Lest this cause any surprise, I call attention to the remarkable parallelism between the argument used by the organ of the party that opposed him and the statement made by Jos. Grimmer in the *Strassburger Post* of September 19, 1905, the very same year. The paper said: "The question whether the judicial candidate can or cannot speak Pennsylvania German is a vital issue in this campaign, and it in no way reflects upon the intelligence of any public man to be able to do business in a language that has been spoken from the earliest history of the county. On the other hand it is important that the man who sits upon the Bench to administer justice with an even hand shall be conversant with the dialect of a large majority of the people and which does not always admit of a strict interpretation." What Grimmer said in his article I can only report at second hand, but the *Zeitschrift für Deutsche Mundarten*, 1910, I, 52 ff., says: "Die Mundart in ihrer Stellung zum öffentlichen Leben erörtert eine Auslassung von Grimmer der die Notwendigkeit dass der Richter die Mundart der Gegend in der er seines Amtes waltet wo nicht beherrsche so doch verstehe, an gut gewählten Beispielen erläutert."

In this connection it may not be out of place to cite from a newspaper of 1907. "Three different kinds of German were spoken recently in court at Harrisburg. A witness spoke High German, Judge Thomas Capp spoke the Pennsylvania Dutch of Lebanon County, and Senator John E. Fox, the defendant's counsel, spoke the Pennsylvania Dutch of Dauphin County." I have myself heard a lawyer review in the dialect before the jury, testimony that had been given in the dialect, at such length that the judge stopped him to inquire whether he purposed to give his entire plea in the dialect. Curiously enough, the lawyer in question was a native of Cornwall, England, but he at least appreciated what Rauch implied, that a knowledge of the dialect was a business necessity.

But to return to the Pennsylvania-Dutch magazine. After the Dictionary there followed strangely enough in the first number of the magazine "Answers to Correspondents," and then a page of editorials. "Here is richness for you" is the way a Mt. Joy paper expressed itself over this new magazine. *The Reformed Church Messenger*, although objecting to the name Dutchman, found the enterprise "a commendable one" and "hoped it would prove a success." The Canton, Ohio, *Repository* said: "Mr. Rauch is best known to our readers under the title of Pit Schweffelbrenner; he has done more to popularize this amusing dialect than any man in America," while the following is from the *New York Deutsche Blätter*: "In Lancaster erscheint jetzt ein neues Magazin—Der Pennsylvania Dutchman—es ist Theils Englisch und Theils in dem eigentümlichen Pennsylvania Deutsche Dialect geschrieben und führt nicht bloss die Sprache sondern die Sitten vor, welche sich unter den deutschen Ansiedlern im Innern des Staats erhalten haben. Die Zeitschrift wird

ohne Zweifel sowohl hier als in Europa das Interesse der Philologen erregen." This last prophecy can hardly be said to have come true, for that this magazine had ever existed seems to have been completely forgotten, nor is it anywhere mentioned.

Three issues of the *Magazine* have I seen; it must have survived a little longer, if the *Deutsche Pionier* of Cincinnati is correct in citing from it material that does not appear in these first three numbers. At the most, its life was no doubt a short one. On the editorial page of the first number Rauch had said: "It is the only publication of its kind, but that it will be the last one we do not believe." In this he was correct, for the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine*, now in its twelfth volume, although operating along entirely different lines, may be counted as its logical successor. Another magazine though of a very different character "Sam Schmalzgsicht" was published in Allentown for a brief period.

Rauch's next undertaking was in the shape of a book; according to the Supplement to Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, Vol. II, p. 1891, a first venture, entitled "Pennsylvania Dutch Instructor," Lancaster, Pa., 1877, 16mo, followed by a second, "Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook, a Book for Instruction," Philadelphia, Pa., 1880, 18mo. These publications have thus far eluded my search, but a book under the latter title was published at Mauch Chunk, 1879. This contains an English-Pennsylvania German Preface from which I cite the opening paragraph. "About im yohr 1870, hob ich my mind uf gamaucht for'n booch shreiva un publisha fun Pennsylvania Deitsh in English, un English in Pennsylvania Deitsh, mit der obsicht for practical un profitliche instructions gevva, abbordich for bisness menner os in pletz woona fun Pennsylvania Deitsh

schwetzende Leit un aw for die feela daussende fun Pennsylvania boova un maid os in de Englisha shoola gane un doch sheer nix schwetza derhame un in der nochberschaft os Pennsylvania Deitsh."

The first part of the book consists of his English-Pennsylvania German and Pennsylvania German-English Dictionary, then follow several general chapters on the use of words and practical exercises, reminding one of the first aids to those landing on foreign shores, handed out by trans-Atlantic steamship companies, together with special chapters entitled: "Bisness G'schwetz." The first of these conversations is "Der Boochshtore"—a talk between the Booch hondler and a customer, in which we learn how fast Rauch's Handbook is selling. Clothing store, drugstore, doctor, drygoods, furniture store, hotel and lawyer are the subjects of the succeeding conversations. A brief history of the dialect literature up to that time follows, with illustrative examples, including the author's own Shakespeare translations, a translation of Luke XV, of Matthew, VII, 13-20, and of The Lord's Prayer. A chapter illustrating Professor Witmer's ideas on spelling reform and a few recent Pit Schweffelbrenner letters conclude the volume.

Rauch referred slightly, p. 209, to Col. Zimmerman's Pennsylvania-German work, and Zimmerman in his turn published a merciless review of his critic's book in the *Reading Times and Dispatch*; Rauch's controversy with those who did not spell as he did was perennial, and Zimmerman continued to pile up evidence of Rauch contradicting Rauch in spelling, until all eastern Pennsylvania was convulsed. Rauch strove in letters to all the papers that reprinted Zimmerman's review to defend himself, and as Zimmerman was content with his first article, the

controversy went no farther. Rauch's contention was, that inasmuch as English was the language that Pennsylvania Germans studied in the schools, and that inasmuch as they and not people trained in German were expected to read Pennsylvania German, it ought to be spelled according to the rules of English orthography. Professor Haldeman once wrote him, saying that in order to read what Rauch wrote, a German had first to learn to read English, to which Rauch replied, "very true"; that that was what Pennsylvania Germans did in the schools, whereas if they wanted to read what some others wrote, then Pennsylvania Germans would first have to learn High German.

Since many disagreed with Rauch, not only on this point but also on the propriety of calling the dialect Pennsylvania Dutch, he proposed at one time that those who spelled after the German fashion should be styled Pennsylvania German and those who used the English orthography should follow him and call themselves Pennsylvania Dutch. This initial controversy as to how the dialect should be spelled involved constantly widening circles among the Pennsylvania Germans, nor was it confined wholly to them; Karl Knortz, a German, has made his contribution, as well as a writer in the *London Saturday Globe*. The latter, while conceding that Rauch was a very popular writer and the author of a Dictionary, disapproves nevertheless of his "Phonography," which he characterizes as a very inaccurate and misleading method of spelling one language according to the standard of another.

The last word in the controversy, at least from the scientific point of view, will be the publication of the Dictionary by Professors Learned and Fogel, who are using a good

phonetic alphabet, but among the folk the strife will doubtless continue, until the last writer in the dialect has uttered his last word, spelled as he and a kind Providence wills.

Rauch's apparent coldness to Zimmerman in this book seems strange in view of his tone towards him two years before. The former passage I include here as a specimen of the dialect when it essays literary criticism:

SCHLIFFELTOWN, JONUAWR 1, 1877

Mister Drooker: Ich winsh deer un all dine freind en rale olt fashioned neies Yohr. De Wuch hut mei olter freind Zimmerman, der Editor fum Readinger Times un Dispatch en copy fun seiner Tseiting mit a Pennsylvania Deitsh shtickly drin g'schickt. Es is 'n Ivversetzung fun a English shtickly un ich muss sawga os der Mr. Zimmerman es ardlich ferdeihenkert goot gadu hut. Des explained now olles wo oll de fiela sorta shpeelsauch un tsucker sauch her cooma. Now whil der Z- so bully goot is om shticker shreiwa set er sich aw draw macha for 'n New Yohr's leedly.

Another form of activity in which this busy man engaged is indicated by the following notices culled from the columns of *The Pennsylvania Dutchman*. "The editor of the Dutchman will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Millerstown (Lehigh County) Lecture Association, on Saturday evening, March 15, 1873, in the Pennsylvania Dutch language on the subject of 'Alte un Neie Zeite.' He will also read Rev. Dr. Harbaugh's 'Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick' and several other popular productions, including 'De alt Heemet' and 'De Pennsylvania Millitz.'" (Incidentally it may be mentioned that this Millerstown is the same as the town where some of Elsie Singmaster's stories—published in the *Century* magazine,—are localized; the town is now Macungie, though still locally known as Millerstown.) This lecture he frequently repeated before other audiences, and notably

before the Pennsylvania-German Society (which he wanted named Pennsylvania-Dutch Society) at one of its earlier meetings. The discourse is in part reprinted in one of the early volumes of the PROCEEDINGS of that organization.

Finally, in 1883, Rauch published a Pennsylvania-Dutch *Rip Van Winkle*; a romantic drama in two acts, translated from the original with variations. In the appendix to this essay I give the characters of the play, the costumery as prescribed by the author and an outline of the skit. Horne writes of it in Matthews and Hungerford's "History of Carbon and Lehigh Counties": "Rauch's Dutch *Rip Van Winkle* is a very happy translation and dramatization of Irving's story, the scene being changed from the Catskill to the Blue Mountains to give it a locale in keeping with the language in which it is rendered." I will add that in one remarkable instance our author has forgotten himself. In Scene III of the Second Act, when Rip returns to the town of his nativity, a town no more but a populous settlement, George III no longer swinging on the tavern sign, but George Washington instead, he also sees the harbor filled with ships! But perhaps he meant the harbor of Mauch Chunk on the Lehigh River!

The dramolet is well adapted to local townhalls where it was intended to be and was performed. It is boisterous and tumultuous, but we do not expect anything altogether refined in the home of the old sot Rip, nor in a play which, as far as the First Act is concerned, might well be construed as a horrible example to illustrate a temperance lecture.

The language of the romantic parts, of Rip's dealing with the spirits of the mountains, is interesting as an illus-

tration of what form the dialect takes on, in the hands of a man who never hesitates for a word; if he finds it not in the dialect vocabulary, he reaches over and fetches one out of the English; indeed, Rauch worked on this principle all his life, and it must not be denied that this is the way a large number of Pennsylvania Germans are doing all the time.

One more word about his influence: Kuhns calls him the Nestor of all those who have tried their hand at composition in the dialect, and of his influence on subsequent writers there can be no doubt. Sometimes the acknowledgment comes incidentally, as when a writer in the *Spirit of Berks*, speaking of Zimmerman's poetry, says "Er kann em Pit Schweffelbrenner die Auge zu schreiwe," but quickly adds: "Wanns awer ans Breefa schreiwe geht dann is der Schweffelbrenner als noch der Bully Kerl." Sometimes the acknowledgment comes indirectly as when somebody signs himself "Em Pit Schweffelbrenner sei Cousin" and sometimes it comes frankly and freely as in the case of Harter (Boonastiel) in a private letter I received from him.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN, VOL. I, NO. I, JANUARY, 1873,

PAGE I.

Prospectus:

Der Pennsylvania Dutchman is net yuscht intend for laecherlich un popular lehsa shtuff for olly de unser Pennsylvanisch Deitsch—de mixture fun Deitsch un English—ferstehn, awer aw for usefully un profitlichy instruction for olly de druf ous sin bekannt tsu waerra mit der sproch, un aw mit em geisht, character un hondlungs fun unserm fleisicha, ehrliche un tsahlreiche folk in all de Middle un Westliche Shtaate.

Der title, Pennsylvania Dutchman, hen mer select noch dem das mer feel drivver considered hen, un net ohna a wennich tzweifel derwaega, weil mer wissa dass a dehl Deitsha leit uf der mistaken notion sin das an "Dutchman" g'hehsa waerra waer disrespectful awer sell is an mistake. Un weil unser Pennsylvanisch Deitsch sprochen ivverall bekonnt is alls Pennsylvania Dutch wun's shun woehr is das es Deitsh is, un net Dutch odder Hollendish—awer an g'mix fun Deitsh un English, sin mer g'satisfied dos mer net besser du kenna dos fore 's public tsu gae unner 'em plaina title wo mer select hen. Un wann mer considera was waerklich der allgemeina character fun de Pennsylvania Deitsha is, donn feela mer dos mer specially gooty reason hen shtoltz tsu sei dos mer selwer tsu dem same folk g'hehra, un das mer mit recht de hoffnung hen ehra getreier diener tsu sei in unser neie editorial aerwet de fore uns is.

Es is unser obsicht freind tsu treata mit a liberal supply fun neia articles, shtories, breefa, poetry, etc. in dere pure Pennsylvania Deitsh sprochen g'schriwva unner der Aenglish rule for shpella, so dos aw olly leit es lehsa kenna. Mer hen aw im sin ivversetzung tsu gevva fun kortzy shticker, un mer hen aw an Pennsylvania Deitsh Dictionary aw g'fonga wo mer expecta tsu drucke in buch form. Awer um die yetziche publication recht interesting tsu mache hen mer conclude aw tsu fonga, un in yeder nummer an dehl fum Dictionary tsu publisha. Awer es is yusht an awfong.

Mer assura aw all unser freind dos gor nix ersheina soll in dem publication dos net entirely frei is fun indecency, odder im geringshta unmorawlish sei konn.

Ea copy, ea yohr	\$1.50
5 copies	"	"	.	.	7.00
Tsea	"	"	"	.	13.00.

Ehntzelly copies 20 c, un sin tsu ferkawfa bei olly News Dealers.

E. H. Rauch, Lancaster, Pa.

Page 2.

A Bright Star Quenched. Under this caption the Phila. Press of Nov. 30 contained a highly appropriate and ably written editorial, evidently from the pen of Col. Forney on the death of Horace Greeley from which we extract.

One of the rarest characters in history is suddenly dropped from the ranks of men.

An Heller Shtarn Ousgonga. Unner dem heading finna mer in der Phila. Press fum 30th Nov. an ivverous schicklich un goot g'shrivva editorial—wohr-sheinlich fum Col. Forney seiner fedder fun weaga 'm Horace Greeley seim doht, fun wellam mer a paar lines copya:

Ehns fun de rahrste characters in unser g'schicht is uf amohl gedropt fun mensha ranks.

(Etc. almost to end of page 2.)

Familiar Sayings.

I wish you a Happy New Year.

What business are you driving now?

The Assembly will meet in a few days.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than a bad man to his friend.

Carpets are bought by the yard and worn out by the feet.

A man suffering from influenza was asked by a lady what he used for his cold. He answered "Five handkerchiefs every day."

Ich winsh der an glick-sehlich Neies Yohr.

Waes for bisness treibshet olla weil?

De Semly kummt tsomma in a paar dog.

An guter mon is besser tsu seim feind dass an schlechter mon tsu seim freind.

Carpets kawft mer by der yard un weard se ous mit em fuss.

An mon daer der schnuppa g'hot hut is g'froked warre by a lady wass er braucht fer sei kalt. Sei ontwart war "Finf shnupdicher olly dog."

Etc., to middle of page 4.

Rest of page 4.

De Freschlin
by Tobias Witmer.

The Frogs.
Trans. by S. S. Haldeman.

Page 5.

Unser Olty Hehmet—Poem by E. H. Rauch (almost a column).

Fum Jonny Blitsfinger: DUNNERSTOWN, Dec. 15, 1872.

Mr. Dutchman Drucker, Dare Sir:—Weil ich un du olty bekannte sin, un wie ich ous g'funna hob des du im sin husht eppes neies tsu publisha, in goot alt Pennsylvania Deitsh so dos unser ehns es aw lehsa un fershtea kann, hob ich grawd amohl my mind uf g'macht der en breef zu shreiva.

Etc., to end of page 6.

Page 7.

Shakespeare in Pennsylvania—page 7 and part of page 8. Rest of page 8.

Der Freedmans Bureau. For'n gooty Fraw choosa. The puzzled Dutchman.

Page 9.

Select Reading. A poem, Christmas Tide, by Rev. H. Hastings Weld. Justice—from the *Christian Union*. To page 11. 25 cents—through page 12. The Green Spot—The Nation—How to Amuse Children—*Arthur's Magazine*—middle of page 14. Anecdote of Luther, Mrs. M. O. Johnson.

Page 15.

The Loaf of Bread. Watching One's Self. Poison for Children.

Page 16.

Original Articles. Pure German in Pennsylvania. Lititz.

Anno Domini 1973—a dialogue.

Page 19.

The first Railroad. Ephrata.

Page 20.

Lancaster.

Page 21.

Kris Krinkle. Der Easel (in dialect).

Page 22.

Miscellaneous Reading. Meade at Gettysburg, a Pennsylvania soldier to his son. A German story.

Page 23.

The slanderous tongue. From the *Christian Advocate*. Letter of recommendation.

Page 24.

Thaddeus Stevens Monument. Cured of Romance. A singular incident.

Page 25.

The House and Farm.

Page 26.

Dutch Governors. Wit and Humor.

Page 29.

English and Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary. We are confident that before the first of January, 1874, every reader of the *Pennsylvania Dutchman* by simply studying this part of the publication, together with the pages of Familiar Savings will be able to reap substantial benefits, and use the language for practical business purposes.

Page 30.

Answers to Correspondents.

The popular Pit Schweffelbrenner letters in the *Pennsylvania Dutchman* written by the editor of the *Dutchman* will continue to appear as heretofore in the *Father Abraham* newspaper for which, under existing conditions they are expressly written.

Page 31.

Editorials. The purpose of the publication. On the spelling Haldeman to Pit. "In order to read your Dutch a German must first learn to read English," "very true." Review of book and article by S. S. Haldeman. Our first regular production in Pennsylvania Dutch appeared in the *Father Abraham* campaign paper in 1868 over the signature Pit Schweffelbrenner. They contributed more to the remarkable popularity of that paper than

anything else it contained and the circulation increased very rapidly not only in Pennsylvania, but also in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, Wisconsin and other states. Our present enterprise has been under consideration for over two years and from all we can learn and from words of encouragement by a number of highly esteemed friends including gentlemen of learning and position in the community we cannot and do not doubt our entire success. It is the only publication of this kind, but that it will be the last one we do not believe."

Page 32.

Where spoken. Prof. Haldeman on Bellsnickle. From *Philadelphia Press*.

Advertisements.

Inside first page. Singer Sewing Machines. Jos. Barton's Old Southern Hat and Cap Store.

Inside last page. Bookbinding. Wylie and Griest. Confections.

John Seltzer Eng. Attorney at Law

Pennsylvania Deitsh Lawyer

Deitsh so goot dos English.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN, VOL. I, No. 2.

1. Familiar Sayings.
2. Extract from a poem by Tobias Witmer. Translated by S. S. Haldeman.
3. We feel lenger? Ehns fun de grossy froga dos bol amohl'a Amerikanisha folk ontwarta muss is we feel lenger de rings fun deeb corruptionists un adventurers in politics erlawbniss hawa solla de greashty responsible offices im lond tsu filla.
4. De Pennsylvania Millitz. E. H. Rauch.
5. Uf Unser Side. Translation of article from January number of *Educator* by A. R. Horne.
6. Was is Millich?
7. Key to sounds of the vowels in Pennsylvania German by

Tobias Witmer. (He refers to Haldeman's system as a complete one.)

8. Love Letter an mei Anni—Peter Steineel.
9. Letter from Jonny Blitzfonger.
10. En shtickly Hoch Deitsh. (Ode on das Schwein.)
11. Uvva nous gonga. (How slow trains go.)
12. Der Process.
13. Unser Klehny Jokes.
14. Select Reading.
15. Original Articles—Lititz.
16. Tobias Witmer, 474 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., in praise of the undertaking. He follows the German method of pronunciation.
17. Lexicon.
18. Answers to Correspondents.
19. Editorials. *College Days* of February, 1873, contains an editorial by W. U. Hensel on Pennsylvania Dutch and an extract from Professor Schaeffer's speech at the Lehigh County Institute. *Reformed Church Messenger*: "The enterprise of Rauch is a commendable one and it will afford us pleasure to find it proving a success," etc. They object to the name. Rauch defends it. Haldeman approves his naming.
20. Ourselves. "Here is richness for you," *Mt. Joy Herald*. "Unser Olty Hehmet" reminds one very much of Dr. Harbaugh's "'S alt Schulhaus an der Krick." "E. H. Rauch is best known to our readers under the title of Pit Schwefelbrenner. He has done more to popularize this amusing dialect than any other man in America." (*Canton, Ohio Repository and Republican*.) "Judging from its first number it should commend itself to all who are fond of those staid and sober people who form a large portion of the population of our interior counties." (*National Baptist*.) Note the usefulness to those learning the language. "In Lancaster erscheint jetzt ein neues

Magazin—*Der Pennsylvania Dutchman*—es ist teils English teils in dem eigenthümlichen Pennsylvania Deutsche dialect geschrieben und fuehrt uns nicht blos die Sprache sondern die Sitten vor, welche sich unter den deutschen Ansiedlern im Innern des Staats erhalten haben. Die Zeitschrift wird ohne Zweifel sowohl hier als in Europa das Interesse der Philologen erregen." (*New York Deutsche Blaetter.*)

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN, VOL. I, No. 3.

1. Familiar Sayings. English and Translation.
2. "Meaha mit der Deitsha Sense" by Eli Keller. Criticism.
3. Letter in praise of the Magazine and in the letter a poem on "De Deutsche Baura un de Morrick Leit."
4. For der Simple Weg. (Spelling.)
5. Unser Klehner Omnibus.
6. Der Shnae.—Tobias Witmer.
7. An Temperance Lecture.
8. De Beera Wella Net Folla.
9. Parable of the Prodigal Son. Miss L. A. Ash, Myerstown, Pa.
10. Der Himmel Uft Eerda. Tobias Witmer.
11. Open Letter to Editor on Dialects. I. D. Rupp.
12. Pennsylvania German. A. R. Horne.
13. Seeking One's Vocation. (A story.)
14. Scandal in Congress.
15. Society and Scandal.
16. Local Option.
17. Popular Proverbs.
18. Signs and Omens.
19. Wit and Humor.
20. Origin of a Fashion.
21. Billing's Advice to Joe.
22. Use Your Life Well.
23. Curious Epitaphs.

24. A Quaint Essay on Dogs.

25. Our Table Drawer.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Act I, 1763.

Rip van Winkle	A Dutchman
Knickerbocker	A Schoolmaster
Derrick von Slaus	The Squire
Hermann von Slaus	His Son
Nicholas Vedder	Friend to Rip
Clausen	Friend to Rip
Rory van Clump	A Landlord
Gustaffe	A Young Man
Dame van Winkle	Rip's Wife
Alice	Rip's Sister
Lorena	Rip's Daughter
Swaggerino }	Spirits of the Blue Mountains
Ganderkin }	
Icken }	

Act II, after a lapse of 20 years, supposed to occur between the
First and Second Acts.

Rip van Winkle—The Dreamer

Hermann van Slaus

Seth Slough

Knickerbocker

The Judge

Gustaffe

Rip van Winkle, Jr.

First Villager

Second Villager

Alice Knickerbocker

Lorena

Costumes.

Rip—(1) A deerskin coat and belt, full brown breeches, deer-skin gaiters, cap. (2) Same, but much worn and ragged.

Knickerbocker—(1) Brown square cut coat, vest and breeches, shoes and buckles. (2) Black coat, breeches, hose, etc.

Derrick—Square cut coat, full breeches, black silk hose, shoes, buckles, powder.

Hermann—(1) Ibid. (2) Black frock coat, tight pants, boots and tassels.

Vedder }
Clausen }Dark square-cut coats, vests, breeches, etc.
Rory }

Gustaffe—Blue jacket, white pants, shoes.

Seth Slough—Gray coat, striped vest, large gray pants.

Judge—Full suit of black.

Young Rip—A dress similar to Rip's first dress.

Dame—Short gown and quilted petticoat, cap.

Alice—(1) Bodice with half skirt, figured petticoat. (2) Brown satin bodice and skirt, etc.

Lorena—Act I. Child. Act II. White muslin dress, black ribbon belt, etc.

L.R. SEL. SER. UEL. UER. C. L.C. R.C.
TEL. TER. CD. DR. D.L. UDL. U.D.R.

Reader on stage facing audience.

Village Inn.

Act. I. Scene I. Chorus.

Vedder, Knickerbocker and Rory talk with the landlord. Where is Rip? Knickerbocker determined to wed Rip's sister. Mrs. Rip evidently opposed. Knickerbocker knows.

Alice and Lorena come. Music. They have delayed because Alice wanted to see Knickerbocker. Knickerbocker turns up—would call. Lorena volunteers a way in which he can see Alice. Knickerbocker says he cares no longer for Dame van Winkle. At that moment she is calling Alice from outside. They leave hastily. Rory and Vedder comment on the old woman. Where is Rip? Rip appears from a hunting trip. Has sworn off. Is persuaded to "take one." Talk turns to Rip's inability to manage

his wife. Rip refuses to take a drink to keep his oath. Having shown he can control himself he takes *one!* Rip sings a song. Mrs. Rip is heard outside. Rip gets under table with a bottle. Music. Mrs. Rip enters with a stick—chases them. Upsets table and discovers Rip. She gets him by the ear and would know what he has been doing. Hares—ducks—the bull—she leads him home by the ear and beats him.

Scene II. A Plain Chamber in First Grooves.

Derrick complains about his spendthrift lawyer son. The son is heard outside. He has a plan. Rip's sister made a will in favor of Alice. He proposes to get a paper too from Rip to wed Alice when she is of age to marry him and then get the money in advance. Rip's rent is due and they decide to try it. Son says of course a lawyer must not have too much conscience.

Scene III. Rip's Cottage.

Knickerbocker enters and Alice comes soliloquizing how she loves him; he catches her in his arms. Mrs. Rip is heard outside. Knickerbocker is concealed in clothes hamper. Music. Mrs. Rip and Rip come; she would know where is the game, the money for the rent, then she turns on Alice, who she says has done nothing. Rip begs for a drink. Alice and Mrs. Rip withdraw, then Rip proceeds to cupboard. Music.—Rip steps on Knickerbocker, who yells; Rip falls, upsetting dishes. Knickerbocker rushes out into a chair. Alice throws cloak over him. Mrs. Rip enters. The Devil has been in the cupboard. She raves, falls into a half faint in a chair. Asks Alice to get bottle from her pocket. Rip and Mrs. Rip drink. Alice tries to get Knickerbocker off, but he retreats again. Alice announces Squire's coming. Rip would to bed but is compelled to meet the Squire while Mrs. Rip goes calling. Alice is excused. Rip tells how honest a man he is. Squire would talk of other things. They make the contract, but Rip may withdraw in twenty years and one day. "Still du Hex." Rip is to live free of rent. A bottle is always

to be at Rory's for Rip. He goes at once. Knickerbocker would escape, but Mrs. Rip approaches. To put on the pedlar woman's dress. Mrs. Rip comes. She discovers Rip's identity. She goes after him with the broom and he goes out through the window.

Scene IV.

Half dark, a front wood. Gun heard. Rip enters. He has missed his aim. Decides not to go home. Tomorrow a new rule. No drinking. Dead pause. Noise like rolling of cannon balls. Discordant laughter. Rip wakes and sits up astonished. Somebody calls Rip. Music. Swaggerino. Grotesque dwarf with large cask. Music. Swaggerino asks Rip to help him up the mountain with it. Cask is put on Rip's shoulder.

Scene V.

Dark. The Sleepy Hollow in the bosom of the mountains occupying the extreme of the stage. Stunted trees. Rocks. Moon. Entrance to an abyss. Music.—Grotesque Dutch figures with enormous masked heads and lofty tapering hats, playing cards, Dutch pins, battledore and shuttlecocks. Most of them seated on rocks, smoking and drinking. Heit is unser firedawg. Fooftzich yohr is unser zeit im barrick doh, un luss uns all now looshtich si." What penalty, if any, has detained their brother. Spirits take immovable attitude. Rip amazed. Music. Figures advance and stare. Swaggerino taps cask and asks Rip to hand around. Rip is pleased, believes they are witches. Drinks. Music. Grotesque dance. Rip drinks, dances, reels, sinks. Dance stops. Music. Curtain slowly descends.

Act II. Scene I.

Last of Act I repeated, but in the distance a richly cultivated country. The bramble by Rip's side is a tree. Rip's gun has only a rusty barrel left. Bird music. Rip asleep. Awakes. Had a good time but is stiff. The fellows stole his gun! Sees the

tree. Not sure whether he is asleep or awake. Old woman will tell. Music. He starts.

Scene II.

Well furnished apartment in the house of Knickerbocker. Lorena soliloquizes on her sad lot. Must give up all if she does not wed a man she does not like. Knickerbocker and Alice enter. Are surprised to find Lorena. Note her trouble. Lorena is encouraged to hope. She would marry Gustaffe only. His ship is coming and he will come. Sophia enters, announcing the lawyer. Knickerbocker is going to take care of him. They withdraw. Lawyer insists on carrying out the terms. Knickerbocker says that Rip was not capable, as he knows. They get rid of him, but trouble is feared. Alice and Knickerbocker see a fine young man come. Gustaffe rushes in.

Scene III.

Town of Rip's nativity, instead of village, a populous settlement. No longer George III but George Washington. Harbor filled with ships. Seth Slough. Temperance election is over. Hello, who is this old fellow? Music. Villagers enter laughing. Where is he? Can they talk German? Who is your barber? Is advised to go home. Rip is dead twenty years. "I'm sorry, Rip." Seth gives him a drink. Rip's wife is dead. Are you a Democrat or Republican? Tory! Music. They hurry him off. Gustaffe arrives. Cowards. What's your name? Rip van Winkle. Have you a daughter Lorena? Do you remember a paper? Come with me.

Scene IV.

Knickerbocker's House. Knickerbocker elected to Assembly. Enter Herman (lawyer); wants to have the matter settled. Gustaffe enters. Hurra for Knickerbocker.

Last Scene.

Court House. Judges seated. Knickerbocker asked to bring Alice. Paper is read. Who can testify? Herman says Knicker-

bocker knows and will say so, if honest. How was the contract drawn? Herman explains. Lorena refuses him. Judge says contract must be carried out. Knickerbocker appeals. Gustaffe enters. Rip van Winkle! If this is Rip, Herman wants to know where he has been. "Last night I went"—Judge would jail him. Nobody seems to recognize him. Did you forget how to save your life? Herman demanded justice. Judge says if he is Rip he ought to have a paper. He fumbles—finds it. Judge decides it is all right. All shout and shake hands.

Herman—Ous g'shpeeld, ufgused, obgawickeld!

Gustaffe—Mach plotz, 's kint will nochamol sei dawdy sana.

Gus and Lorena, Alice and Knickerbocker. Who is this? Ei, bruder!





5. LUDWIG AUGUST WOLLENWEBER.

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Few of the later immigrants from Germany have been able to conform their language even approximately to the compound dialect which formed itself as the speech of the descendants of the pre-Revolutionary German settlers of Pennsylvania, who, according to the fiat of the Pennsylvania-German Society, were the true Pennsylvania Germans; to state the truth, fewer yet of those who came over later wished even to be classed with or cared to claim to be Pennsylvania Germans. Gen. Louis Wagner and certain others, afterwards prominent in the work of German-American Societies, did at one time hope to have the Pennsylvania-German Society established on a broader basis, but subsequently accepted gracefully the ruling of the Society's founders.

One of those who did come later, who thought he had learned their speech, who protested he was a Pennsylvania German, who wrote in what he called their dialect, was Ludwig August Wollenweber. Born at Ixheim, near Zweibrücken, Rheinpfalz, Dec. 5, 1807, he early lost his parents, was obliged to give up his hope of a university education, and became a printer. In 1832 he was employed on the *Deutsche Tribüne* in Hamburg, a paper which was shortly afterwards suppressed by the German Diet, and Wollenweber fled to America *via* France and Holland, to escape persecution for his connection with anti-government movements.

After arriving in Philadelphia, he travelled through the state on foot, then returned to Philadelphia, and worked on Wesselhöft's journal, *Die Freipost*, himself established *Der Freimütige*, and ended by purchasing *The Philadelphia Democrat*. In 1853, he retired from the newspaper business and shortly afterwards from all but literary labors, removing first to Lebanon, and later to Reading, Pa., where he died in 1888.

He wrote chiefly in the literary (High) German, but for the most part on subjects pertaining to the early history of Pennsylvania. "Gila, das Indianer Mädchen, oder die wiedergefundenen deutschen Kinder unter den Indianern," "Freuden und Leiden im Amerika, oder die Lateiner am Schuylkill Canal" (plays), "Gen. Peter Mühlenberg," "Sprache, Sitten und Gebräuche der Deutsch Pennsylvanier," "Aus Berks County's Schwerster Zeit," "Die drei Gräber auf dem Riethen Kirchhof," "Die erste Mühle am Mühlbach," are among his chief works. In what he calls the "Mundart und Ausdrucksweise der Deutsch Pennsylvanier" he wrote "Gemälde aus dem Pennsylvanischen Volksleben." The genesis of

this book has already been told (see p. 32, Introduction), also a Pennsylvania-German opinion of the same (see p. 24, Introduction).

“Daraus kann man das deutsch Pennsylvanische Leben schon kennen lernen, denn der inzwischen verstorbene Verfasser gehörte dem Stamme selber an und konnte sich daher mit grosser Berechtigung der Aufgabe unterziehen, lebensgetreue Schilderungen aus allen Phasen des Volkslebens zu entwerfen,” says Karl Knortz. “Das Büchlein enthält derbe Heiratsanträge, Gespräche aus dem Farmerleben, Sagen, Geistergeschichten, Klagen über die Allmacht der demoralisierenden Mode, verzeihliche Sehnsuchtsblicke nach der guten alten Zeit, wo die Buwe noch keine ‘teite’ Hosen und ‘Standups’ un die Mad keine bauschigen ‘Hupps’ hatten und ‘gehle Brustspells’ ansteckten.”

That Wollenweber succeeded in passing for a Pennsylvania German was no doubt due to his poem:

Ich bin e Pennsylvanier
 Druff bin ich stolz und froh.
 Das Land is schö, die Leut sin nett
 Bei Tschinks: ich mach schier en’ge Wett,
 ‘S biets ke Land der Welt.

His long and intimate association with the people of the state did indeed enable him to give a true account of their life, but why Knortz should find Wollenweber’s “Sehnsuchtsblicke nach den guten alten Zeiten” verzeihlich, while damning the same when coming from a real Pennsylvania German (see Fischer), remains unexplained. Dr. H. H. Fick—*Die Deutsch Amerikanische Dialekt Dichtung* (following *Deutsch Amerikanische Dichtung*)—thus records his opinion of the chief merit of this “eifrigen Beschützer und Lobredner des Deutsch Pennsylvania.” “Können seine Schriftstellerischen Arbeiten sich auch nicht

mit denen Harbaugh's messen, so zeugen sie doch von einem redlichen Streben im Volke Biederkeit und Gesittung wachzuerhalten. Fast seine sämmtlichen schriftstellerischen Arbeiten lassen diese Tendenz durchblicken und in seinem humanisierenden Einflusse haben wir auch das Hauptverdienst des ausgezeichneten Mannes zu suchen."

As to his language, it resembles that which many another High-German-speaking native of Germany constructed in trying to speak the dialect, and, as is usual in such cases, it is full of reminiscences of High German and remains on the whole remote from the actual language of the people. Many natives of England and Ireland that I have known, unembarrassed as they were by a knowledge of High German, have not only acquired the dialect, but have reached a comparative degree of naturalness and ease in its use, which seems denied to the imported High German. It is true that in those days (1869) German newspapers were more common than now, German preaching more general, circumstances which affected the vocabulary atavistically, as it were. The same differentiation may be observed at the present day; the grandmothers of the children now growing up retained in their vocabulary many words that to the young folks seem to smack of the High German and in place of which they now use an English word. In all such cases the vocabulary in its inflections bears the characteristic marks of the dialect and not of High German. A constantly recurring uncertainty in Wollenweber's inflections is clear enough proof of the struggle within. Now he says "Ich bin *ge* komme," and now as in the dialect "Ich bin kumme," at times he uses English words and forgets that the dialect treats an English verb as though it were German; accordingly, in incautious moments he says "satisfiet"; at another time he

remembers and amends it into "g'satisfied," or even ventures to the extreme of "ge-satisfied."

Farms and Farmhaus, words I have frequently heard in Germany and seen in High-German newspapers, he uses about as frequently as Bauerei and Bauerehaus, which are the only words I have ever heard in Pennsylvania. He says "Schön Obst" and "Schö Obst" within a half a dozen lines of each other; similarly *wir* alternates with *mîr* and *mer*; the infinitive ending with *n* and without *n*; *hat* and *hot*; sometimes he writes *habe*, then *hawwe*, *hent*, *haben* and *hen*, as plural forms of the auxiliary verb. He uses *erzähle* more frequently than *verzähle*. *Von* interchanges with *vum*, *fum*.

In *gewesen* he drops the *n* as in the strong participles, instead of treating it as weak, *gewest*. These are a few examples that could be increased ad libitum, of his striving to write the dialect as spoken, and his inability to dissociate it from the High German.

Still he loved the people and their dialect, and they were glad for his book; he was probably the only one of the later immigrants who deliberately wanted to be counted as a Pennsylvania German, and tried to speak and write or thought he was speaking and writing their idiom.

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY.



Truly Your Friend,
H. D. Fisher.



6. HENRY LEE FISHER.

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'S Alt Marik Haus Mittes in D'r Stadt, York, 1879.

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Henry Lee Fisher was born 1822, in a part of Franklin County, Pennsylvania, called the Dutch Settlement. In those days life was in many respects more primitive than now; and before Fisher died in 1909 he had witnessed many changes in the manner of living and the ways of thinking of even so conservative a people as the Germans of Pennsylvania. When past middle age, he wrote a

book in which he described things as they had been: how in his youth father and mother, if well to do, saddled their animals and rode on horseback to church, where now several automobiles are lined up on Sunday morning. The stage coach made its trips through the valleys at intervals during the week, where now express trains speed along several times a day. In the harvest field the farmers bent over the sickle for weeks, where now the self-binding harvester accomplishes everything in a few days; in winter they threshed with flail and horses, where now the steam thresher does the work before the grain leaves the field. In the days of his youth the shoemaker and tailor still went their rounds to make shoes and clothes for the family from leather often tanned in their own or a community tannery, and from wool and flax raised and prepared on the home farm. The young folk gathered at a neighbor's house in the evening to play their simple games, or assembled at a nearby schoolhouse for Singschule, etc., where now for the most part they board a trolley and find their amusement in the town.

As a boy Fisher attended school at that schoolhouse—as he was fond of telling—which was later immortalized as “Das Schulhaus an der Krick.” On the title page of his first book in the dialect he printed the well known line,

Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur, und Lust zu *fabuliren*,

by which he intended to call attention to the fact that on his mother's side he was descended from that same Joost Herbach who was the great grandfather of two other dialect poets—Henry Harbaugh and Rachel Bahn. In his young days, the sons of Pennsylvania Germans were expected by their kin to take up some of the yet unoccupied land and follow in the same peaceful and honorable occu-

pation as those before them—namely agriculture—and not to follow any of the learned professions. These, with the exception of the ministry, were generally looked upon with distrust, or at any rate with suspicion. Our youth did not share these prejudices, and what with working on the farm and attending the public schools, he prepared himself to become a teacher. After several years of teaching in Ohio and Pennsylvania, he took up the study of law and in 1849 was admitted to the bar at Chambersburg. Like many others at that time, he felt the lure of the West, but was dissuaded from carrying out his adventurous plan, and upon the advice of the same friends settled in York, Pa., in 1853, where for half a century he continued active in his profession, and achieved distinction.

York was an historic town, was for a time the seat of the Government of the United States during the Revolutionary War, when the Continental Congress had to flee from Philadelphia upon the approach of the British. In more than one old town of Pennsylvania are still to be seen the traces of the first municipal architecture in the way of a public square in the center of the town and in the middle of the square a circle, on which originally stood the Court House. This selection and laying out of town sites goes back as a rule to the first charters granted directly by William Penn or by his sons John and Richard. These squares and circles became the center of public business, and around them were grouped the offices of all the functionaries of the government, of the officeholders and the justices and the lawyers. When the proprietaries similarly granted to these towns the privilege of holding a public market, wares were usually displayed on the pavement surrounding the circle in the Center Square. In one

Pennsylvania city of considerable size, this is still the only public market.

In York, the Court House stood not in the center of the Square, but along the side, and consequently there grew up in course of time a row of market stalls and sheds and shambles right through the center of the block and also along the sides of the street. Through these busy haunts of men, Fisher passed daily for a quarter of a century, and whether he courted the muse, or, as he himself said, was possessed by a muse, snatches of rhyme were continually taking form and shape as he went in and out to his office and back, and to and from the Court House.

In 1875 he was confined to his room with an illness and during this time he gave his rhymes permanent form. He must have derived pleasure from this work, for, on publishing it later he declared: "Oebs mer net au e bitzli grothen isch, wereder scho finde. Hene numme halb so vil Vergnüge bym Lese asz i g'spürt ha bym mache, so wirts so schlecht nit ausfalle sy." And because everybody was making Centennial objects, resurrecting antiques, and also labelling reproductions "Centennial," in anticipation of the Hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, he kept on rhyming on half a hundred things in and around the old Market House in the middle of the town until a Centennial poem had taken shape, in number of stanzas one hundred. Even the slenderest bond of unity is lacking to the poem, save that each stanza is suggested by something about that spot, and that they nearly all end in the refrain "Am Marik Haus Mittes in D'r Stadt," or some variation of it. Many bits of local lore, many thrusts at local politics, many a picture of a rare old character has he preserved in these verses which gain, when considered as single stanzas or at most in small

groups of stanzas, but which are entirely inadequate as parts of a longer poem. It must be said, however, that they were not intended for the public eye, although he was urged to publish them by some friends to whom he had read them in private.

But he did not stop musing when he had finished these hundred stanzas. His mind takes a bolder flight, and in fancy he wanders with a companion to visit the old place. In the key of Byron's

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark,
Bay deepmouthed welcome as we draw near home.

he begins thus:

Horrich! hörscht du net? der Wasser gautzt,
Er seen'd uns dorich de Bäm;
Er hockt im Hoof, dort for'm Haus,
Un gautzt uns welcome heem.

Then he dreams himself back again into boyhood, and from Plumsach and Blindemeisel and all the other joyous games of childhood onward, there are few experiences in the life of those people that do not pass in review until the time when he goes

Mei alte Heemet seehne;
Doch guckts gar nimme wies als hot
Die alte Bekannte sin all fort,
Mei Age sin voll draene;
Ich ruuf un froog "Wu sin sie all?"
Der Schall antwort "Wu sin sie all?"

E dehl sin weit fort Owenaus,
Weit, weit fum alte Heerd;
E paar so alte sin noch do,
Un die sin krumm un schöp un groh,

Un feel sin in der Erd,
Ihr alter un ah wie sie heese,
Kannscht uf de Schtee im Kerch Hoof leese.

It is in these verses that he is at his best; they have been read and reread and printed times without number. Karl Knortz, in his "Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Litteratur" rejects the whole book in terms that are only less bitter than the condemnation which Karl Knortz's own poetry has received in a recent Chicago dissertation. Knortz says: "Einer der traurigsten Beiträge zur Pennsylvanisch deutschen Litteratur führt den Titel 'S Alt Marik Haus Mittes in D'r Stadt un die Alte Zeite' En Centennial Poem in Pennsylvanisch deutsch, bei H. J. (?) Fisher, York, Pa. 1879. Der Verfasser, der noch nicht einmal seine sogenannte Muttersprache kennt, steht mit den Regeln der Dichtkunst auf sehr gespanntem Fusse und dass er wie er sagt, seine Verse nur zum Zeitvertreib, als ihm ein hartnäckiger Rheumatismus an das Zimmer fesselte, schrieb, entschuldigt wenigstens die Veröffentlichung derselben nicht."

The dishonesty of Knortz deserves to be noticed in this connection; he had evidently read the introduction, but he chose to suppress that part of it in which the author tells how the book was not intended for publication; how that friends who had heard him read in private had invited him to read at the York County Teachers' Institute, and how only after the contents had become semi-public property had he consented to publish the book and then only with a full realization of its imperfections. The fact that those who succeeded in persuading him to take this step did not have Knortz's literary estimates must not be laid altogether to the author's charge. If Knortz had read the introduction to Fisher's next book which was issued nine

years before Knortz's own "Geschichte," he might have read in reference to the first one: "Es erfreut mich zu wisse dass en Buch das gute Worte grigt hut fon so Leit wie—Longfellow, Steiner, Haldeman, Zimmerman, Stahr, Kriegs Secretary Ramsay un noch hunnert annere net gans wertlos sei kan."

But to cite further: "Er schildert in diesem obendrein auch noch mit schauderhaften Illustrationen verunzierten Buche das alte und neue Leben und Treiben seines Vaterstädtchens, York, und verselt unzusammenhängend über Moden, Scheerenschleifer, Landstreicher, Friedensrichter, und abergläubische Gebräuche." This, as I have indicated above, refers of course only to the first part of the book. The rest, which has to do with the second part, shows by its whole tenor, as clearly as possible, how faithfully the author has portrayed a certain period in the life of the people. "Natürlich lobt er dabei wie jeder bejahrte Bauer, die gute alte Zeit in der es noch kein Prozesse gab, man nichts von Temperance wusste und die Söhne und Töchter noch den Lohn für Knechte und Mägde ersparten. Ja, in der guten alten Zeit, da nahm man noch den Mann beim Wort und den Ochsen beim Horn. Da gab es keine Kartoffelkäfer und Versicherungsgesellschaften und nur höchst selten brannte einmal eine Scheune ab. Die beste Bank war damals ein alter Strumpf und dieselbe war viel sicherer als alles jetzigen Geldschränke mit ihren gepriesenen Patentschlössern. Da nahmen noch Nadel und Fingerhut die Stelle der Nähmaschinen ein und die einzige Zeitungen dies es gab, war der hundertjährige Kalender. Da hatten die Mädchen noch den schönen Glauben dass der Teufel im Kornfeld versteckt sei, weshalb sie sich stets einen schönen kräftigen Burschen wählten wenn sie darin zu arbeiten hatten. Da setzte man am Freitag

keine Hinkel und deshalb hat auch damals nie eins den 'Pipser grigt.'"

Knortz's utter inability to understand the book is shown by this last sentence: "Diese alte Buschbauernheit ist nun längst vorbei (Mr. Fisher was only too well aware of this) und wir glauben auch nicht dass es der Poesie Fisher's je gelingen wird das entschwundene Paradies zurück zu zaubern," a statement with which Fisher would have been in hearty accord, nor would he have wished to call it back had he been able, but that he described it faithfully few will deny.

Dr. G. U. Zimmermann, in his "Deutsch in Amerika," says: "Der bedeutendste Dichter dieses Dialectes aber war Heinrich Harbaugh, dessen Dichtungen insgesamt eine Frische und Ursprünglichkeit athmen, wie man sich origineller kaum denken kann; dabei giebt sich ein reiches Gemüth mit feinem Humor kund. Getrost dürfen wir ihn neben Karl von Holtei stellen," and he adds of our author—"Ebenso naturwahr schildert uns Heinrich L. Fisher das Leben der Deutschen in Pennsylvanien in dieser Mundart: nur geht ihm das tiefe Gemüth Harbaugh's ab," and in another place the same author says of Fisher: "Von Natur mit gesundem Humor begabt schrieb er viele Gedichte und Skizzen in Pennsylvanisch-deutscher Mundart, das Alltagsleben der Deutschen in Pennsylvanien *meisterhaft schildernd.*"

Oscar Kuhns in his "German and Swiss Settlements of Pennsylvania" recognized the work as the "picture of the life of the Pennsylvania-German farmer fifty years ago, describing among other things old customs, superstitions, work in the fields and house, planting, harvesting, threshing, beating hemp and spinning flax; the joys, toils and pleasures of the farmer's life—butcherings, butterboilings,

huskings and quilting parties." His next statement, that the volumes contain in the main only imitations of German originals or translations from English and especially American poetry, must be amended so as to read that this applies only to the author's second volume, "Kurzweil un Zeitvertreib," and only to a very small extent to the volume at present under consideration.

A short time after the publication of this volume, Dr. L. H. Steiner, of Frederick, Md., contributed an article to the *Independent* of New York, which may be taken as the conservative Pennsylvania-German estimate of the book: "Along with the disappearance of the dialect," says Steiner, "the manners and customs of those who employed them are also dying out. Surely historic pride should struggle to preserve a faithful record of these as of a people who have contributed so much to the upbuilding of the Keystone state and whose children have made their homes in Maryland and Ohio abodes of manly and womanly virtues. Such a record could only be made in the dialect ordinarily employed by them. It would seem in English as awkward as even the best translations from the Greek and Roman writers always do to a careful student. To meet such a want, H. L. Fisher, a member of the York County Bar, has recently made quite a notable contribution. Living in a town which was honored for a few months in 1777 as a place of meeting of the American Congress, he has endeavored to collect the historical reminiscences of York and to enshrine those of the Old Market House along with the customs of the Pennsylvania Germans."

"While Fisher nowhere shows the tender poetic fire that pervaded the genial Harbaugh's lines yet his descriptive powers are unusually accurate in seizing the minute

peculiarities of the Pennsylvania customs and his verses are very valuable as embodying detailed accounts of the simple, honest ways of the Pennsylvania Germans. A vein of humor moreover pervades his lines that makes them very acceptable." (This is the point that Knortz missed entirely.) "He has seized the serio-comic rather than the pathetic side of the life he undertakes to portray, which does not detract from the value of his work. He has also called upon the pencil of the artist in his task, and over one hundred woodcuts, illustrative of domestic habits, manners and customs have been incorporated into the book, which, if not indicative of high art, are nevertheless exceedingly interesting as faithful delineations of scenes described by the author in the text. Fisher gives a reliable account of the home life of the Pennsylvania Germans which will be read with interest by the lovers of the curious as well as the student."

The latest recognition the author has received is contained in Faust's prize book on "The German Element in the United States." According to Faust, "The two most prominent poets, for such a title may be bestowed upon them, who wrote in Pennsylvania Dutch are Henry Harbaugh and Henry L. Fisher." We may not be ready to agree with his statement that these are the two most prominent poets (Faust is evidently not acquainted with Ziegler's work, though he mentions his name in the General Bibliography) but every one qualified to judge will agree with him in maintaining their right to be considered poets. Faust also accepts the book as an authentic account of conditions that once existed and adds: "This poetical literature of the Pennsylvania Germans is one of the few original notes in American lyrical poetry."

Fisher's second book, "Kurzweil un Zeitvertreib,"

York, 1882, consists almost entirely of translations and adaptations of English and American poetry and of German dialect writers. Of the latter, Hebel, Nadler, and Felner are drawn upon most extensively. His first selection

Dort unner 'm alte Keschte Baam
Dort war der alt Schmidt Schop

is full of reminiscences of Longfellow. Bryant, too, has been rendered into the dialect. Except for the few poems of his own in which he deals with the natural scenery of places near his home, or where, as in "Hesse Dhal," he tells the story of a stockade in which Hessian prisoners were kept, or when he takes a drive into "Backmult Valley," the poems have nothing distinctively Pennsylvania German. The language is of course the one exception, but even here he gets into trouble, where the Alemannian, Swabian or Palatinate will not yield him a corresponding Pennsylvania-German rhyme. His renderings of the German dialect poets are, however, not confined to translation. Many of them are adaptations and not infrequently he expands them or adds to them ideas of his own. Several of them are printed as of the German dialect in which they were written. This book appeared in a second edition in 1895.

Ludwig Eichrodt in his "Rheinschwäbisch-Gedichte in Mittelbadischer Sprechweise" says in the Schluss Rheim "Druckfehler glaw e sen net drin, sonsch gäbts noch e Verzaichnuss." *This* our author could not say of his book; he has given us his "Verzaichnuss" in quatrains:

In neechster Zeil, graad unnedra
Es fierte Wort leest Schwarz
Dort mach en e noch hinnedra
Sunscht fall't die Zeil zu karz.

On the misprints he says:

Druckfehler, die ferderwes Buch,
 Wiescht sin sie ohne Zweifel
 Was badds em wann mer drivver flucht!
 Mer gebt die Schuld dem *Deufel*.

Eichrodt had said similarly:

Un wo um's Lewe net der Spass, odar z'varstehn isch letz gar
 Do denkt, 's isch am end e Dail *Lesfehler* vomme *Setzar*.

This sketch would not be complete without mention of a poem which Fisher did not include in the collection, notwithstanding it is by no means one of the worst; it is his translation of Poe's "Raven" into the meters of the original. The most obvious fault of the translation is a too frequent wandering from the exact sense of the original; its greatest virtues are a certain rude vigor and a surprising skill in reproducing the rhythm.

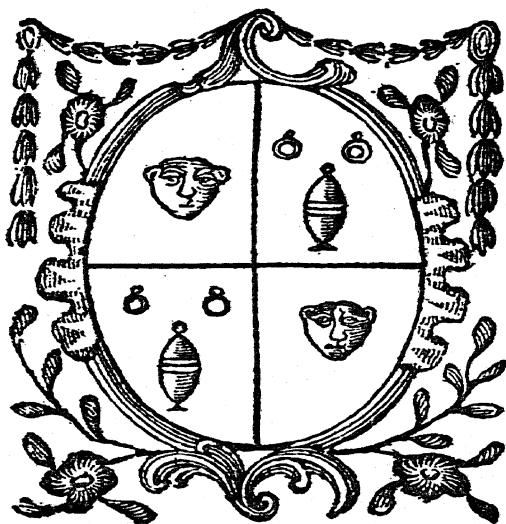
Un so wie ich mir erinner
 Wars so ahfangs in em Winter
 Un en jede glühend Zinder
 Macht sei Geischtli uf em Floor.
 Un ich hob gewinscht 's war Morge
 Awer do war nix zu borge

Aus de Bicher—nix as Sorge
 Sorge fer de lieb Lenore
 Ach dass sie noch bei mir wär
 Engel hen sie gnennt Lenore
 Do genennt doch Nimmermehr.

.

Falsch Propheet, du, ohne Zweifel,

Unglicks Fogel oder Deifel
Mich zu ketzere un zu quale
Wu der Deifel kummscht du her?
Warum duscht du mich besuche
Was huscht du bei mir zu suche
Wit mich in die Hell verfluche
Mit dein ewig Nimmermehr?





7. ABRAHAM R. HORNE.

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In November, 1910, there appeared at Allentown, Pennsylvania, "'M Horn sei Pennsylvawnish Deitsh Buch, 's fert mol un feel farbes'rd." This book, which is a sort of Raritäten-Kasten, gives evidence, nevertheless, of a far more serious purpose than any of the other works in the dialect; this purpose we may better understand after seeing who the author was. Abraham Reeser Horne was born in Bucks County, Pa., on March 24, 1834; his ancestors, who were of the Mennonite faith, had emigrated from Germany and had purchased land from John and Thomas Penn early in the eighteenth century. His own religious tendency manifested itself early in life, when at eight years of age he is said to have preached to the fowls

of the barnyard what he remembered of the sermons he heard, and perhaps some things he had not heard. At the same age he had made sufficient progress in his studies to await eagerly the postrider who once a week distributed the county papers throughout the country.

When he was sixteen years old he began to teach school and at twenty he was principal of the schools of Bethlehem, Pa. At this time he entered Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, teaching vacation school to raise funds to complete his course. Upon graduation he established in 1854, at Quakertown, Pa., the Bucks County Normal and Classical Institute. Starting with three students, at the end of his five years' work here he was employing fifteen teachers to instruct the ever-increasing number of students. This school was virtually the forerunner of the normal-school system of Pennsylvania, there being at that time no other school in the state that was conducted so nearly along the lines subsequently followed by the normal schools.

It was during this period that he founded a school journal, which, under various names, but best known by its last, *The National Educator*, he continued to publish as long as he lived. It was during this same time that he was ordained a Lutheran minister and served a number of congregations as pastor. In 1865, he went to Williamsport as pastor to several Lutheran congregations there, and two years later became city superintendent of schools at Williamsport. It was here that he was associated with Frank Thompson, late president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was a director of the schools. After five years (1867-1872) of successful labor, he was called to the principalship of the State Normal School at Kutztown, Pa. After five years (1872-1877) in this position he organ-

ized and directed the Normal and Preparatory Department of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., also for a period of five years (1877-1882).

The foregoing account does not by any means include all the activities of the life of the man who, even when almost seventy, was popularly known as Allentown's busiest man. In addition to his work as preacher, as teacher and as editor, he wrote frequently for magazines, newspapers and educational journals; as a lecturer and instructor at teachers' institutes he was always in demand, not only in Pennsylvania but in neighboring states and through the South, where he made four extensive lecture tours, after he had given up his work as a teacher in 1882. It was after one of these trips that he was elected president of the University of Texas, but declined the position. During these trips he was also correspondent of Philadelphia papers.

A lover of nature, he knew all the wild flowers, and as a help to students who wished to be introduced to these delights he published his first "Handbook of Botany." As an aid to teachers, in the art of self-help, he published his "Easy experiments in chemistry and kindred subjects." Believing that if persons took care of themselves as he did their health would equal his own, he published his "Common Sense Health Notes." He was a member of many societies and prepared and read many papers before them, among others he was one of the founders of The Pennsylvania-German Society. In 1898 he was appointed by the governor to be the state educational commissioner to the Omaha Exposition. Late in life, he planned, organized and became president of a railroad company and built a railroad. He also published the "Memoirs of Rev. Joshua Yeager," a noted preacher of eastern Pennsylvania.

A Pennsylvania German by birth, a teacher in the public schools at a time and in a place where the dialect only was spoken, principal of a normal school which is notorious for the percentage of Pennsylvania Germans among its students, he appreciated, as few had done, the difficulty these students had to contend with in getting an English education. Indeed, the original object of his paper was "to supply a long-felt want in education among the Pennsylvania Germans, namely an organ for the schools and parents of the German section of the state, specially devoted to their interests." During his first twenty-five years as a teacher he had become convinced, as he tells us in his *Manual* published in 1875, that the system of education generally pursued among this people admitted of very great improvement, as far as it pertained to language instruction. In thinking and reasoning, as for instance in mathematics, he found the Pennsylvania Germans not only the equals but superior to many of English ancestry; but where there was required readiness of expression he found them greatly handicapped by their inability to use the English language.

The great problem presented for solution, is how shall six to eight hundred thousand inhabitants of eastern Pennsylvania, to say nothing of those of other parts of our own state and of other states, to whom English is as much a dead language as Latin and Greek, acquire a sufficient knowledge of English to enable them to use the language intelligently? . . . To render such assistance to those who speak Pennsylvania German only as will enable them to acquire the more readily the two most important modern languages, English and German, has induced us to prepare this *Manual*.

It will be noticed that he says to teach English and German; this idea was not a new one with him; in an article

in the *Pennsylvania Dutchman*, Vol. I, No. 3, 1873, which discusses, among other things, to what extent the German language should be taught by the side of English and in what manner this should be done, he had already recommended Pennsylvania German for Pennsylvania-German pupils and High German for European Germans as the first language of instruction. For those who are accustomed to speak Pennsylvania German he recommended the use of articles in "pure Pennsylvania German" (!) in newspapers and especially Harbaugh's poems to teach pronunciation, translation, construction and simple grammatical forms. Then, turning to the question of English, he says every child attending the schools should receive a sufficient knowledge of English to be able to hold intelligent conversation and conduct correspondence in this language; two thirds of our Pennsylvania German pupils fail to do this at present; having shown how, according to true pedagogical principles, the teacher must pass from the known to the unknown, he goes on to demonstrate how corresponding words and sounds in English and Pennsylvania German should be made the basis of exercises in pronunciation. Finally, some book in Pennsylvania German like Harbaugh's "Harfe" or Rauch's "Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook" should be placed in the pupil's hands. In the same number of *The Dutchman* there appeared an editorial commending the scheme.

Filled with these ideas, Horne began, while principal of the normal school, the collection of material for a book which should be more adapted to school work along the lines of his articles than either Harbaugh's "Harfe" or Rauch's "Handbook." The first part of the book, intended to be the basis for the correct pronunciation of English, takes up seriatim the sounds supposed to be most

difficult to acquire with rules for pronunciation. Exercises for practice are appended, of which such sentences as "He that refuseth thriftlessness and rejoiceth in thorough thinking thrives" and "What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whisper, whistle and whimper near the wharf where a whale wheeled and whirled?" may stand as examples. Those who were in his classrooms bear testimony to the rigorous drills he used to subject them to at this time whenever he caught them mispronouncing English; meanwhile the news got abroad that the professor was preparing a book; it was being noised about in the newspapers. The following letter in the dialect contributed to the *Allentown Friedensbote* by Edward D. Leisenring about the professor and his forthcoming book I include here partly for general reasons, but also because it contains the views of Mr. Leisenring, who deserves to be heard on the vexed question: What is Pennsylvania German? Incidentally it contains a criticism of Wollenweber's "Gemälde aus dem Pennsylvanisch Deutschen Volksleben," which had appeared a short time before, and also of the poems of Harbaugh; besides all this it is a specimen of a dialect newspaper letter, such as the latter becomes when it discusses serious things in a serious vein.

'N BRIEF AN DER HOCHWERDIG PROF. HORNE VON DER KUTZ-
TAUNER NORMALSCHUL.

Hochwerdiger Professor: Ich hab schon viel von d'r geles im Friedensbote un annere Zeidinge, un g'sehne, dass du dich bis uf die neunt Haut wehre dhust for unser schöne Pennsylvania Deutsche Sprach ufzuhalte, dass sie net unnerdrückt un vernicht sott werre von dene Englishe kerls, wo doch net English kenne un leeber Gott, ah kenn Deutsch. 'S hot mich werklich gepläsirt, dass so'n gelernter Kerl, wie du eener bist, unser Part nemmt. Ich bin 'n Pfalzer, mei Grossdadi is aus der Palz rüwer kumme,

un dieweil die gelernte Leut behaupten, der Grossdadi dhat alsfort widder im Enkel raus kumme, do bin ich dennoch mei grossdadi selwert, wo von der Palz rüwer kumme is. Uf sell bin ich stolz, vonwege er war'n schmarter Mann.

Was ich awer eegentlich hab sage wolle is des "Ich hab in der Zeidung gelese, du dhatst mit dem Gedanke umgeh, 'n Buch un 'n Dickschonary üwer Pennsylvanisch Deutsch rauszugewe. Weest was—so 'n Buch dhat 'n die Leit do in Pennsylvania un sunst üwerall wo die Pennsylvanisch Deutsch Sprach schwatze gewiss arg gleiche, un die Nallyänn is recht in die Höh g'huppst for Freede wie ich sell Stückel in der Zeidung vorgelese hab. Awer sag ich zu der Nallyänn, wo mir oweds beinanner g'sotze hen, wie sie beim Fettlicht 'n paar Blacke uf eens von de Buwe sei' Hoseknie genaht hot. Nellyänn, sag ich, denkst seller Professor wees was er unnernemmt? Nau, du bist 'n dorch un dorch Pennsylvanisch Weibsmensch alle zoll von d'r. Glaabst so'n Buch konnt zuwege gschriwe werre, dass m'r sich net schamme brauch mitt? Well, sagt sie, weil sie ihre schöne braune Aage uwer der Disch zum'r rüwer g'schmisse hot, sagt sie, ich glaab wol net dass es der ufgeblöse, hochmüdig Hannewackel drunne im Wanzedhal dhu' könnt, was seller Professor dhu kann wees ich net, awer sell wees ich, dass wann mei Hannes so'n Lerning hätt, dass er 's dhu konnt. Guck, wer so'n Fraa hot, lebt noch so long, sagt der Sirach in der Biwel, un sel hot mich ufgeweckt, dass ich d'r den do Brief schreiwe dhu.

Ich bin, denk ich net ganz so g'scheidt wie die Nellyänn meent awer wann du sell Buch schreiwe wit, mocht ich d'r eppes von Adweis gewe, vonwege weil ich selwert 'n Pennsylvanier un noch neuebei 'n Palzer bin wie ich d'r bewisse hab. Nau die Palzer Sprooch un die Pennsylvanisch Sprooch sauwer g'schwetzt, sin eens, un is schier keen Unnershied dazwische. Les mol "Fröhlich Pfalz, Gott erhalts" (Nadler) noh geh ufs Land un geb gut acht wie di Leut schwätze; was die Buwe un die Mäd zu nanner sage an der Singschul, vor'm Schulhaus wann's dunkel is: was die Baure sage von de Gäul, vom Rinsvieh, von de Sau, vom Weeze, vom Welshkorn un vom Hai; was un wie die Weibslaut mitnanner

dischkurire üwer allerhand Sache, die juscht sie alleen a'belange, un du werscht bal erfahre, was Pennsylvanisch Deutsch is. Do sin viel von dene kerls wo's prowirt hen, die meene, wann sie recht hunsgeschmee schlecht Hoch Deutsch schreiwe un ferchterlich viel Englische worte drunner dhate, sell war Pennsylvanisch, un so narrische Deutsche, wo's net besser verstehen, spend 'ne dann grosse Lorbeere for "dieses Gottliche Verhunzen der so edlen deutschen Sprache." Vor selle, hochwerdiger Professor, mocht ich dich gewarnt hawe.

'S kann gewiss niemand hoherer Respect hawe vor selle Lieder, wo der Parre Harbach g'schriwe hot, wie ich. Ich wees, wie's'm um's Herz war, wie'r alsemol selle Lieder g'schriwe hot—dotlich weech, heemwehrig. Herzweh noch de unschuldige Kinnerjohre un bei so Gelegenheite hot noch eppes von owerunner aus der annere Welt uf'n gewerkt—so dass m'r viel von seine Lieder die Poesie gewiss net ablegle kann; awer die Sproch, well ich will nicks drüwer sage—just, wo in're Schrift oder in'me Lied so viel Englisch wie Palzich oder Deutsch vorkummt, is net Pennsylvanisch Deutsch.

Nau wann du dra' gehst, for sel Buch zu schreiwe los des verhenkert Englisch Kauderwelsch haus, wo gar net in unser Sproch g'höre dhut. Ich arger mich allemol schwarz und blo, wann so dumm stoff gedruckt un in die Welt g'schickt werd wo Pennsylvanisch Deutsch sei sol, awer lauter geloge is. 'S is uns verlaschtert wo m'r's net verdient hen. Un wann dei Buch mol fertig is, un 's kummt mir unner die Finger un 's is so'n elendiger Wisch wie kerzlich wieder eener im Fildelfi raus kumme is, dann ufgebasst for dann verhechel ich dich, dass du aussehnst wie verhudelt Schwingwerk, un die Leut dich for'n Spuk a'gucke.

SCHINNERHANNES VOM CALMUSHÜWEL.

Horne found it impossible to get his promised publication ready by Christmas of 1875, but the students were so eager to have the book to take with them during the holidays to canvass for its sale, that a number of specimen copies in the form of agents' samples were struck off for

their use; of these I possess a mutilated copy. When the book appeared, the second part was entitled Pennsylvania-German Literature, consisting first of directions for the use of the exercises, a phonetic key, and then a long series of object-lesson pictures, serious, humorous and comic, each supplied with a title in English, Pennsylvania German and High German.

This part of the book (as well as the first part) finds a certain pedagogical justification and example. Ten years later (1886) the firm of Ginn and Company published "The Beginner's French Book" by Sophia Doriot "with Humorous Illustrations." In the author's Introduction she says: "Experience has taught me further that children as a rule are rather hard to please and not very willing to submit to arduous and humdrum work; it is necessary to amuse them. . . . I also rely on pictures which have been made as humorous as possible. . . . Children who do not know how to read should be taught the words and expressions contained in each lesson by means of pointing to the different parts of the picture." In fact, her entire Introduction might be bodily transferred to our Pennsylvania-German book; this evidently belonged to the pedagogy of the time.

Next follow proverbs, riddles, rhymes, anecdotes, descriptions of old customs by the author; lives of distinguished Pennsylvania Germans, especially of the Pennsylvania-German governors and of the state superintendent of education, by Conrad Gehring of the *Kutztown Journal*; and finally selections from dialect poets. The third part contained a brief grammar, a dictionary of Pennsylvania-German words with their English and High-German equivalents. As a guide to the study of English and German, the book was submitted to the public for use in

schools and families (vide Introduction). The editor of the *Reading Eagle* had attacked Horne's scheme, when first he had proposed to introduce the dialect into the schools; Rauch of Lancaster championed Horne in an editorial, in which he said he supposed the professor would attend to the fellow, and then encourages him thus: "Du 'm mohl sei dicker dum-cup t'zurecht setza."

I have inquired of those who ought to know whether the book ever got into the schools; the result is disappointing, save this from a letter from David S. Keck, of Kutztown, who was superintendent of the schools in Berks County in those days; he says: "I occasionally found a copy on the teacher's desk, the teacher sometimes consulted it to get the English names of common objects." (Letter of February 13, 1911.) The situation which the book was intended to meet seems to have been generally recognized as actually existing, for on the appearance of the book, the *New York Journal* said: "Prof. Horne, bekanntlich einer der unermüdlichsten Verfechter des Deutschtums in Amerika, gibt ein Lesebuch. Dies Buch wird einem lang gefühlten Bedürfnisse abhelfen, da dann Pennsylvanisch Deutsche Kinder das Englisch nicht bloß lesen sondern auch verstehen lernen können. Ein solches Werk ist nicht bloß wünschenswerth sondern gar unter den jetzigen Verhältnissen zum dringenden Bedürfnisse geworden." It is of course possible that almost all of this was read out of the Introduction by the reviewer, but it was in turn quoted by the *Deutsche Pionier* of Cincinnati, Ohio.

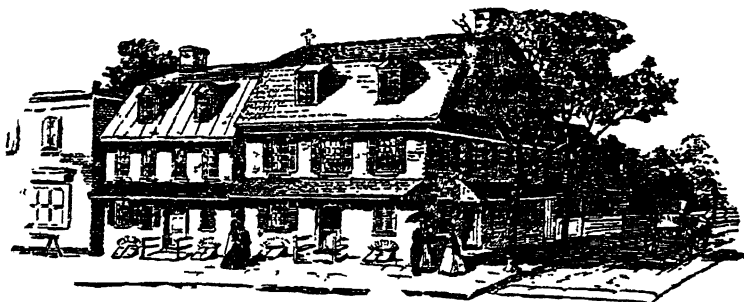
After the Manual had been ten years out of print, a second edition was issued in 1896 with numerous additions to all three parts, with the addition of a supplement comprising an English Dictionary with the Pennsylvania-Ger-

man equivalent. The author had dropped the word German from his preface and has in mind only a Manual for the acquiring of English. He says further that although the necessity for such a work might be supposed to exist no longer, yet experience and observation show that in Pennsylvania-German districts on the very eve of the twentieth century, what was said in the preface in 1875 may be again repeated. In referring to the second edition *The Pennsylvania German* calls it "a book that has for years been a standard among those having to do with the mastery of the dialect or the English education of the children who speak this tongue." In response to a wide public demand, Mr. Horne's son was induced to issue a third edition in 1905: it has again been enlarged in every part and purports no longer merely to serve as a guide book for the study of English, but also to show how the Pennsylvania German is spoken and written; an indication that the book is on the way to become a historical document and will presently show how Pennsylvania German *was* spoken. In November, 1910, as stated at the outset, the Manual was issued "Es fert mol un feel ferbessered." Such is the history of one of the most popular Pennsylvania-German books by one of the most widely known Pennsylvania Germans, one who, wherever he was, was fond of applying Wollenweber's lines to himself:

Ich bin 'n Pennsylvawni Deitscher
Druf bin ich shtuls un fro.

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8. ISRAEL DANIEL RUPP.

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Pennsylvania German, Vol. VII, 1, 1. P. C. Croll.

The name of the author of "Thirty Thousand Names of German and other Immigrants to Pennsylvania" is known to all students of early history, as is also his remarkable series of county histories which has become the storehouse whence all later writers have drawn. Biographical sketches of him have appeared in the *Historical Magazine*, February, 1871, by his friend Dr. Egle; in *Der Deutsche Pionier*, 1874, p. 351, a translation of an English paper by Mrs. Jessie C. Ringwalt; in *Der Deutsche Pionier*, 1878, p. 200, by some one who signs himself R. (Rattermann, H. A.?) ; in the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, January, 1891, by the late Professor Seidensticker, of the University of Pennsylvania; and in the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine*, January, 1906, by Rev. P. C. Croll.

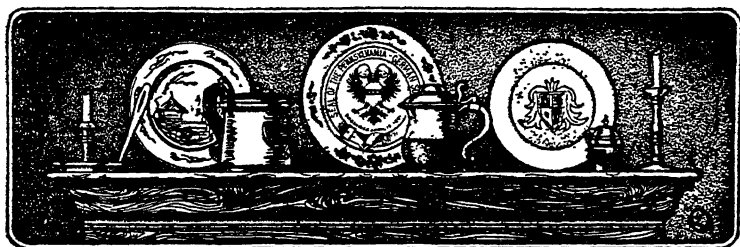
While no new material on Rupp has been discovered, it is due to his memory to recall here how he went through Pennsylvania with a horse and wagon and a load of books to sell, while gathering information from house to house; how he went from town to town teaching school, either obtaining a position or starting new schools, in places

where there were records to be searched while he later, as itinerant life-insurance agent, travelled for nineteen years through Pennsylvania, all the while picking up the material out of which his famous works were evolved.

A master of many languages and a student of language as well as of history, he found time to scrutinize the dialects of Germany, and frequently wrote for magazines, articles in which he compared these several dialects of Germany with the Pennsylvania German. Such a one is a dialect article in the *Deutsche Pionier*: "En kurze G'schicht von meim Grosvater Johann Jonas Rupp;" two other articles he wrote for the same magazine are entitled "Eppes über Pennsylvania Deutsch" and "Eppes Wege de deutsche Baure!"

In 1871 Dr. Egle wrote of him: "There (in Philadelphia) he still resides, pursuing his vocation, laying up treasures of history for the great work of his life, 'An Original Fireside History of German and Swiss Immigrants in Pennsylvania from 1688 to 1775.' It is nearly completed and it is hoped that Mr. Rupp will soon give it to the public who have been on the lookout for the work for so many years."

In 1873, in an article sent to Rauch's *Pennsylvania Dutchman*, he said himself of the chapter on Pan Patois of Pennsylvania German that was to appear in the above mentioned volume: "I have for nearly fifty years been studying the Pan Patois, Kauderwelsch spoken in Pennsylvania. I have in my budget a varied collection of German phrases, words, idiomatic sentences, written by myself as pronounced in different counties in Pennsylvania, noted carefully in the dialect variations." In 1878, when he died, the work which would no doubt vie with all his other collections and compilations in value, had not yet been published, nor has it to this time seen the light of day.



9. DAVID B. BRUNNER.

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Personal interviews with his friends.

David B. Brunner, of Reading, Pa., wrote a small number of so-called "Xenien," rhymed proverbs, aphorisms, Baurasprüche, to which he signed himself "Goethe von Berks," *i. e.*, from Berks County.

Wer sucht for'n rechter harter Job
Der geh un wart sich selwer ab.

Ihr misst net immer vorna dra sei
Un alfert im a Schuss;
En blinde Sau finnt ah ebmol
En Eachel odder 'n Nuss.

Wann en Mann en Hinkel schteht,
Dann sperren sie en ei'
Doch wann er dausent Daler schteht
Geht er gewöhnlich frei.

A thorough search of the files of the *Reading Adler* (established 1796), for which he wrote frequently, would yield a large number of these.

Widely different in character is a poem by Brunner contained in Horne's "Pennsylvania German Manual," entitled "Der Washington un si Bile." The familiar cherry-tree story is rehearsed; George's father is portrayed as a thrifty Pennsylvania-German farmer, who had seen to it that his estate had its due share of cherry trees growing all about. George, who was a good boy—"wann er als bei seim pap war"—was tempted by the ripe red fruit; his prudence is praised in not electing to climb the tree; suppose he had fallen and crushed out his young life—

Now won des ding so ghappened het
 Un sis uns goot geglickt
 Don hetta mir silawa ken
 United States do grickt.

George's father discovers the deed, and to the question why he cut down the tree with his little hatchet, George replies with the countryman's joke—because he could not find the axe. Half in jest and half yielding to the temptation to point a moral the selection ends

Der George hut net viel chansa g'hot
 Eer grosse Buwe het.
 Der George hut gor net leaya kenna,
 Ihr kennt, doot ov ver net.

Daniel Miller's collection of Pennsylvania German contains five selections in verse by Brunner.

1. "Wann ich juscht en Bauer wär"—in praise of country life:

O! wann ich juscht en Bauer wär,
 Un hätt en gut Stück Land
 Dann hätt ich ah mei Säck voll Geld,
 Un ah noch in der Hand.

In rapid survey are passed in review all the arguments that used to be brought forward by the affirmative, when in the old days was discussed in "Speakin-school" the question: "*Resolved*: That country life is preferable to city life." Not until we have read the last four lines of the poem,

O! wann ich juscht en Bauer wär,
Wann's ah juscht dauere deht
Bis dass 's gut Sach gesse is
Un's an die Erwet geht!

do we realize that this is a satire; that our author is sporting with us and with his subject; that he has, in his humble way, contributed to a type of literature as old as literature itself.

2. "Bezahlt euer Parre" narrates how a witty parson moved a wealthy though delinquent congregation to meet its financial obligations, and ends with a merry explanation of the similar phenomenon, that a preacher also cannot live without pay.

3. "En gross Misverständniss"—

Die schö un lacherlich G'schicht,
So duhn viel sie heese,
Hab ich in meiner Kerche Zeitung
Sechs Jahr zurück gelese.

Wahrscheinlich is die G'schicht ah wahr,
So hot sie mir geguckt,
Sunst hätte unser Parre sie
Sei lebtag net gedruckt.

The "Misverständniss" is great enough to arouse the keenest expectation, while the disillusionment is invariably followed by a burst of laughter, for in the main it is true that the Pennsylvania German loves a joke on the "Parre."

4. "Die Grundsau"—after considering this creature and all her ways and all her claims, and all her influence, he finds that we have to do with a thorough humbug, and that

Exactly wie die Grundsau is,
So duht ihr Manner finne;
Auswennig sin sie Gentelleut
Un humbugs sin sie inne.

This gives Brunner occasion to consider the ways of various kinds of sharpers that are neither what they seem, nor what they claim to be; und

Nau geb ich euch en guter Roth
Un den du ich euch schenke,
Wann ihr so humbugs als ahtrefft,
Duht an die Grundsau denke.

5. "Der alt un der jung Krebs" tells of an old cray-fish (perhaps better translate it by the slang term "lobster") that chid his offspring for swimming "hinnersch-födderscht"; but the saucy youngster replies that he has learned it from his father.

Es is ihr wisst en alte Ruhl,
Dass schier gar all de Söh
Grad duhne was der Vatter duht,
Un juscht en bissel meh.

By a number of salient examples our author shows that fathers and mothers must not expect to forbid their sons and daughters the follies they themselves are guilty of, with any prospect of their being obeyed.

In "Der Dan Webster un Sei Sens" he treats another well-known tale after the manner of the George Washington story. Dan is a Pennsylvania-German boy who has

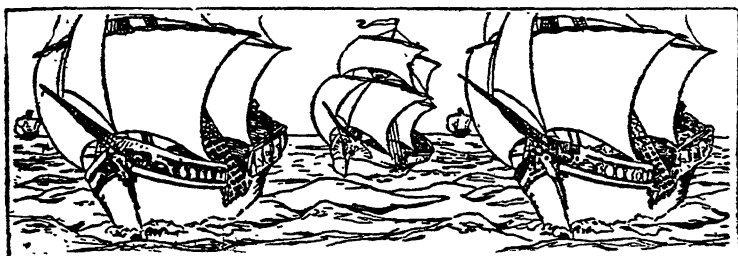
gone to college and comes back having forgotten how to work, prefers to talk English and would rather sit in the shade than do anything else. This is a favorite theme of our writers; Daniel Miller has a prose version of this same story: the effect of the first year of college life on the farmer boys has received the attention of a number of writers—one notable selection having been prepared by T. H. Harter (Boonastiel, q.v.) at the instance and to the complete satisfaction of a former president of The Pennsylvania State College.

Brunner wrote also occasional prose letters for the papers, notably in his campaign for Congress; during this time he had his own letters appear in numerous county papers, but over the signature of those who ordinarily contributed dialect productions to the respective papers.

It is time to consider briefly what manner of man this strange handicraftsman of literature was. David B. Brunner was fifth in line of descent from Peter Brunner, who emigrated from the Palatinate about 1736. The subject of our sketch was born in Amity Township, Berks County, Pennsylvania, March 7, 1835; he attended the public schools until twelve years old and then followed the carpenter's trade with his father till he was nineteen, meantime continuing his attendance at school during the winter months. He taught school three years and prepared himself for Dickinson College, which he entered in 1852, graduating in 1856; he conducted the Reading Classical School until 1869, whereupon he was elected Superintendent of the schools of Berks County. After serving two terms, he founded the Reading Academy of Sciences and the Reading Business College; in 1880 he became superintendent of the city schools of Reading and from 1888 on served two terms in Congress.

Brunner was interested in archæology, and published works on the Indians of Berks County and of the state; in the domain of microscopy and mineralogy, his studies on the minerals of his country having been incorporated into the publications of the Second Geological Survey of Pennsylvania. He died on the 29th of November, 1903. His dialect writing was an incident and a diversion in a busy life. His prose letters will be found chiefly in the files of the *Reading Adler*.





10. LEE LIGHT GRUMBINE.

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Lee Light Grumbine was born in Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, July 25, 1858. The ancestry of his family is discussed in the article on his brother Dr. Ezra Grumbine (q.v.) where also it has been noted that "to scribble and to rhyme runs in the family." Lee Light Grumbine possessed another talent that is characteristic of the best dialect writers according to a writer in the *Forum* (Vol. XIV, Dec., 1892, p. 470) who

says: "Recalling Col. R. M. Johnston's dialectic sketches with his own presentation of them from the platform, the writer notes a fact that seems to obtain among all true dialect writers, namely, that they are also endowed with native histrionic capabilities. *Hear* as well as *read* Twain, Cable, Johnston, Page, Smith and all the list, with barely an exception."

In the public schools and at Palatinate College Grumbine gave evidence of his ability along this line, and when a student at the Wesleyan University, Connecticut, he began giving public elocutionary entertainments, and this, with lecturing and teachers' institute work, he kept up as a diversion during his lifetime.

When he had graduated from Wesleyan University, Conn., in 1881, he took up teaching, but began the study of law at the same time, and three years later was admitted to practice in the courts of Lebanon County, and in 1887 to practice before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; for a time he was the law partner of the late Gen. Gobin. In 1886 he was appointed instructor of elocution at Cornell University, but never entered upon the duties of his position; in 1889 he was principal of the School of Oratory at the Silver Lake (New York) Chautauqua.

In 1889 he became the founder and editor of the *Lebanon Daily Report*, which he conducted along independent lines, making it the organ of reform movements, and the dread of evildoers and machine politicians. In politics a Prohibitionist, he held a high place in the councils of his party, both in the state and in the nation, and as a platform orator and as candidate he made many a vigorous fight for a forlorn hope.

Grumbine was also one of the prime movers in the organization of The Pennsylvania Chautauqua at Mt.

Gretna, Pa.; a member of the Lebanon County Historical Society; a member of the American Philological Association, for which he prepared several papers on the results of his study of the provincialisms of the English speech of eastern Pennsylvania which have their origins in German idioms and expressions. He was one of the founders, and during his life, vice-president and director of the Lebanon Trust Company.

It was his paper, *The Lebanon Daily Report*, that first suggested in December, 1890, and January, 1891, the organization of a Pennsylvania-German Society, and when other papers quickly seconded the idea, it led to the organization of that Society early in the same year (1891). At its first regular meeting, after the organization October 14, 1891, he read an English poem entitled "The Marriage of the Muse" in twenty-one twelve-verse stanzas. He calls for

The happy bard, the poet and seer,
Whose voice, with its tuneful charm, will make men hear,
As he tells, in stately epic or lyric story,
Of a quiet and simple folk, of their trials and glory—
As he sings with wisdom and grace and musical measure,
To their children's glad delight, or a busy world's pleasure
The sterling virtues of that brother band,
"The sorrowing exiles from the Fatherland,
Leaving their homes in Kriesheim's bowers of vine,
And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,
To seek amid their solemn depths of wood
Freedom from man and holy peace with God."

The last five lines are an incorporation of verses from Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim."

A timid youth,
Who only knows to speak with simple truth
His love,
Appears as suitor to the Muse;

after explaining

who dares by such a bold demand
Persistent, sue the Muse's heart and hand?

the poet proceeds to tell of the noble ancestry of the youth, and finally makes bold to reveal his name—it is The Pennsylvania-German Society. His petition is evidently heard, for the successful organization of the Society is celebrated as the "Nuptial Feast" and the hope is expressed that

From this holy union there may spring
A progeny of poets, that will sing,
The praises of those hero souls who came,
In search of neither Fortune nor of Fame,
From Alpine slopes and banks of castled Rhine,
To land where Liberty's fair sun would shine.

The second and third parts of this poem are entitled respectively "Their Dowry" and "Our Heritage."

Grumbine remained an active member of the Society until his death in 1904; at that time he had in course of preparation a history of the Mennonites, which he was writing for the Association. In 1901 he presented a paper to the Society, "An essay on the Pennsylvania German dialect: a study of its status as a spoken dialect and form of literary expression, with reference to its capabilities and limitations, and lines illustrating the same," also undertaken at the request of the Society. In part it contains good poetics, as when he says:

The Pennsylvania German occupies a unique place among the tongues of Babel and their derivations. It is like a provincial

rustic youth, strong in the vigor of athletic young manhood, lusty in the spirit of adventure and joviality, schooled in self-reliance, honesty and industry, trained in all the domestic virtues, love of home, of work, of kin and of God, but not used to the courtliness of state, unskilled in the hollowness of vain compliment, untutored in the frippery and polish of artificial society, unacquainted with the insincerity and diplomacy of the wider world, removed from kith and kin, and thrown upon his own resources among strangers and new surroundings. The feelings and sentiments of its own provincial home life it can express with a force and beauty, a directness, a tenderness and humor all its own, but in the more cosmopolitan relations it is awkward and wholly inadequate, probably because as soon as the Pennsylvania-German individual strikes out into the larger world of human endeavor, beyond the modest and circumscribed limits of his provincial sphere, to the extent that he becomes a cosmopolitan in taste, in education or culture or achievement he discards the provincial for the national; he loses the marks of his native racial and linguistic individuality; in short, loses himself in the great mass of national commonplace. He discards the mother tongue and adopts the ruling speech, the English.

Or again when he says:

A foul tongue cannot express a pure mind, even though a corrupt mind may at times clothe itself in fair language. The artist, the poet, the writer, the musician, each expresses his thought, his life, his inner self; and what the vocabulary is to the individual that the dialect is to the community, and the language to the nation. If the people as a people are concerned with the heroic affairs of human activity—with statecraft and commerce, with science and art, with schemes of metaphysics and education, with the pomp of wealth and the parade and pageantry of aristocracy, with the stilted ceremonials of society and the outward formalities of religion—their language will be stately, courtly, scholarly, classical, majestic and sometimes hollow and insincere. The stormy passions of the soul, the machinations of ambition, the

intrigues of politics, the plottings of hatred and revenge, and the cruelties of persecution can only be portrayed upon the large theater of the world, where are played the dramas of statecraft, and where great events and movements mark the onward march of history from epoch to epoch. For these the language and life of the Pennsylvania Germans furnish neither example, opportunity, nor means of expression. It were ludicrous to try to write an epic poem in the dialect of a provincial community whose interests do not go beyond "the daily task, the common round" of its simple life. Cathedrals are not built upon the plan or out of the materials of which dwellings are constructed, and yet while the cathedral with its noble proportions, its majestic arches and softly colored light,

Where through the longdrawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise

may help to lift the devout spirit's aspirations toward the Infinite God, it is the pure and simple life in the happy homes of the plain and virtuous people, no matter how humble the architecture or how modest the comforts, where the Muse of poesy loves to come a lingering guest. Here are cultivated the tender sentiments of the fireside, affection, kindness, filial love and obedience, paternal solicitude, generosity, unselfishness. Here dwell the domestic virtues—truth, sincerity, charity, confidence, candor, devotion, chastity. Here, too, is religion's real altar, where piety, reverence and holiness are not the formal profession of the lips, or the ceremonial and perfunctory offices of the priest, but the true expression of the heart in daily right living. Sportive humor plays its mirthful part, songs of contentment and the rippling laughter of childhood enliven the labors of happy industry. These are some of the sweet notes in the joyous minstrelsy which rises to Heaven when the poet sings of the Pennsylvania-German life and people. The common range of everyday human experience, human activities, human feelings and failings, these are the domain and these the materials and opportunity for the Pennsylvania-German poet; and if he cannot

produce the heroic measures of the music drama with its grand world chorus of immortals, or the stately epic with its mighty epoch making movements of nations and of gods, he can at least, on the sweet-toned lyre of his provincial dialect, play simple pastoral songs and melodies.

Grumbine is not unfamiliar with some of the dialect poets of Germany and it is to be noted that not all the poems that accompany the essay were written to illustrate the essay, some having appeared earlier, nor can it be said that he has touched upon all the phases that his introduction points out as possibilities for the dialect poet. Accompanying the essay is a brief prefatory note, explaining the basis of several poems as well as furnishing a sort of psychological self-analysis of the author's moods and an explanation of his aims. I include this in its entirety, so that anyone who cares may have the opportunity of deciding for himself in how far he has succeeded or failed in his endeavors.

It may be said in a general way that everything here written is founded on actual fact or incident within the writer's observation. The verses are pictures from Nature. Take for example those on a country Sabbath Morn—"Sonntag Morgeds an der Ziegel Kerch." If I had the hands of an artist and could translate the lines into the language of pictorial art almost every verse would make a complete picture which each one of you and every Pennsylvania German would recognize as a glimpse into the mirror of his own life. And yet I may say that the whole poem was suggested by Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Lowden Sabbath Morn," of parts of which it is a more or less liberal translation adapted to the conditions of Pennsylvania-German country life. "Elendig" is an almost literally true narrative of an actual incident, but even if it were not it is absolutely true to the pathetic fact in life that when we are becoming physically infirm we speak of it ourselves in the

hope of eliciting comfort from our friends and the assurance that things are not as bad as we think; but we do not like it when others mention the fact, and we invariably resent it when our friends take us at our word. The several translations further serve to illustrate what has been stated in reference to the limitations and capabilities of the dialect. Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" and John Vance Cheney's "Kitchen Clock" show how readily the themes and incidents of provincial, pastoral or personal everyday life lend themselves to dialect treatment; while on the other hand the more dignified philosophical or moral theme of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" could not be rendered into Pennsylvania German without the effect of burlesqueing it, but calls for the statelier measures of a more classical German.

"Mei Arme Be," with a mixture of satire, humor and pathos, paints a very common character familiar to us all—the village toper—who makes every ridiculous pretext an excuse for his indulgence, blames everything but himself for his weakness, and who protests up to the day that he dies of delirium tremens, that "he can drink or let it alone."

"Der Schumacher" is another character common to every village and suggests his various brothers in the guild of handicraftsmen who would furnish subjects for similar treatment—Der Weber, Der Schmied, Der Wagner and others. "Der Viert July" is a somewhat ill-natured portrayal of the national holiday and the painful, senseless, wasteful and almost intolerable way in which it has come to be celebrated in our cities. It was written while still smarting under the tortures which the "Glorious Fourth" entails upon the sensitive nerves of a suffering people.

Lest the lines under the title "Ich war Jurymann" might be thought to contain expressions unnecessarily emphatic, or inelegant perhaps, it is mentioned that the poem was suggested and is based

upon the following true incident, beyond the statement of which I have nothing to add in justification or apology: There lived where I spent my childhood a little old man, who in the happy days before individualism in industrial life was entirely crushed out by the spirit of combination in our commercial evolution, earned a livelihood in the pursuit of his chosen handicraft—that of a tailor. He lived in the country several miles back of my native village and the demands of fashionable society made no heavy draft upon his artistic powers, it may be assumed; but he lived a contented and useful life contriving wonderful garments for youthful rural swains to court and get married in, which were ever afterwards preserved from the ravages and corruption of “moth and rust” with scrupulous care and never worn again except upon some occasion of equal state. In those days it was a particularly shiftless and improvident lout unworthy the name or the station of a householder who did not preserve his “Hochzig-kle’der” to the day of his death, when they might fulfil the last important function in their and their owner’s career, namely that of shroud. It happened by rare chance that the under or deputy sheriff stopped at his house one day to his infinite astonishment and satisfaction with a summons to do jury duty at the County Court ten or twelve miles distant. This was such an unusual event in the old man’s life, never having happened before, and withal invested him with such dignity and importance in his own eyes that he straightway celebrated the event with one of his mild sprees in which he was wont to indulge upon every occasion of excessive feeling, and he devoted that entire day to little excursions between the bottle in the cupboard and his other duties, strutting about meanwhile with infinite self-satisfaction before the proud gaze of his admiring spouse and giving vent to the contemplation of his sudden greatness in the oft repeated exclamation: “Bin ich awer net e’n donnerwetterser Jurymann!” In after years when I became more familiar with the scenes, the characters and the methods of courts of justice myself this remark was often recalled and as often served to give suitable expression to my own estimate, not only of jurors, but of

various other important functionaries that figure there, as well as the sort of justice that, in the language of the Irishman, is "dispensed with" upon occasion.

"'S Latweg Koche" and "Der Alt Dengelstock" are two other pictures of the happy contentment and peaceful domestic simplicity of rustic Pennsylvania-German home life, which every one who has ever seen or known it will recognize as coincident with his own experience or observation. I had just enough of both to qualify me "to speak by the card" on the subjects depicted, to wit: the boiling of applebutter at the particularly eventful moment when it is finished as described in the lines:

"Er is gar: du kannst 's net besser treffe;
Henk der Kessel ab, un' schoepp's in die Hoeffe;
Was muss der kle' Joe doch die Zung 'raus strecke,
Für der Loeffel un' der Rührer ab zuschlecke."

And equally of that second occasion in the hayfield where the very spot can be pointed out that will be forever linked with the feeling and the situation suggested by the other lines:

"Dort hoert m'r laute stimme,
Die Buwe sin am schwimme,
Im Damm wird gebotzelt un' gekrische;
Un' dort drunne im Krickle,
Im Loch un' er'm Brückli,
Wahrhaftig sin sie a' am fische!"

Whoever has seen a Pennsylvania-German home on a prosperous eastern-Pennsylvania farm has seen the most perfect and idyllic picture of contentment, of manly independence, of plenty, of comfort, of good cheer, of peace of body and of mind that is to be seen anywhere on the face of the globe.

Grumbine clearly had the feeling that he was contradicting his own principles when he undertook the translation of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" into the dialect, though he defends himself by stating that the original in the sim-

licity of its character, its language, its plan and its teaching, is consonant with the simplest life and therefore admits of adequate expression even under the limitations of a provincial dialect. Hon. G. F. Ferdinand Ritschl, imperial German consul at Philadelphia, who was present when the poem was read, expressed his surprise at the adaptability of the dialect to a subject like the "Ancient Mariner"—a criticism that might easily be made by one who did not know that the dialect had no perfect tense, no genitive case, that when lacking a word in the dialect it prefers as a rule an English one to a German one. These facts, I am inclined to think, the German consul was not acquainted with.

When Grumbine himself says that he has constantly kept in mind that he is writing in a German dialect for a German- rather than an English-speaking constituency, and has discarded English words to a much larger extent than an ordinary Pennsylvania-German conversation, he admits that he has created an artificial language, which, while it may be intelligible to native-born Germans, as he says, is however not the language of the Pennsylvania Germans. In the matter of language, we must heartily agree with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which at the time of the publication of the essay and the poems in book form said: "The fact remains that his dialect is very different from that of current publications such as the fugitive pieces which papers published in Pennsylvania-German communities occasionally give their readers—such as for example the "Old Schulmashter" letters printed weekly in the *Daily News* of his own city of Lebanon, Pa. Does it not seem likely that the latter, being in the common speech of the people, represent the real Pennsylvania German?"

His original poems deserve higher praise than his translations; the degree in which they appeal to Pennsylvania Germans far away from the old roof tree is illustrated in a letter from Rev. Francis T. Hoover, a former Berks Countian, pastor of the Congregational Church at Lockport, N. Y., and author of "Enemies in the Rear," etc. "I am free to say that few things could have given me more pleasure. My copy of the *Pennsylvania German* came with the same mail, and so I've spent two whole evenings and part of the nights reading the vernacular of my old Berks County home.

"Last evening, I read among other pieces, 'Ich war Jurymann.' To say I laughed is putting it a trifle mildly. But say! How did that 'donnerwetterser Jurymann' ever hear of the gentle "keusch Portia?" Good! Only a lawyer—one who knew all the ins and outs of the 'donnerwetter's Gericht'—could have produced 'Ich war Jury-mann.'

"Then I read 'Der alt Dengelstock' and when I read the stanza 'S Dengel lied hat g'shtoppt' a feeling of sadness came over me, for the picture of my old father, mowing in the meadow in front of the house, came up before my vision, and I was carried to the grave at 'Eck Kerch' where he has slept since 1864.

"Next comes 'S Latweg Koche' and I confess that when the eye took in the words,

Ach! wie schnell vergeht die Jugend's Zeit!

Gut nacht, zu'm Latweg koche:

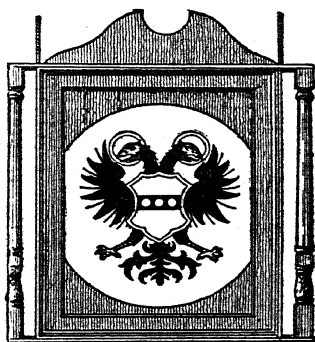
a feeling of "he'm-weh" took possession of me for a time.

"You have done a splendid piece of work and though not presuming to be an expert in the dialect, I believe your work equals that of Dr. Harbaugh in this department of

literature. Indeed you have tested and proved the capabilities of Pennsylvania German more fully than the bard of Mercersburg."

Prof. Oscar Kuhns, of the department of Romance languages, Wesleyan University, too thought the poems would be placed beside Harbaugh's "Harfe," while Professor Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, referring to "Der Dengelstock" (or to the book of that name?) says it belongs to *classical* dialect poetry and takes its place alongside of Hebel's, Schandein's or Nadler's best.

In 1903 the essay and poems were published in a handsome limited (300 copies) autograph edition. For "The Rime of The Ancient Mariner" Elbert Hubbard loaned the cuts and head and tail pieces which were used in illustrating the beautiful Roycroft edition of the "Ancient Mariner."





II. GEORGE MAYS.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY.

George Mays, who was born of Pennsylvania-German parents, at Schaefferstown, Pa., July 5, 1836, could not talk English before he learned it in the public schools. At the University of Pennsylvania he completed a course in medicine in 1861; entered the army as surgeon; later practised his profession at Lititz until 1871, when he removed to Philadelphia, where he lived until his death in 1909.

Almost every year after coming to Philadelphia he returned to old Schaefferstown for the summer, and his greatest delight was to drive over all the familiar roads of the adjoining country.

According to his intimate friend, Dr. Stretch, of Philadelphia, his dialect productions were written not so much for their poetic beauty as carefully to preserve in phonetic

form a language which he felt sure would soon be extinct, insisting that much that was being published in the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* and elsewhere was not Pennsylvania German at all but only a mixture of English and German with a sprinkling of the dialect. The poems were written primarily for himself and his friends. Some of the later ones found their way into Daniel Miller's Collection and others into the columns of the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine*. Nine such productions were known; a few more finished or partly finished I found among his effects.

Only poetic in form, as he insisted, they yet give us touches that other writers have passed by—while, for instance, writers have described the parties and pastimes of Pennsylvania-German rural life, it is nowhere else that I find a party of the following kind referred to.

En Schpinning Party finsht du oft
Wu gar net denksht, ganz unverhoft
Un wann du ergends besuche wit
Heest gleich, nem ah dei Spinnrad mit.

An unserm Haus in seller Zeit
Do sammle oft die Nochbers Leut
Mit'm Spinnrad dort zu spinne
Un dabei Pläsier zu finne.

Dort hen sie g'schpunne un gelacht
Stories verzählt un spuchte gemacht
Wie oft hab ich dort zugeguckt
Un was es gebt mit Luste geschluckt.

His attitude toward a possible reading public is clearly shown in the lines with which he began one tale:

Die Schtory de ich hier beitrug,
Is'n wohri G'schicht so g'wiss ich sawg

Wen schon ehns denkt ich moch si uf
Ken dier eich sure ferlussa druf.

Truz dem es is en alte G'schicht
So mehn ich doch sis unser Pflicht
Solche soche fohr zu stelle,
For de leit *wo's lehse welle.*

In many of his verses he thus goes back to memories of long ago and places of local interest. As with so many of the Pennsylvania-German writers, the churchyard and the tolling of the bell make strange appeals. In one selection he celebrates the waterworks of Schaefferstown—

Das aller erscht Werk, vun dem
Mer lese, is in Bethlehem;
Dann kummt wie ich hier bemark
Das Schäfferstadel Wasserwerk.

Ich hab des net vum Höresage
Drum kannst du mir es herzlich glaabe
Der alte Charter weist es plähn
Das Jedermann kann heut noch sehn.

Interesting are the verses found among his effects in which he tells why some Pennsylvania Germans opposed the Free School Law. The poem was never completed; I have it in three different forms, each with some new stanzas; but what was to be its final form we can not exactly determine.

That the Germans were not as a body opposed to free schools any more than the Quakers, notwithstanding many of both classes for various reasons were opposed to the law of 1834, is well known (cf. Dr. Shimmel's article, *Pennsylvania German*. The Quakers opposed the proposition because, having schools for themselves, they were averse to supporting schools for others; the Germans be-

cause the law was enacted in accordance with a recommendation in the Constitution whereby a law should be enacted to establish schools where *the poor* might be taught gratis and they had none of that class amongst themselves.

Other reasons of some Germans are given by Dr. Mays:

Will ich bei der Woret bleiwe
Muss ich eich au des noch schreiwe
'S waar net de Ormut bei de Leit
Dos Schule raar mocht selle Zeit.

• • • • •
Sie wisse os de frei Schul law
Die greift yo ihre Geldsock au
In fact 's war nix os ihre Geld
Os selli Leit so long z'rick held.

Sell Gsets mocht unser Toxbill gross
Un benefit die Schtatleit blos
Kauft uns ken Blotz net mol en Gaul
Und mocht yusht unser Kinner foul.

So waar's bi feeli Baure's Gschwetz
So hen si g'fuchte geges G'setz
Un moncher glaubt er wert gedrickt
So bol mer mohl de freischul krickt.

(Hort hen sie g'fuchte geges Gsetz
Un feel de mehne es ware letz
Sich en Larning au zu schoffe
Weil es deht Foulenser moche)

Onri glauwe oni Zweifel
Ol de Larning kumt fum Teifel
Un der wo'n Dorsht for Bicher hut
Wert efters shendlich ausgeschput.

Our author did not agree with these notions, as several other discarded or not yet incorporated stanzas show—

Uf der Bauerei zu schoffe
 Un de Erwet leicht zu moche
 Doh helft uns net des Schulgesets—
 Sel waar of course en dummes g'schwetz.

'S gebt heit noch Leit de hases letz
 Un schteibere sich om Schulg'setz
 Doch wons net fer de Schullaw wehr
 Kemt moncher net so schmart do hehr.

Two lines from one of these poems:

In sellem shane Deitsche Schtick
 Des alte Schulhaus an der Krick

are interesting as showing that to this writer too Dr. Harbaugh stood as a model and ideal. One of Dr. Mays' best and most sustained pieces is his picture "Der Olt Mon."





12. H. A. SHULER.

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Henry A. Shuler, born July 12, 1850, in Upper Milford, Lehigh County, Pa., was a strange character; an unusually precocious boy. There are copybooks still extant containing expressions in German, English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French, which he copied at the age of nine years. Early in life he began painfully detailed accounts of his doings, of his incomes and expenditures, of his thoughts and musings on his doings, of outgoes and expenditures; all this he rewrote after new ponderings and meditations. All this material we possess.

For eleven years (1870-1881) he taught school, then became editor of the *Friedensbote*, Allentown, Pa., until 1893, and from that time to 1903, conducted the *Weltbote*, Allentown, Pa. In 1906 he assumed the editorship of the *Pennsylvania German*, which position he held at the time of his death, January 14, 1908. For a fuller account of his life, see *Pennsylvania German*, Vol. IX, March, 1908, 99 f.

As a writer of *Pennsylvania German* he contributed oc-

casional letters to all the papers he edited, occasionally a poem and some spirited translations; in the dialect he gave a third lease of popularity to the rhymes "When the angry passions gathering in my mother's face I see," which had their second vogue in the Hans Breitman form. For Horne's Manual, 3d edition, he wrote a chapter on "Zeechaglawa un Braucherei" and in 1904 during his temporary retirement he compiled for the *Boten Druckerei* "Unser Pennsylvanisch Deitscher Kalenner" for the year 1905—the second almanac ever issued in the dialect.

The "Kalenner" contains an introduction which explains the appearance of another almanac amid the multitude of those already existing; he intended it for the thousands of Pennsylvania Germans who love the beautiful old speech and hold it in esteem. He guarantees the accuracy of his reckoning—"Mer stehn dafor dass sie recht is—dass die Daga grad so long sin, dass der Moond grad so sei G'sicht weist un versteckelt, dass die Sterne grad so laafa un die Finschternisse grad so kumma wies dart steht." For each month he has a Geburtsdag Kalenner as well as an essay. "Was no's iwrig Geles a'geht dart hen mer's bescht for eich rausgsucht. Rezepta wu mer sich druf verlossa kann; Baurasprich wu aushalta; stories wu interesting sin un wu mer lacha kann drivver bis em der Bauch weh dut, un viel annera Sacha." Among the merry tales are a number of specimens which will find their place in the anecdote book long projected by the Pennsylvania-German Society.

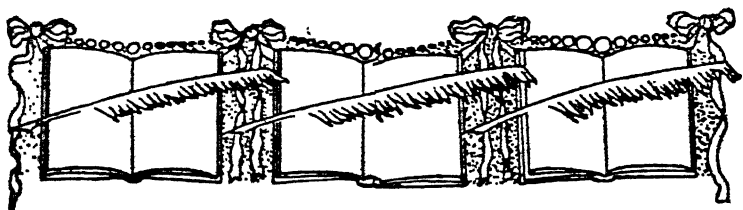
"Nau hot der Kalenner Mann sei kleene Spietsch gemacht. Er prowirt eich all zu pliesa un hoft, ihr nemmt sei Kalenner so gut uf dass er's neekscht Jahr widder kumma därf un alla Jahr bis er so alt werd wie der Redingtauner. 'S wär jo a Schand, wann unser Leit net

ihr eigener Kalenner ufhalta kennte." But no continuation has ever appeared.

Noteworthy was Shuler's contribution to the controversy as to how the dialect should be spelled: "Mer schwetza Deitsch wie mer's vun der Mammi un vum Dadi gelernt hen, un mer schreiw'a ah Deitsch, dass mer's arndlich lesa kann, des heest; mer schpella's uf de deitscha Weg, wie sich's g'heert."

The *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* spoke of the Almanac as follows: "It has come to this, that our people want even their weather prognostications and signs of the Zodiac told in Pennsylvania German, and so the *Weltbote* office has supplied the want. There will be more consultation of it in certain parts than of the Church or cosmopolitan newspaper Almanacs."





13. DANIEL MILLER.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY.

Reformed Church Record.

“Jede Amerikanische Zeitung ist froh, wenn sie unter ihren Mitarbeitern ein Individuum besitzt, das mit der Gabe behaftet ist, zur rechten Zeit einen witzigen Artikel vom Stapel lassen zu können. Humoristische Skizzen sind natürlich der Lesewelt viel lieber als Auszüge aus langweiligen Predigten und wir sind der Letzte der sie deshalb tadeln will. Das Leben hat leider so viele ernste Seiten dass man jeden willkommen heissen sollte, der einem die Bürde des Daseins erleichtert.”

With these words Karl Knortz introduces his chapter on American Newspaper Humorists. What Peregrine Pickle, Bob Burdette, Orpheus C. Kerr, Petroleum V. Naseby, Max Adeler and others, who became national characters, were to the great metropolitan papers, this the Pennsylvania-German-dialect humorists were to the country weeklies, and the best of them became at least as widely influential as the dialect was known.

A case illustrating the commercial importance of these letters is that of Mr. Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa. In 1869, he came from Lebanon to Reading, a young printer

twenty-six years old, and established a German newspaper; a journal with Republican principles in a county, where, as the story goes, the farmers are still voting for Andrew Jackson. For forty years, or until, upon his retirement from business, it was suspended, this was an influential sheet and gathered among its readers many outside the German Republican pale of that and the adjoining counties. The editor credits a large number of these readers to the dialect letter, which without missing a number was contained in it, under the caption "Humoristisch." Mr. Miller took pains to emphasize that his compositions tried to differentiate themselves from the general run of such compositions. He seems to have had in mind something which Josh Billings somewhere expresses thus: "Don't be a clown if you can help it; people don't respect ennything mutch thet they kan only laff at," or again a reminiscence of a thought as expressed by the Oldenburg dialect poet:

Lōw jo nich, du kunnst de Leeder
So schüddeln ut de man,
As männig Pap sin Predigt;
Dat geit men nich so gan.

Indeed, more than one name might be cited of such as confessed that they composed while setting up the type. It is true, such do not call for further consideration, but for completeness' sake they may be included in the list of those who "also wrote."

Upon my request to have it indicated what Mr. Miller considered representative selections, he presented me with two: Conversation between Father and Mother on a Proper Trade for their Son, 1869, and another written in 1870—purporting to be a conversation between two Democrats on politics. Here is opened up another question—

the political influence of the dialect writings; this can, however, be more appropriately discussed in connection with another name. (See Rauch.) These two selections were among his earlier compositions. He also gave me a number of his very latest—which opened a new field in the dialect literature.

Mr. Miller was a delegate of the Reformed Church in the United States to the World's Missionary Conference in Scotland, in June, 1910. After the conference and in company with his son, he traveled in Europe for four months. Every week from the time when he left New York until his return he had one or two lengthy letters in *The Reformed Church Record*, and every now and then one of these was in the dialect; thus there is one from Zurich, one from Rome. His English letters are bald presentations of the facts of his journey, a chronicle of progress with the assistance of Baedeker, but his dialect letters are written in a distinctly quaint and simple language, style, and manner of one who knows how the "Volk" thinks and feels, and are interspersed with many a shrewd satirico-didactic observation on life at home and abroad.

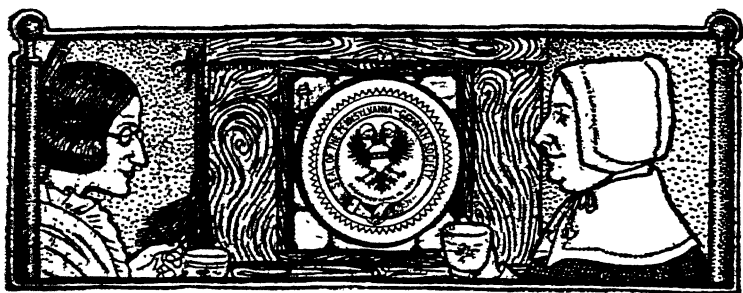
The paper, "The Reformed Church Record" just mentioned, was also founded by Mr. Miller, twenty-four years ago, and in it have appeared many articles in the dialect by himself and others. The frequency of these had increased as Mr. Miller had gradually resigned the business of his publishing house to others. This paper and the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* may be said to be the only two publications now furnishing dialect material, that have a more than local reading public. Among other things, Mr. Miller wrote for this paper brief biographical sketches of the Pennsylvania-German governors of Pennsylvania which have been reprinted in his book of

selected prose and verse. For this book he wrote almost all the prose portions himself as also he did for a similar collection published in 1903 and now in its second edition; among the few in this first volume not written by him are an address by Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, for the last twenty years superintendent of public instruction in Pennsylvania, delivered at a reunion of the Schaeffer family, and a brief historical sketch by the late Professor Dubbs, of Lancaster, Pa. The book has an English introduction by Rev. John S. Stahr, D.D., late president of Franklin and Marshall College, a man who can speak with authority on the subject and who assures us that while the selections are of unequal value, they afford, better than anything else, an insight into the life and character of the Pennsylvania Germans, their simplicity, their humor, their shrewd common sense, and their deep feeling and piety.

The second volume follows in part the plan of the former work, in that it contains selected poems by various authors and prose articles by Mr. Miller; in part it is clearly influenced by Horne's Manual because the Pennsylvania-German governors had already made their appearance there, in brief sketches by Conrad Gehring; also in that it contains a collection of sayings and proverbs, and a brief list of differences of vocabulary within the dialect but with no attempt to localize them.

Daniel Miller died in Reading, July 30, 1913.





14. WALTER JAMES HOFFMAN.

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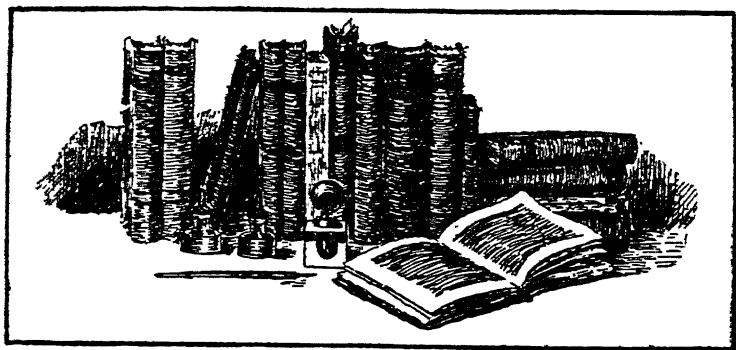
Walter James Hoffman was born at Weidasville, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, May 30, 1846. Only the main lines of his busy life can be pointed out. He became a physician, served in the German army during the Franco-Prussian war; and was honored with an iron medal with the ribbon of non-combatants awarded only to worthy surgeons and Knights of St. John.

On his return to this country, he was attached to an exploring expedition of the United States army into Nevada and Arizona in 1871; this gave the final turn to his life, and his subsequent appointments were determined solely by the opportunity to make new studies of the Indian tribes. From the organization of the Bureau of Ethnology in 1877 he was associated with it. As an illustration of his activity, the fact is interesting that during the summer of 1884, he travelled 11,000 miles among the Indians in the northwestern part of the United States and in British Columbia. The publications of the Bureau

bear abundant testimony to the work he did in anthropology. His talent in painting, drawing and carving served him in good stead in the study of pictographic writing. He was the first white man to be initiated into the secret rites of the Grand Medicine Society of the Ojibways of Minnesota.

During the Franco-Prussian war, he invented a bullet-extractor which was recommended by many scientific institutions and adopted by the government of Turkey. He was also a musician and a linguist. He was a contributing member of many learned societies and an honorary member of many more; many foreign countries have honored him with medals and orders. From 1897 until his death two years later, he was United States Consul at Mannheim, Germany, another appointment to enable him to carry on research work.

His first suggestion of studying his native dialect came to him while serving under Wilhelm I, with the Prussian Army around Metz, in which position the opportunity was given him of hearing many of the dialects of South Germany; with these from the very beginning he seemed to feel at home. The fruitful results of this stimulus are exhibited in two articles on tales and proverbs in the dialect with English translations in the second volume of the *Journal of American Folk Lore*; an article on folk medicine in Volume 26 of the *American Philosophical Society*, in the same volume grammatical notes and a vocabulary of over 5,000 words, and in the 32d volume of the same publication an article in the dialect entitled "G'schicht fun da Alta Tsaita in Pensilfani."



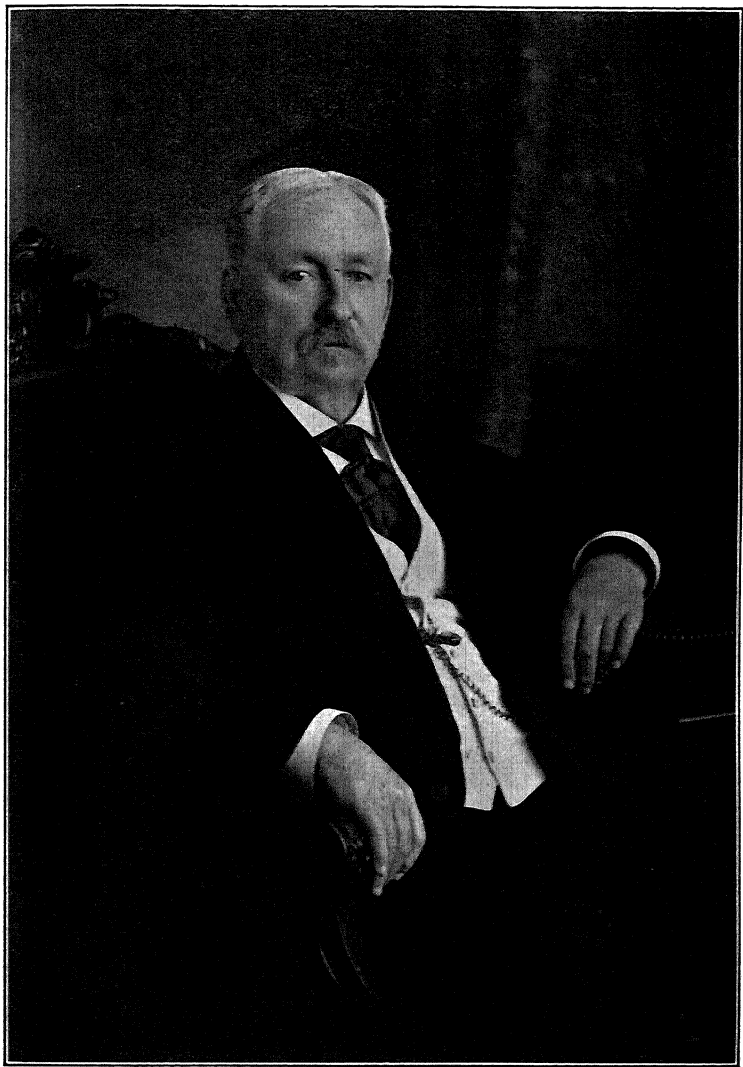
15. COL. THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN.

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In every enumeration of Pennsylvania-German writers the name of Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman would demand worthy mention, as that of the translator of song from many lands, and as the author of some dialect prose. But upon those Pennsylvania Germans whose reading is confined chiefly to literature in English, Zimmerman has a special claim. These he made acquainted, through excel-

THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY.



COL. THOMAS C. ZIMMERMAN.

B. LEBANON COUNTY, PA., JANUARY 23, 1838.

D. READING, PA., NOVEMBER 3, 1914.

lent translations, with what is best in German lyric song, and thus restored and interpreted to them the choicest literary treasures of the stock from which they sprung. In this respect Zimmerman occupies a position absolutely unique among Pennsylvania-German writers.

For many years he carried out a consistent policy of publishing in the papers he edited, in parallel columns, German lyrics and his own excellent translations of the same. For this reason a fuller account of his career is here demanded, and, inasmuch as no more appreciative one could well be written than that from the pen of Morton L. Montgomery, Esq., in "Historical and Biographical Annals of Berks County," I have made an abstract of his article. The briefer portion, beginning with p. 171, which deals with his work in dialect literature is my own.

Thomas C. Zimmerman was born in Lebanon County, Pa., January 23, 1838. The only academic education he ever enjoyed was the public-school training he received during the years of his boyhood in Lebanon County. Thus he never had the advantages of a classical education, and deserves accordingly the higher praise for making such notable use of his talents and opportunities. When thirteen years of age he was apprenticed to the printing trade in the newspaper establishment of the *Lebanon Courier*. Upon the completion of his term of service he went to Philadelphia and worked on the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for a brief interval, until January 8, 1856, when he entered the office of the *Berks and Schuylkill Journal* in Reading, Pa., as a journeyman printer. In 1859 Zimmerman moved to Columbia, S. C., where he worked as compositor on the State Laws in the printing establishment of Dr. Robert Gibbs, who afterwards became Surgeon General of the Confederate Army. In March, 1860,

Zimmerman returned to Reading, as the anti-Northern sentiment had become so intense that his life was endangered.

Here he again entered the employ of the *Reading Times* and the *Berks and Schuylkill Journal* and gradually rose to the position of editor, and co-proprietor. This paper—the *Reading Times*—is one of the foremost journals in the state and exerts a potent influence upon the moral and material development of its city, being held, furthermore, in high estimation among political leaders in the state and at Washington.

A brother editor said of him: "He has a genuine taste for literature, poetry, and the fine arts as many of his articles attest. He is one of the ablest writers in the commonwealth." One of his most widely published and copied productions was a sketch of his visit to the Luray Caverns in Virginia. On returning home he chose this theme for an editorial in his paper. It fell into the hands of the Cave Company; the merits of this inspiration of the moment were so appreciated by them that they caused upwards of 60,000 copies to be published in pamphlet form for general circulation. The newspapers of Richmond, Va., copied this article and the favor resulted in a request that Zimmerman visit Alabama and write up the undeveloped resources of that state.

Very early in life our author began to read poetry for the intellectual pleasure and profit it afforded him, and at the age of eighteen he had already made considerable progress in a carefully systematized perusal of the whole line of English poets or of as many as lay within his reach. The instinct of the translator asserted itself in marvelous maturity when he began to make this one of the prominent features of the *Reading Times*. Hundreds of translations

from the German classics into English appeared from time to time; the Saturday issue of the paper invariably containing a translation into English of some German poem, the original and translation appearing close together in parallel columns.

One of his most noted translations from the German, The Prussian National Battle Hymn, appeared in the *Berlin Times* and was favorably noted. To the reception which his translation of Luther's "Ein Feste Burg" won I cannot do justice here. The *Westliche Post*, St. Louis, Missouri, a few weeks after its publication said of it: "So beautiful is the translation that there is already talk of substituting it for the present version in English Lutheran Hymn Books."

His translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" met with even more favor. Prof. Marion D. Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, said of it: "A masterful hand is visible in all the translations. It is perhaps safe to say that Schiller's 'Song of the Bell' is the most difficult lyrical poem in the German language to render into English, with the corresponding meters. Your version seems to me to excel all other English translations of the poem, both in spirit and in rhythm. Especially striking in point of movement is your happy use of the English participle in reproducing Schiller's feminine rhymes. Your version, however, while closely adhering to the form of the original maintains at the same time dignity and clearness of expression which translators often sacrifice to meet the demands of rhythm. Your poetic instinct has furnished you the key to this masterpiece of German song."

The *New York World* says: "Mr. Zimmerman's rendering of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell' is a triumph of the translator's art, and recalls the work of Bayard Taylor."

The *New York Herald* says: "Mr. Zimmerman has placed his name in the category of famous litterateurs by a very creditable translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.'"

The following ably written criticism is from the pen of J. B. Ker, who, while a resident of Scotland, once stood for Parliament.

TO COL. T. C. ZIMMERMAN.

Sir: Having read and studied your noble translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell," I have been forcibly impressed by the music of the poem. In estimating the value of the translations of the great German poems it is necessary to bear in mind the weight which the literary and critical consciousness of Germany attached to the ancient classical canons of poetry. There is no question here as to whether the ancients were right. The point for us is that their influence was loyally acknowledged as of high authority during the Augustan age of German Literature. Proof of this can be found in Goethe as distinctly as it superabundantly appears in Lessing's famous dramatic notes, where the poetic dicta of Aristotle are treated with profound respect. In the study of Aristotle's work on the poetic, nothing is perhaps more striking than his dictum that poetry is imitation with the explanation or enlargement so aptly given by Pope in the words

'Tis not enough, no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem or echo to the sense.

Now, knowing the German recognition of the law and acknowledging its realization in the works of the leading Teutonic poets, one of the crucial tests of a translation of a great German poem is, Does the language into which the original is rendered *form an echo to the sense?* It seems to me that one of the strongest points in your translation of the "Bell" is that the words which you have selected and gathered have sounds, which like the music of a skilful musical composer, convey a signification inde-

pendent of their meaning. Not to protract the remarks unduly, few words could more appropriately refer to the music of strong and distant bells than your rendering—

That from the metal's unmixed founding
Clear and full may the bell be sounding.

Very slight poetic capacity must admit the music of these words as eminently happy in the "Song of the Bell." The echo to the sense is also striking in the sound of the word symbols in many places throughout the rendering where the poet describes the occurrences conceived in connection with the bell's imagined history. Speaking of the vision of love,

O, that they would be never ending
These vernal days with lovelight blending,

the way in which the penult of the word *ending* conveys the idea of finality, while the affix of the present participle yet prolongs the word as though loth to let it depart, is a beautiful and enviable realization of the Aristotelian rule, a prolongation of the words which express doubly a prolongation of desire. The four lines reading

Blind raging, like the thunder's crashing,
It burst its fractured bed of earth,
As if from out hell's jaws fierce flashing
It spewed its flaming ruin forth

have a vehement strength and a rough and even painful and horrid sound which apply with singular propriety to the horrible images by which the poet presents the catastrophe to our quickened apprehensions.

In 1903 Zimmerman published a collection of his addresses, sketches of out-door life, translations and original poems in two volumes entitled "Olla Podrida." These volumes were received with great favor and almost the entire edition was sold within a month, a number of the public libraries having become purchasers.

Mr. Zimmerman was also the author of the official Hymn for Reading's Sesquicentennial, sung by a chorus of 500 voices on Penn Common, June 7, 1898; of the Hymn for Berks County's Sesquicentennial, March 11, 1902, and of the Memorial Hymn sung at the dedication of the McKinley Monument in the City Park, in the presence of one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Reading.

One of the proudest achievements of Zimmerman's journalistic career was the erection of a monument to Stephen C. Foster at his home in Pittsburgh, which, according to Pittsburgh papers, had its real inception in an editorial prepared by Zimmerman for the *Reading Times* after a visit to that city, during which he found no memorial to perpetuate the memory of the world's greatest writer of negro melodies. The editorial was republished in the *Pittsburgh Press*, and endorsed by that paper, which also started a fund to provide a suitable memorial and called on the public for popular subscriptions, the ultimate result of which is seen in the statue which now adorns Highland Park in that city.

Several years ago, the *Pittsburgh Times*, in a personal notice of Zimmerman's visit to that Park, said: "Out at Highland Park yesterday passersby noticed a handsome, military-looking gentleman making a minute study of Stephen C. Foster's statue. Every feature of this artistic bit of sculpture, from Foster's splendid face to Uncle Ned and the broken string of his banjo, was examined with affectionate interest. The man was Col. Thomas C. Zimmerman, editor of the *Reading (Pa.) Times*, and the statue was the fruition of his fondest wish. Col. Zimmerman has been for many years one of the staunchest admirers of Foster's imperishable songs and melodies; 16

years ago, while in Pittsburgh, he visited the late Maj. E. A. Montooth; he asked the latter to show him the monument to Foster, and was painfully surprised to discover that no such memorial existed. Shortly after his return to Reading he wrote an editorial for his paper calling the attention of the world in general and Pittsburgh in particular to the neglect of Foster's memory."

After having translated many German poems into English Zimmerman came out in the fall of 1876 with a translation in the dialect of Charles C. Moore's "The Night Before Christmas." This at once caught the fancy of the press and brought him letters from distinguished men in public life as well as from philologists, urging him to continue to test the compass and flexibility of the dialect for metrical expression. Among the former were Hon. Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany, Gen. Simon Cameron, of Lincoln's Cabinet, and P. F. Rothermel, the celebrated painter, himself a Pennsylvania German; and of the latter class Prof. S. S. Haldemann and Prof. M. D. Learned among others.

The local newspapers as a rule expressed their appreciation of the work by articles in the dialect of which, as examples of literary criticism in the dialect, I include a few specimens here. First the one from Rauch, the leader of Pennsylvania-German writers at this time, in which he also cites another paper of this period:

Rauch's Carbon County Democrat—

Der Tom Zimmerman, seller os die Times und Dispatch rous gebt in Reading is 'n ordliche gooty hond for English poetry shticker ivversetza in Pennsylvanisch Deitsch un doh is en shtick os im "Spirit of Berks" g'stonna hut der weaga: 'Unser older freind Zimmerman aver fun der Dimes und Tispach drooker conn ferhoftlich Englische leder in Pennsylvanisch Deitsch gons goot

ivversetza. According zu unser maining coomt ar net feel hinner der badauerta Porra Harbaugh, un wann mer de wohret sawga missa, ar conn, wann mer schwetza weaga wass mer poetry haisst, 'm Pit Schwefelbrenner si awga zu schreiwa. Mer missa ower explaina uf'm Pit si side os ar sich nemohls ous gevva hut for 'n leeder schreiwir tzu si. Wann's awer ons breefa schreiwa commt don is der Schwefelbrenner als noch der bully kerl!'

For selly notice dut der Zimmerman seim nochber orrick shae donka un weil ar der Pit acknowledged os der "bully" Deitsch breefa schreiwir wella mer don aw donk shae sawga.

A second one by Rauch urges our author to follow up his Christmas poem by a New Year's poem:

SCHLIFFLETOWN, Yonuawr der 1, 1877.

Mister Drooker: Ich winsch deer un all dina freind en rale olt fashiondes glicklich Neies Yohr. De wuch hut mei olter freind Zimmerman der editor fum Redinger Times und Dispatch en copy fun seiner Tzeitung g'schickt mit ma Pennsylvania Deitsch shtickly drin. Es is 'n ivversetzung fun en Englisha shtick, un ich muss sawga os der Mr. Zimmerman es ardlich ferdeihenkert goot gadu hut. Des explained now olles wo all die feela sorta shpeelsauch un tzuckersauch har cooma. Now, while der Zimmerman so bully goot is om shticker shreiwa set ar sich aw draw macha for 'n Nei Yohr's Leedly.

A third done by an unknown writer (in an undated clipping from an unidentified newspaper of apparently the year 1877) confesses to the encouragement received to take up similar work, and incidentally rehearses some of the difficulties and discouragements that stood in the way of the beginnings of dialect literature, particularly in the decade preceding 1850:

For about finf un zwanzig bis dreissig yohr zurück hen mir alsemol prowirt Reime zu schreiwe in Pennsylvanisch Deitsch: awer des einbildisch Menschesshtofft hot just drüwer gespott so

dass mer uns endlich selwer mit g'schamt hen un unser Harf an die Weide g'hängt hen.

Die Reimen mögen noch Ginne geh- es bezahlt besser in Cash un Ehr, Säu zu mästen un speck un bohne zu räsén as so Reimen zu schreiwé' hen mer gedenkt. In späterer Zeit hen annere Männer die Sach ahgenommen, un so gut gemacht dass sie respektable worre is, un do is apartig ehner Zimmerman in Reading, ehner von de beste English editors in der State, kerzlich in selly Büssniss gange un scheint so gut auszumachen dass er uns uf die Noschen bringt es ah nochemol zu prowiren wann mir's ah net so gut thun könne as der Harbaugh, der Zimmerman un so Kerls so brauchen mir uns doch net schämme mit der Cumpanie. Mer hen en Reime g'funne im Englische "Telescope" un machen en Pennsylvanisch Deutsch stückle über sell Pattern. Nau horch e'mol."

Again in December, 1896, "Der Alt Schulmaeschter" (Jos. H. Light) in his letter in the *Lebanon News* republished the poem "Di Nacht vor de Krischdag, wann der Belsnickrl als sei appearance macht, en sehr scha poslich Gadicht dos mei freind der Kurnel Zimmerman iwwersetzt hut, er huts ah firstrate gaduh, des waer nau eppes for de Buwa un Maed ouswennich zu larne."

With the encouragement of the philologists and at the request of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Zimmerman continued his experiments, making selections from the Scotch, Irish, English, and German and from the Greek anthology; embracing many moods, humorous, pathetic, didactic, as well as poems of love. The author tells us that he has endeavored not only to reproduce the rhythm of the originals but to leave their idiomatic expressions intact and as a result "has been handicapped in not being able to invest his work with creations of his own fancy through which he might have gained a more compre-

hensive diction and with it a wider latitude of expression."

Another poem he translated, "The Bonnie George Campbell," has been turned and returned many times—William Motherwell partly compiled and partly wrote it for his collection "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern," 1827; O. L. B. Wolff translated it into German; Longfellow made the German version the basis of his own and this was used by our author. I cite the second stanza.

Out came his mother	Raus kummt sei Mutter—
Weeping so sadly;	Weine'd so herzlich;
Out came his beauteous bride	Raus kummt sei schöne Fraa
Weeping so madly.	Weine'd so schmerzlich.
All saddled, all bridled	All g'sattled ge'zammt
Home came the saddle,	Heem kummt der Sattel
But he nevermore.	Doch er nimmermehr.

Here is a stanza from "Auld Robin Gray."

He hadna been gane a week but only twa
 When my father brake his arm and our cow was stown awa'
 My mither she fell sick and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

Er war net 'n Woch aweck 'xcept juscht en paar,
 Wan mei Fatter brecht sei Arm und die Kuh g'schtole war,
 Mei Mutter sie wärt krank, und mei Dschimmy's uf em See,
 Un mich zu karassiere kummt der Alt Robin Grey.

Or still another song:

The bairnie's cuddle doon at nicht
 Wi muckle faucht and din
 "O try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your father's coming in."
 They never heerd a word I speak,
 I try to gie a froon;

My aye I hap them up, an' cry,
Oh bairnies, cuddle doon.

Die Kinner lige hie des nachts
Mit Jacht und Fechtere; i;
"Browier und schloft, ihr wackrich Schelm
Euer Fater kummt jetzt rei."
Sie hör'e net 'n Wort's ich sag
Ich guck jetzt bös an sie.
Doch rief ich immer uf und schrei,
"Oh, Kinner, legt eich hie."

Or, finally from the Greek anthology;

My Mopsa is little and my Mopsa is brown
But her cheek is as soft as the peach's soft down,
And for blushing no rose can come near her,
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsa can part,—
Unless I can find one that's dearer.

My Mopsy is brau, un mei Mopsy is klee,
Wie die Woll fun de Persching, ihr Backe so schö
Un for blushe, ke Ros gebt't 's frisher is:
En Net hot sie g'wove so ganz um meim Herz,
Ich kann fon mei Mopsy nimme geh unne Schmerz,
Except eane fin ich das besser is.

Other translations that might be mentioned are "Baby Mine," "The Road to Slumberland," George P. Morris's "When Other Friends are Round Thee" and Barry Cornwall's "Sing, Maiden Sing."

It is not surprising that he is at his best in songs that are the expression of the deep yet simple feelings of the heart and that his translations of Oliver Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" or the anonymous "John Jenkin's Sermon" or the "New Casabianca" have

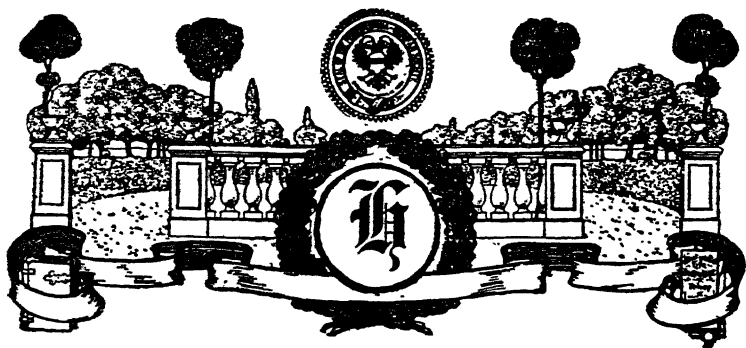
brought forth many turns which Pennsylvania Germans would call artificialities of their speech. Some fifteen of such translations were included by the author in his book "Olla Podrida," in a review of which work in *German-American Annals*, Professor Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, recognized Zimmerman as belonging to the school of Harbaugh and Fischer.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, speaking of these translations, said: "Your metrical renderings of English verse into the local German vernacular are unique. They have a special value not only of philological but of curious poetic craftsmanship. I like your sense of the worth of what is right at hand, and though still fresh is likely to pass away in time, and of which I may say 'pars magna fuisti.' I don't suppose my old friend Leland—peace to his wanderings—knew Pennsylvania German well enough to have written in it. If so, he is the only man who could have trolled it forth so racily"—from a private letter. (In this he shows he knows whereof he speaks—at any rate he does not make the mistake often made even by such as the *Atlantic Monthly* of taking Leland's own language for Pennsylvania German.)

Other of Zimmerman's translations are scattered through the files of the *Reading Times and Dispatch*, as are also his infrequent articles in prose—of which the most famous are the letters purporting to pass between "Wilhelm" (The Kaiser) and "Mei leewi Grosmommy" (Queen Victoria), in which he rebukes her for allowing herself to be under the influence of Salisbury in the matter of the Boer War, censures "Uncle Wales" (Prince Edward of Wales) for his gambling proclivities, and threatens that he may have to take a hand in the war himself.

In due time Victoria replies to "Mei leewer Billy" in regretful and conciliatory tone. These letters were widely copied by the press, taken up into several anthologies (Horne's and Miller's) and presumably represented Pennsylvania-German editorial (and perhaps popular) opinion at the time of the Boer War.





16. EDWARD HERMANY.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Correspondence with a member of his family.

In 1895 there died in the town where he was born—Jacksonville, Lehigh County, Pa.—a curious, eccentric, old bachelor schoolmaster, Edward Hermany; his life covered almost the entire nineteenth century, and during this time he lived much to himself and kept his doings to himself.

Up to the time of his death, no human being seems to have known that he had done any work of the kind that his effects showed—for among the possessions were found a collection of over 5,000 verses in Pennsylvania German, in many of which he has described, often with an almost brutal frankness, characters only odder than himself. My informant (a member of the family) tells me that because of this it is perhaps well these poems have been withheld from publication for upwards of a generation; the twenty-four poems in the collection seem to have been written between 1860 and 1872.

His brother Charles, engineer of the celebrated water-works of Louisville, Kentucky, took charge of the manuscripts, intending to publish them; he had written an In-

troduction on the Pennsylvania Germans and on the poems of his brother when death came to him too and the manuscript again found its way back to Jacksonville, Pa., into the hands of another brother.

The poems seem to take in the complete round of life, the first one is a metrical preface—*Furnahahr*—the last one—*Lebensmüde*—between them are “*Der Dorraday ihr Huchdsich*,” “*Die Yuggeles Leicht*.” “*Swerd evva so sy sulla*” is probably not as optimistic as it looks. Of his sketches, “*Die Olld Bluddshawl*” which may be rendered *The Old Bald-headed Wench*, “*Der Olld Knucha Fritz*,” “*D’r Porra Tiddle*” are probably characteristic. “*D’r Schtodd Ongle im Boosh*” is a familiar subject. “*Wie die Ollda noch d’r ’Hyo sin*” records a chapter in the early migration to the West. Another subject that lent itself to his satire he portrayed in “*Kerch un Shoodl-metsch*.” In more genial vein he writes “*Foon d’r Hoyet*,” “*Fon d’r Ahrn*,” “*Foon Lodwerk Kucha*,” all well-worn subjects of the dialect writers.





17. MOSES DISSINGER.

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Stetzel. A Brief Biography of Moses Dissinger.

Miller. Pennsylvania German.

It is not exactly accurate to include Moses Dissinger among Pennsylvania-German dialect writers, for he could not write at all until well advanced in years and even then he did not write; but he made use of the dialect in a manner so peculiarly his own, that many of his utterances have found their way into print. Moreover there was something so distinctly Dissingeresque about the stories, the figures of speech, the apt illustrations, the phrases and words that fell from his lips, that they became an oral tradition among those who heard him and this tradition alone would deserve brief mention.

Dissinger was a preacher and presumably not the only one that used the dialect for his purposes, but he is the only one so remembered. He belonged to a religious organization which believed in noisy revival meetings of a type that even in his day shocked those of other churches who took a more staid and dignified attitude toward their religion. The people of his denomination were designated by the rather uncomplimentary term of "Strawler" and

of the revivalist preachers of his sect he was confessedly the most boisterous. "Ihr krechst do rum wie so en alte Set Muhlraeder, wann net genunk Wasser do is, for sie recht azutreiwa" are the words with which he sought to rouse a prayer meeting to a more adequate expression of the emotions which they felt or which he thought they ought to feel.

Members of his own church have felt constrained to apologize for his manner by calling it "*pioneer work* in destroying the power of sin and the Devil," to confess that those of his "sermons, more free from humorous and rude expressions were the best and the most effective" and to express their belief "that he might have accomplished more if he had moderated his manner of speaking, making it more modest and more conformable to the sacred cause of the gospel."

Moses Dissinger was born March 17, 1824, at Schaefferstown, Lebanon County, Pa., and lived a wild and turbulent youth. His eccentricities were marked in earliest boyhood; being sent to bring the cows from the pasture, when they did not promptly start for home after he had opened the bars, he raced after them into the field, jumped on the back of the hindmost one, waved his arms, danced and shouted until they were all in mad gallop, whereupon he leaped down to the ground and proceeded home as though nothing had happened. The next time they came at his call and "Wie mer sie ziegt, so hot mer sie," one of his favorite maxims, was his comment.

Similar freakish feats of horsemanship are related of the youngster. Tall in stature, strong in body, and with a superabundance of animal spirits, he was always to be found where a frolic was celebrated, where there was dancing and noise, where cards were played, where the

strong whiskey flowed and the biggest bully offered opportunity for a fight. When at midnight fierce whoops were heard or the rattle of a stick drawn along the paling fences roused the villagers from their slumbers, they would turn over in their beds and with a condoning "Es is widder der Mose," return to their sleep.

It is no wonder that when Mose went with the rest of the rowdies to a "Strawler" meeting and "got religion," folks shook their heads and sagely advised a withholding of judgment until after the next frolic. The doubters, however, were doomed to disappointment. Even his work with pick and shovel now was interspersed with loud calls upon the Divine Power for grace. His conversion having become complete, he at once manifested a desire for, and felt the necessity of, a closer acquaintance with the Holy Book although he could at this time, when eighteen years old, neither read nor write. With his accustomed vigor he applied himself to the task of learning his letters and in the course of time acquired considerable proficiency in German. He now diligently studied his Bible and committed large portions of it to memory.

In rapid succession he became exhorter, class worker, local preacher and, finally, a regularly licensed minister working under the direction of the East Pennsylvania Conference of the Evangelical Association; from 1854 to 1879 he worked in many circuits of eastern Pennsylvania. His followers professed to see something akin to the miraculous in the change that was wrought in him, and we may leave them undisturbed in this belief, but in manner and method, in ways and means the old Mose remained ever the same, only his aims were different. As he had been loudest in his profanity, he was now loudest in singing hymns of praise and shouting Hallelujah. After seven-

teen "battles" in his youth with the bullies of his native heath, in the last of which he whipped the biggest one and won that proud title for himself, he made the Devil his chief protagonist and never ceased fighting him while life lasted.

At times his fighting proclivities came him in good stead, as on one occasion when a band of ruffians gathered in the rear of the hall in which he was preaching with the avowed purpose of breaking up the meeting. "Horcht amol, ihr Kerls dort hinne," he said. "An eich is alles Hund was an eich is, except die Haut. Eich fehlt juscht noch en Hundshaut, dann kent mer sehna was ihr seid. Wann ihr ken Menschahaut uf eich het, wisst mer besser was ihr seid. Awer so mehnt mer noch ihr waert Menscha. Ich hab net gewisst dass es doh noch so verfluchta Gadarener hot. Ihr seid so voll Deifel ass der Gadarener war. Eich will ich nau saga was ihr zu duh het. Ruhig misst ihr sei, odder ich kumm nunner un schmeiss eich zu der Dihr naus, dass ihr die Hels verbrecht. Ich kann en halb Dutzend so Berstelcher, wie ihr seid, ableddera. Dissinger heess ich! Un wann ihr mir's net glaabt, bleibt juscht vor der Dihr steh wann die Versammlung aus is, no will ich's eich beweisa." Then followed this word of warning to the rest of the gathering: "Es sin awer ah viel orndlicha Leit doh, wu kumma sin Gottes Wort zu hera. Eich will ich rota, eier Seistell gut zu verwahra; for wann die Deifel mol aus denna Gadarener fahra un fahra in eier Sei, so verrecka sie gewiss all."

At another time Dissinger was actually called upon to lead his followers against a gang of whiskey-inspired rowdies who were intent on "starting something" at a camp meeting. Calling to his men to follow, with his huge strength he seized in turn and slammed to the ground

the first three he met, by which time the rest were beating a hasty retreat.

There was something about him that seemed to privilege him, to enable him to do what others dared not. Even the dogs that in youth he teased to maddening fury, wagged their tails and became calm, when he came out from his hiding place and walked up to them. Thus the sinner to whom he gave a tongue lashing seldom became his enemy or bore him a grudge. In this way he obtained a wide hearing. Endowed with an unusual degree of native shrewdness and a rare talent for creating homely figures and making ingenious comparisons, his sermons were not soon forgotten. The withering scorn, the bitter sarcasm, even the kindly humor of his language which was too often brutal in its frankness and directness, sometimes even coarse, brought the curious as well as the devout to swell his audience. No one ever doubted his terrible and terrifying earnestness. His words were fairly burnt into the minds of his auditors. Country Solons around the stove at the crossroads store still rehearse his sayings. Preachers visiting among the country folk still give point to many a story with "Wie der Dissinger als gsawt hot." It were worth while to make a collection of these stories before the generation that heard this peculiar Man of God passes away.

"Sehnt juscht amol die Sauflodel ah," he was wont to begin. And if his theories about regeneration and experience are correct, he had a distinct advantage over many another when preaching on this subject. "Die hot der Deifel so erschrecklich verhaust, dass mer meent sie kenta ihr Lebtag nimme zurecht gebrocht werra. Viel davun hen net juscht ihr Menschlich Ehrgefühl fortg'soffa, so dass sie alles Schlechte un Dreckige duh kenna, was der

dreckig Helldiefel hawa will dass sie duh solla, ohne dass sie sich schaemma; awer sie hen ah noch ihra Verstand versoffa. Es is jo bal nix meh do an ihna, was zum a rechta Mensch g'heert. Der Diefel hot sie jo ganz zu seina Schuhbutzerlumpa g'macht un en grosser Dehl vun ihna hen bal Leib un Seel versoffa, un so saufa sie fort bis der Diefel sie in die Hell nunner holt, wu all die Sauflodel hikumma. Nau guckt sie juscht amol recht ah, wie sie auswenig aussehna. Sie hawa Nasa wie rota Pfefferkep, Ohra wie Fastnacht kucha, Beich wie Fesser, un macha G'sichter wie die Fichs wann sie Weschpa fressa. Un bei all dem werd immer noch druf los g'soffa, un sie springa noch der Drambittel wie die Bullfresch uf die rota Lumpa. Wann mer net wisst dass Jesus Christus so niedertrachtige Menscha wie die sin schun agenomma het um noch rechtschaffna Menscha aus ihne g'macht het, so kennt mer ken Hoffnung hawa dass so Versoffna Dramratta vom Sauflodel erloest kennta werra. Awer Jesus Christus hot Gnada erworwa for alla Sinder, un doh sin ah die wu im Schlamm der Sinde ganz dief versunka sin net ausg'schlossa. Darch die Kraft des Evangeliums kann der verdarwenscht Sauflodel errett werra un Kraft bekomma, dass er im a Strom Dram, der ihm bis ans Maul geht, schwimma kennt, ohna dass er Luscht het, davun zu drinka; un wanns ihm der Diefel ah abieta deet so kennt er darch die Gnadenkraft des Evangeliums dem Diefel widersteh, un kenn Sauflodel in der Hell kennt ihn zu dem verfluchta Dramsaufa zwinga. Darum bekehrt eich, Jesus Christus kann eich helfa."

Denunciation of wickedness and exhortation to better living were indeed his forte. But elemental in nature as he was, he played on every chord in the human organism. He so moved his congregation that often among

hundreds of hearers there was not a dry eye, and though little inclined to give vent to his own feelings in this way, he sometimes melted to tears when his powerful words brought forth loud "Amens" and shouts of praise amongst his followers, or bitter crying amongst the penitent.

Like his Master he brought not peace but a sword where he saw need of a fight, like Him he was meek and lowly, arrogating no credit to himself, ascribing all his achievements to his God.

During the Civil War he preached a number of war sermons, and from a description that has come down to us we get a characteristic picture of this fighting parson. He had been asked to assist, the first sermon was to be short, and then he was to have his chance. While the first speaker was talking about free government and the duties of citizenship, Dissinger at first sat motionless; then something was said of the injustice of slavery and a tremor was seen to pass over his body; as the preacher went on his feet began to shuffle backward and forward with increasing rapidity and violence—a veritable warhorse like Job's who "paweth in the valley when he smelleth the battle afar off"—until the preacher, seeing what was happening and realizing that Mose was now fully primed, closed his speech, whereupon Dissinger jumped up, clapping his hands and shouting "God be thanked for the truth," and delivered a most stirring speech.

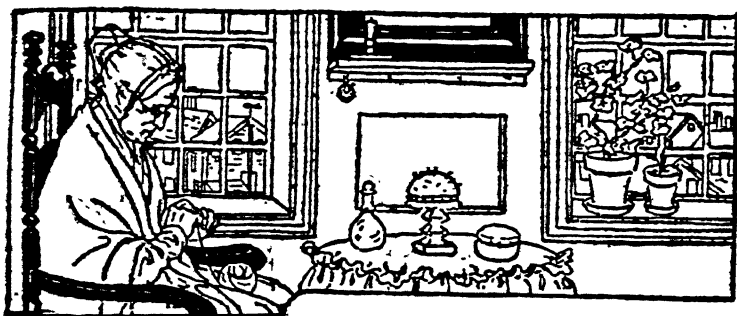
He undoubtedly rendered the national cause a great service by exposing and condemning on every suitable occasion disloyalty and treason of Northerners and the wickedness of those that sympathize with slavery. His feeling was so intense and his language so violent that now, when the occasion of its use has passed by and North and South are happily reunited, it does not seem wise to repeat what

he said, though in its day it served its purpose and apparently did it well.

From 1879 until his death in 1883, he served under the Kansas Conference of the Evangelical Association in Douglas County, Kansas. Toward the end of his days, he was told that his friends in the East had expressed a desire to see him, whereupon true to himself and his faith, he is reported to have said "Dann misse sie noch Kansas kumma odder sich bereit macha for der Himmel."

A tradition said that he had been preaching to the Indians and had been murdered by them, but this was probably only an attempt by those who had been under his lash to mete out to him after his death a very unpoetic justice.





THE LATER PERIOD: WRITERS STILL LIVING.

18. EDGAR M. ESHELMAN.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Correspondence.

Pennsylvania-German Magazine.

"Saw a copy of the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* at the home of a friend, borrowed it, read it, had many pleasant memories suggested by it and desired to say a few good things about them out of love and respect for our people"—this is the story of how another Pennsylvania German who had wandered away from the old settlements came to give us a number of selections in verse.

Edgar Moyer Eshelman was born at Topton, Berks County, Pa., July 14, 1872, of stock that had come to this country before the Revolution. His youth was spent in the Pennsylvania-German region of the state, but having become a bookbinder, his interests took him away, and after undertaking work in various cities, and service in the Hospital Corps during the Spanish-American War, he located at Washington, D. C., where he is employed in the Government Printing Office.

"'S Neu Fogel Haus" he wrote because he wished to be classed as a lover of birds; "My Alty Geik" celebrates

the favorite musical instrument of the family, his father having been teacher of the violin—"S Alt Schwimloch" may be compared with similar poetic treatment of the same class of themes, by James Whitcomb Riley and others; "Schnitzpei" celebrates a dish "his mother used to make" and which only Pennsylvania Germans can prepare to suit his taste—

Ich wees en Madel—gleicht mich gut,
Sie wohnt net weit aweck,
Sie is ah herrlich, schmart un gut
Un siess wie Zuckerschleck
Doch meind—eb sie mich heira dut
Es kann net annerscht sei—
Do muss sie backe kenna—heerscht?
En rechter guter Schnitz Pei.

In lively fashion he tells the story of "Der Ferlora Gaul," a new version of the "absentminded professor" but this time based on fact:

Hoscht du schun g'heert vum Jakey Schmitt,
Vergesslich, bees un grob?
"Wu is mei Brill?" kreischt er, sucht rum
Un—hot sie uf'm Kop!
Villeicht hoscht ah die Schtory g'heert
Vum Jake seim weissa Gaul.
Hoscht net? Dann harch. Ich sag der's garn—
Leit wissa's iwerall.

Schmitt, inspired by the notion that he had left his horse in town, goes to the barn, saddles his horse and, galloping down the pike, draws up before the hotel porch.

"Woh!" ruft der Jake. "Ich sag der, woh!"
So geht 'm Schmitt sei Maul;

“Hen ihr nix g’sehna, Buwa, vun
Meim alta weissa Gaul?”

Jetzt hen sie g’lacht! Deel falla um
Un schtehna net grad uf.

Sie gehn schier doot—dann kresicht mol Eens;
“Ei, Jake, du hokscht jo druf!”

The best of his serious poems “Juscht en Deppich” he has written to eulogize one of the loveliest of grandmothers of the old-fashioned kind. “The favorite pastime of her later years was the piecing of quilts of various well-known designs; it was a labor of love—all of her large ‘freundschaft’ have one or more of her homemade quilts, the making of which consumed many precious hours. Nowadays it is considered a waste of time. It is a relief to recall her simple ways, manners, dress, in contrast with modern showy artificial life. Her needs were few. Contentment was her lot; her life was one of Christian womanhood and I shall always cherish her memory.”

’S is juscht en commoner Deppich—seh!
En Quilt alt Fashion—awer schee.
Was scheckig guckt’s! Die Patches fei’
Die scheina Schpotjohrsbletter zu sei.
Hoscht du die Scheeheet schun betracht
Vun so ma Deppich, heemgemacht?

So scheena Placka, gross un klee’
Die Farwa all in Roia schteh;
Drei—un viereckig, lang und karz,
En jeder grad am rechta Platz.
Alles in Ordnung zamma g’neht;
Juscht druf zu gucka is en Freed.

Sie hot als Nama for sie g’hat;

Do is en grosses "Eechablatt"
En "Sunnadeppich" lang un breet—
Paar dausent Patches zamma g'neht,
So darrich nanner geht der do,
Sel is der "Ewig Jager" no.

En "Bettelmann" is ah dabei,
Un seller soll "Log Cabin" sei;
En "Siwaschtern" gar wunnerschee,
En "Gansfuss" un en "Backaschtee"
Sie hot gemacht en hunnert schier;
Des war der Grändmäm ihr Plessier.

Sie hot net juscht an sich gedenkt;
Die ganz Freindschaft hot sie beschenkt.
Wer in die Freindschaft kumme is,
Der muss en Deppich hawa gewiss.
Die Grändmäm sagt: "'S kummt händig nei'
Die Kinner missa warem sei'."

Sie schafft die Schtunna fleissig weg;
En nitzlich Lewa, hoher Zweck.
Guck mol ihr G'sicht, wie fromm un mild—
Nau, is sel net en scheenes Bild?
O, halt in Ehr un Dankbarkeit
So guta, fleissige, alt-fashioned Leit!

Jetzt is die Grändmäm nimmie doh;
Sacht schloft sie unner 'm Himmelsblo.
Ihr Händ sin nau zur Ruh gebracht,
Ihr letschter Deppich hot sie g'macht.
Ihr Lewa christlich, herrlich, siess—
So 'n Seel, die geht in's Paradies.



19. DR. EZRA GRUMBINE.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY, Vol. III, p. 158.

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Stories of Old Stumpstown, Lebanon, Pa., 1910.

Dr. Ezra Grumbine is of the fifth generation in line of descent from Leonhart Krumbein, who came to this country in 1754 from the Palatinate and settled in Lebanon County—or what is now Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. In that same county several branches of the family have continued to reside until the present time.

Dr. Ezra Grumbine, the subject of this sketch, was born in Fredericksburg on February 1, 1845, and except for the time spent in the study of medicine and eight months' sojourn in England, France and Germany has been a resident of the county. For this reason and especially because as a general practitioner of medicine he has never failed to give his services cheerfully to the unfortunate who were suffering with bodily ailments, and because he has never allowed his own comfort or convenience to count when any one thought that he could be

of help to them, he is loved and honored by his fellow citizens. Indeed, the only negative note that has ever been heard from him in cases where his professional aid has been desired, has been in the shape of some verses on the intolerable condition of the roads which he was obliged to travel.

Both horse and cart in every mile,
Are splashed from mane to tire,
And the driver utters words of guile
As the wheels swish through the mire.

And when the darkness settles down
Upon the sodden earth
The trav'ler asks with scowl and frown
"Is life the living worth?"

His early education he received in the public schools of his native village, at the Lebanon Valley Institute, Annville, and at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport. After this he taught school, read medicine and finally graduated from the University of Pennsylvania as a Doctor of Medicine in 1868. Besides taking a lively interest in his profession, being a member of the County and State Medical Societies and standing in the forefront of successful practitioners, he has found time to evince his capacity for business by organizing a bank and under his presidency—an office which he still holds—making it one of the strongest financial institutions of the Lebanon Valley.

"To rhyme and to scribble"—these are his words—are his pastimes and for these he modestly offers the excuse that "it runs in the family." His great grandfather, Peter Fuehrer, wrote verses in German; his brother Lee Light Grumbine wrote a book of Pennsylvania-German poems; while his son, Harvey Carson Grumbine, profes-

sor of English at the University of Wooster, Ohio, has published a small volume of poetry. Dr. Grumbine's own efforts began when he was about fourteen years of age with amatory verses for his fellow pupils in school. Among the earliest of his dialect poems is one "Ich wot ich waeren Bauer" which, like Henninger's later song "Des Fahra in der Train" was written to the tune of "Michael Schneider's Party." Grumbine's poem has been sung to the accompaniment of the parlor organ at social gatherings on the Swatara, on the Quittaphilla and on the Tulpehocken. Others of his compositions have been recited at rural spelling schools, and debating societies all over eastern Pennsylvania. It appears also in the papers of other counties than his own—in the *Reading Times*, in the *Mauch Chunk Democrat*, etc.; Rauch (Pit Schweffelbrenner) pronounced his "'S Unnersht 'S Eversht Landt" a "gem." More than one of his productions have attracted the attention of the metropolitan press, including the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *New York Recorder*, which latter published his "Klag-lied" with three English versions.

Before the Pennsylvania-German Society, of which organization he was one of the founders, he read a poem—"Der Prahlhans"—facetiously named "An epic of 1812." It tells the story, based on fact, of a certain well-known character who, when forces were being raised for the defense of Baltimore during the War of 1812, aimed single-handed to put the entire British army to rout, but before he got within a hundred miles of the enemy decided it was safer at home.

As to the quality of his verse, he has disarmed criticism by the story he tells of the thirty-cent machine he bought on which he turns it out. Yet his modesty at this point must not be taken too seriously—he does not venture be-

yond the proper range of subjects for dialect verse and there is little that could be designated artificial. The following stanza for instance, from "En Gluck voll Bieplin"—in which a Pennsylvania-German boy goes to see the newly hatched chicks, copies only nature:

Gluck Gluck, Gluck Gluck! du liewer Grund!
Was biescht du doch so bees!
Efaltigs dhier! Ich hab jo gar
Nix gega dich, Gott weess!

Much of his verse is parody—but not always pure parody. His "Mary and Her Little Lamb" is a satire on some facts in our educational system. Others are versions, either translations as of Nadler's "'S bott alles nix" or approaching translations as Ralph Hoyt's "A World for Sale" which he has rendered in masterful style.

O, yes! O, yes! Now harcht amol,
Un kommt jetz bei, ihr liewe Leit,
Ihr all wu wolfel kawfa wollt
Kommt bei, for do is Fendu heit!
Die Welt is "uf" mit Schlechts un Goots,
Der Groyer nemmt ke falsch Gabut,
Die Welt muss fort, sie werdt ferkawfft,
Mit Glück un Elendt, Ehr un Schpott!

One of his tenderest poems, "Der Alt Busch Doktor," suggested by one of Will Carleton's, might be interpreted as a sort of commentary on his own life. Even here, at this saddest of scenes, the funeral of the good old doctor who has helped so many, and was always willing, his playful satire crops out in at least one stanza—

Aer cured en moncher Patient
Un stellt ihn richtig haer,—
Don wor's yo "Gottes Wille"

Un der Herr der grickt de Ehr!
Is 'n Gronkes awer g'schtorwa
Un der Doat gawinnt der Fecht
Don blamed mer evva der Dokter
Un shellt ihn dumm un schlecht.

A Republican by party allegiance, he did not fail to see the humorous contrast between "Teddy's" great noise before, and his great silence after the last election and he has incorporated his thoughts in two poems "Before" and "After" in the meter of Longfellow's "Excelsior." It should be mentioned that in his "Stories of Old Stumptown" (Lebanon County Historical Society Publications, Vol. V, No. 5) he has preserved some Pennsylvania-German political rhymes from the time when Buchanan was running for the presidency.

As one of the organizers and an enthusiastic member of The Lebanon County Historical Society, he has prepared for its publications a monograph on the "Folklore and Superstitious Beliefs of Lebanon County" (Vol. III, No. 9). As a trusted physician he has had rare opportunities to get close to the "Volk" and to learn what they believe in their heart. In this same monograph he has a collection of proverbs and sayings, containing a number that have been nowhere else recorded; and some counting-out rhymes.

Yet perhaps his most important work as a writer is that in which he has engaged for the last fifteen years—the writing of the letters—first for the *Lebanon Report* (at one time owned by his brother Lee Light Grumbine) and later upon the death of "Der Alt Schulmeeschter" (J. J. Light) for the *Lebanon Daily and Semiweekly News* (widely copied by other papers) over the signature Hon. Wendell Kitzmiller; in these letters he has been engaged

for the most part in laughing out of existence the follies and foibles of his fellow men, "Ridens dicere verum," laughingly telling the Pennsylvania Germans the truth. And although this laughter is *generally* that of the genial satirist, he can *occasionally* be sharp and cutting when he thinks there is sufficient provocation.

There follow a few extracts culled from his letters which may be considered characteristic. He advises all, but politicians in particular: "Schtail, note braucht nimme schaffe, un so long as d'uf en lawfuller waig schtailsht, kummscht aw net in die Jail."

He is of course speaking out of his own experience when on one occasion he writes of a strange case of illness of a little child, that baffled all the doctors of a certain species. "Un dael sawga nuch gawr es waer ferhex. Sie hen schun aentsigebbes gabroveert awver as will olles nix botta. Im aerschta blotz hen se mul die oldt Duckter Betz g'hot, un de hut olles gedu was sie gewisst hut. Sie hut em gebraucht for die Schweining mul for's aerscht, un note hut sie don gebraucht om Mond wie er om zunemma war awver do war nix. Des glae is evva als weniger worra."

He has this comment on those who at religious camp-meetings rise to make confession: "Es is a wenig en kitzlich ding so for da bakonnta uf tzu schtea in ra Christ-licha Fersomlung un en loud gebait moche fore Leit as aem sei bisness schtraich auswennich wissa." He offers the above as a playful excuse for not himself having made a public profession. But genuine wrath intervenes, when he threatens to withdraw from the Hardshell Church and start one of his own and become himself its preacher and treasurer. He complains that although it was for no less reason than a failure of crops and failure of a bank in which he had money that he could not make his annual

contribution, yet he was from that time on "Der Oldt Kitzmiller" and "Der fersuffa Kitzmiller" "Now so long as ich bully gut bezahlt hob won sie rum sin for collecta do waescht war ich der 'Bruder Kitzmiller'; des war Bruder hie un Bruder haer, un won ich ah don un won uf en souf spree bin komma,—do is nix g'sawd worra, so long as ich tzu da dootzend un drei dinga batzawlt hob as mir de awga ivver g'luffa sin." He makes merry at the expense of the preachers and their attempts to explain difficult passages of Scripture.

His contribution to academic lore may fitly close the series of illustrations. Along with satire on extravagancies in religious practice, this may be said to constitute, for the folk of which we are writing, the higher criticism of social conditions. The Pennsylvania Germans sent their sons in great numbers to college. When these not infrequently, at the end of the year, came back with long hair and idyllic notions of loafing under shady trees while father and mother, and younger brothers and sisters did the work, but were ever ready with suggestions as to how things should be done, and were full of superficial knowledge of the causes of things and ever willing to air the same, the satirist had a proper subject for work. There are extant no end of stories of farmer boys who thus came home and had not only forgotten to work, but had even forgotten the name of the commonest tools and implements, etc. While these conditions prevailed perhaps to an equal degree in other American rural communities, yet there is this difference, the Pennsylvania-German satirist stayed at home and labored among his own people, and so his satire strikes home.

He heads his article as follows: "Wendell Kitzmiller goes on the new trolley road from Lebanon to Schaeffers-

town." It was a balky car—a college man explains ohms, volts, microbes and feverbugs. (This will at the same time show where the dialect stands in relation to a scientific and technical vocabulary.) Suddenly the car stopped. "Es het aw nemond ous g'funna was de oor'sach war fun der balkerei won net 'n dakolletschter Karl druf waer g'west uf 'm car. Well, henyah, aer hut g'sawd, secht er 'So weit as ich saena konn sin's die—entwedders de ohms odder de volts' 'Was sin sell' hut 'n oldter Schaeffer-schtedtler Shoolmaeschter g'frogt os uf'm hameweg war fum a Deestrick Institoot. 'Wy de ohms un de volts sin dinga os uf de same waeg schoffa. Waescht sie kumme in die wires nei ollagabut, un dort shpeela sie der Deifel monnich mol. Note gebts was mer en resistance haest, ebbes as es ding fershtuppt, uf'n waeg as we'n lot ohla die Schnitzkrick Wasserpeifa ferschtuppt hen, saen dir? Of course die ohms sin net so gross as wie en ohl awver sie gucka schier so, juscht feel glenner so selle waeg. Sie sin so gla as wie Mikrobess, die glaene Kefferr, die feever bugs, waescht, woos titefut feever mache un newmony un en g'schleer (uf em Baertzel) un so. Of course, ich selwer hob nie kenny g'saena. M'r kon sie net saena oony so 'n rohr, en tellyscope oder nitroschope, wie m'r secht. Ich waes die hochta wordta nimmy recht. Ich hob so es menscht football g'shteert.' 'Un is sell now die oorsach' hut der Chim Kichman g'frogt. 'Wy sell is orrig interesting so ebbes tsu wissa. Well now.'"

Even in the latest social discussions, Grumbine's playfully serious note may be heard. The present writer recalls an incident of last summer, when certain classes were very anxious to know whether the daughter of one of our ex-Presidents indulged in cigarettes. In answer our author presented us with an amusing skit of a Woman's Club

Meeting embodying resolutions offered by the pros and the cons in favor of and against twenty-cent women's clubs minding their own and other people's business.

His true catholicity of opinion appears in sayings like that to Sara Jane, "Mer kon ebmols lerna even fun Schtadtleit, un even fun Leit wu mer mehnt sin nuch dummer wie die Hawsa Barricker." His writings are a faithful reflex of opinions he has found to prevail, of beliefs and customs he knows thoroughly, and from this homely philosophy might be culled many a proverb and old saw which he has all unconsciously interwoven into his stories without even having incorporated them in the collection he has made. He has frequently been urged by his friends to publish a collection of his letters in book form, as several other writers of such literature have done, but he still stands aloof.

Finally, he has written a little play, "Die Inshurance Business," that has been on the boards in many a town hall or crossroads schoolhouse.

A winter evening scene in a country farm house presents the old farmer, plaiting a corn husk mat and discussing the price of farm products and the disposal of the receipts of the day's sale. Mother wants them for a new dress for the daughter who has a beau, the sons insist they need new books for school—a neighbor—one who has a mortgage on their farm—drops in and the old folks agree that the old times were best, when in the schools all learned reading, while those who wanted to study writing and arithmetic could do so with no consequent humiliation for those who stopped at reading. In those days whiskey was cheap and there was no talk of putting it away by vote. Granny has a heavy cold and talks chiefly about her health. One by one, Granny and the youngsters are packed off to

bed, the neighbor delivers his message that he must have money or he will foreclose, and leaves just in time for Sally to receive her beau, a clerk in the store, who comes when the shop closes.

The insurance scamp persuades the farmer to insure Granny, the agent paying the dues, taking a judgment note on the farmer, the profits to be divided. Meanwhile they change Granny's baptismal certificate so as to be able to establish her eligibility.

Two years have passed, the insurance agent needing more and more dues to meet assessments, the farmer loth to drop his policies and thus to lose what he has paid in. They agree to give Granny something that will put her to sleep. The farmer, long in a frame of mind that has caused the neighbors to remark, goes to store for rat poison; the clerk gives him plaster-of-Paris instead and at night hastens to tell his suspicions to his sweetheart, who objects that Granny is too old to be insured; they look up the certificate and discover the forgery.

In the final scene these two enter the sitting room, as the agent pours the powder into the hoarhound tea Granny takes each evening; one of the boys has a cold and decides he wants some of Granny's tea and drinks of it before the father can stop him. Father raves because he thinks his son is poisoned. The clerk relieves the situation by explaining that it is harmless stuff; then at the point of his pistol he recovers the policies, tears them up, bids the agent leave the country nor return on pain of being indicted for attempted murder, then announces that he has received an inheritance that will enable him to pay off the mortgage and that he and Sally will, with the father's consent, relieve him of the cares of life by themselves taking over the farm. While Granny pours her blessings over the couple the curtain falls.

Thus ends what is the only *original* play in the dialect, one that, with the exception of the near-tragic element of the plot—which I am inclined to doubt—is, from beginning to end, replete with pictures from the life of the folk, the faithfulness of which no one who knows a Pennsylvania-German farmhouse would presume to deny.

As this volume is going to press Dr. Grumbine has issued a volume entitled “*Der Prahlhans*” about one half of which consists of Pennsylvania-German Dialect selections. The present writer has not yet had an opportunity to see the work. The following paragraph is taken from an advertising circular that has come into his hands.

“DER KAISER UN DER TEUFEL.”

This is the title of one of the eighty-four longer and shorter poems contained in Dr. E. Grumbine’s new book, “*DER PRAHL-HANS*,” just issued from the press. It is written partly in the Pennsylvania German dialect (Wendell Kitzmiller’s vernacular), and partly in English, and it comprises poems of sentiment, of humor and of hate for the Kaiser of Prussia.



20. THOMAS H. HARTER.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Correspondence.

Pennsylvania-German Magazine.

Boonastiel, Harter, 1904 and 1906.

Keystone Gazette.

Middleburgh Post.

Just as in the last generation, Peregrine Pickle, Petroleum V. Naseby, Max Adeler and others, and in our own day George Ade and Mr. Dooley first wrote sketches for their respective newspapers, next were paid the compliment of being copied by other papers and finally were encouraged to issue their productions in book form—so did a number of Pennsylvania-German writers come to be publishers of works in the dialect. One such Pennsylvania-German dialect writer is Thomas H. Harter, of Bellefonte, Center County, Pa., and his book, "Boonastiel," named from "Gottlieb Boonastiel" the pseudonym of the author, is about to appear in its third edition, two editions of 3,000 copies each of the years 1904 and 1906 having been sold.

In addition to this, the entire book is appearing, letter by letter, in Harter's paper, the *Keystone Gazette*, since June of this year, the author having yielded to the pressure of his readers, who, if they could not have new letters,

wanted the old ones over again, many of which, having been written a quarter of a century ago, are really new to those of his readers who do not possess the book. Besides this, no less than twenty-five newspapers in Pennsylvania and Ohio, having wished to give their readers the same articles, entered into negotiations with the author for copyright privileges—to all of which Harter has given the same free of charge, while as many more papers, cutting off the head and tail to disguise them and escape detection, are publishing the same clandestinely without the consent of the author.

This popularity of the work is, of course, due to the complete inside knowledge, which the author possesses, of the character of the people whose peculiarities and eccentricities he describes; how he comes by this knowledge is apparent; he was born on a farm near Aaronsburg, Center County, Pa., May 28, 1854, the eleventh child of a family of eight boys and four girls. Until fifteen years of age, he worked on the farm; up to the age of twelve he could neither speak nor understand English; when he was fifteen his father moved to the small town and then the subject of this sketch attended school in winter and was sent to work on the farm during the summer.

Sent to Ohio to learn the tanner's trade, he saved enough money to enable him to attend the Smithville, Ohio, Normal School for two terms. After this he returned to his home in 1872 and learned the printer's trade in the office of the *Center Hall Reporter*; it was during this time that he read all of Shakespeare with his mother, translating it into the dialect for her as he proceeded. Two terms at an Academy (Spring Mills) and then in 1876, May 1, at the age of twenty-two he started out for himself as editor and owner of the *Nevada (Ohio) En-*

terprise, which he conducted for seven years, whereupon he purchased the *Middleburgh Post* in 1882.

As editor of a county paper in Pennsylvania he naturally knew of the Pit Schwefelbrenner letters which Rauch had made famous; he began to look over these letters in his exchanges, and to hand out some of his own "fun and philosophy" in the shape of occasional letters under the heading of "Brief Fum Hawsa Barrick" addressed to himself as "Liever Kernal Harder" and signed "Gottlieb Boonastiel."

He had reckoned without his host: his readers clamored to have them regularly and threatened to drop off his subscription list unless he acceded to their requests. When, after twelve years, he sold his paper and bought the *Keystone Gazette*, at Bellefonte, Pa., he continued the letters. In 1904 he made a selection from his large collection and issued them in book form; as intimated above he is no longer writing new articles, and he gives me two reasons: that he has no time, and that he is pumped out of original ideas; those who know him, however, are not ready to admit that the well spring of humor whence these letters sprung has run dry; the fact is that what with his business and political interests, serving as postmaster of his city, hunting big game, and attending to his numerous interests, his time is fully occupied and he need not write new letters, for, to the present generation of his readers who do not possess his book the old letters are really new—a proof at the same time that his productions are filled with a freshness that does not at once grow old.

The criticism has often been made that many (criticism has usually said all) of the newspaper letters in the dialect were characterized by a certain tendency toward the vulgar or the profane and catered to a depraved taste. The time

has come for a distinction between letters and letters, and of those which, and deservedly, will survive is this volume of mild satire. Privileged to tell plain and disagreeable truths to his own people, and being guaranteed an audience because he continued to love them even when he chastened them, he has already accomplished the two purposes he avows in the preface to his book: (1) To assist in perpetuating the memory of the Pennsylvania Germans, and (2) by the combination of fun and philosophy, characteristic of the language, to correct the wrong and strengthen the right, to stimulate noble thought and action and lead to honor, happiness and success.

This, however, must not make us forget the other side of the book, the joy of reminiscence it gives to large numbers of Pennsylvania Germans who have left the farm for service in other fields. In this connection three letters received by Harter may be cited: the sincerity of their tone can hardly be denied; they produce the conviction that they were written because the writers had a certain feeling about the book which they were impelled to communicate to the author. The first one reads: "It is an undoubted fact that when two or three Pennsylvania Dutch assemble together socially, they can get more fun to the square inch reading your 'Boonastiel' than any other book published in America. Many of your pieces carry me back to my boyhood days, to the old farm in Somerset County, and forcibly recall the old fashions and peculiar expressions and phrases which I had not heard for the last forty-five years. You bring them back into life with the old familiar sound and jingle. It seems marvelous that you can weave them all into your stories and spell them that any one can pronounce them. You certainly deserve great credit for thus preserving our mother

tongue and perpetuating the memory of our sturdy ancestry." This is from a letter from H. J. Miller, an attorney in Pittsburgh, Pa.

The next comes from Washington: "To say that I am delighted would not express one tenth of my admiration and appreciation of the work. In perusing its pages so full of genuine humor and expressed in the true vernacular of the old-fashioned farmer, I can scarcely realize that a generation has come and gone the way of all the living since I was familiar with this peculiar dialect. Well do I remember the time when I did not know the English name of that handy little tool—nogel bore (gimlet)—used by my father in plying the cooper's trade; hence you can very readily perceive the tender chord of memory your book has so fondly touched. It recalls to memory the joyful days of youth and the happy years spent on the old farm after the manner of the good old song in Denman Thompson's impressive play "The Old Homestead":

Take me back to the days when the old red cradle rocked,
In the sunshine of years that have fled,
To the good old trusty days when the door was never locked,
And we judged our neighbor's truth by what he said.

This was written April 22, 1905, by Samuel Beight, then First Assistant Postmaster General of the United States.

The third is from a former neighbor of my own. After saying of the book "It touches more phases of life among the Pennsylvania Germans than any collection that I have seen," he goes on to say: "Geshter Owet bin ich aw mohl draw kumme dei buch zu lese un hob gelocht bis mer der bauch wae gedoo hut. Du conshts gawiss net ferlaigla dos du uff der bowerei uff gabrocht bisht worra. Anich ebber dare shriva konn fum barfoosich boo dos shpote

yohrs de gile holt won olles wise is mit rife un joompt g'schwint hee woo der gowl gelaega hut fer si fees tsu waerma, dare wore shunt dabeï." It is by Marcus B. Lambert, teacher of German in the Boys' High School of Brooklyn, N. Y.

By admitting at the outset, what he says some avow of him, "Ich ware net recht g'scheit" Harter gains for himself the privileges of the old-time Court fool, of speaking the truth with impunity. In this way he does not bring down upon himself the wrath of good country women as Washington Irving is said to have done in the case of the good Dutch Dames of New York, by his description of their manner of housekeeping.

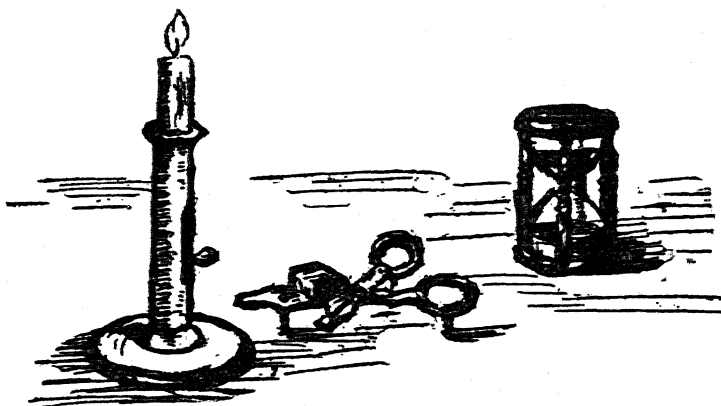
By attributing the sins of the party to which the author and his newspaper did not belong to his own party, he avoided arousing political animosities.

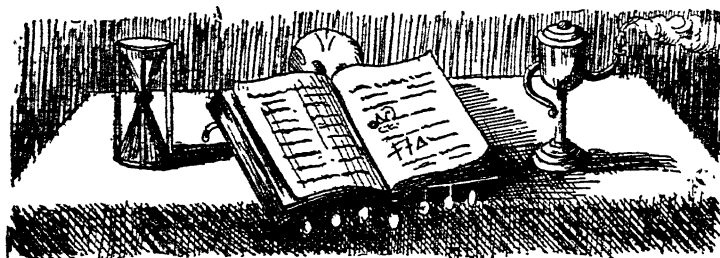
Christian Science—Der Christian Science Duckter; Woman Suffrage—De Weibslait in Politics; Prohibition; Social Science; Die Schuld Os Leit awrum sin; Fashions; Die Unverstennicha Fashions; these are among the subjects of his reflections, all phases of human life come under his consideration—from an article De Menscha un de Monkeys, through all the experiences of boyhood and girlhood, until the question comes up "Wie kann ich's besht Laewa maucha" then presently he goes "Karesseera" and then arise the questions "Ware sull ich Hira," "Ware sull de Priscilla Hire" and so on through marriage (Onera Huchtzych) to death (Onera Leicht) and the grave (Uf em Karrichhofe).

Sometimes he tells an old tale—"Rip van Winkle"—or gives us a new version of an old one—"Der Busch Hoond un der City Hoond" or "Der Asel in der Giles Howd." One, the "De College Boova" (referred to in

the article on E. Grumbine), was written at the request of the late President Atherton of The Pennsylvania State College, and the finished article so pleased Mr. Atherton that he requested to have it translated into English for the benefit of young graduates. With his pen, Harter has drawn years ago the same lines, illustrating and exaggerating some phases of college life, which have of late years become a favorite of the colored poster artist.

Harter has also made his contribution to the question of spelling the dialect in which he follows Rauch in the main. "When I attempt to read some of the pyrotechnic spelling adopted by some of our writers I am impressed with the belief that their effort is not so much meant to make themselves understood as it is to create the impression that besides being able to write English and speak Pennsylvania Dutch, they are also High German scholars."





21. MILTON C. HENNINGER.

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Pennsylvania German, Vol. II. Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa.
Personal interviews and correspondence.

In the spring of 1874 the senior class of Muhlenberg College elected Milton C. Henninger to recite a Pennsylvania-German poem at its class-day exercises: he elected to compose one himself, and this production, happily adapted as it is to the tune of Michael Schneider's Party, soon became, as it has continued to be, the most popular song ever written in the dialect.

From the windows of his room at college were visible for a stretch of about a mile the tracks of two railroads on either side of the Lehigh River and the two stations at Allentown; the time schedule on each road brought a passenger train in at the precise moment, 4:30 in the afternoon, when the students were returning from their last hour's recitation, and they presently perceived or thought they were witnessing a race taking place before their eyes each day; and so it came that they often watched which train should win that day by getting into the station first. In this fashion Henninger came by his subject—Des Fahre in der Train, or the delights of travelling by steam, and

into the picture he wove some reminiscences of his childhood days when a railroad was built past his home, an event notable enough for a farmer boy, and Henninger himself sprang from the glebe, having been born on a farm near Emaus, Pa., April 22, 1851.

Subsequently the author of our song had worked in a blacksmith's shop, attended the public schools, the Freeland Seminary and the State Normal School at Kutztown, and had taught school even before his college days. The year after the composition of the song in question he was instructor in Muhlenberg College, Allentown, and read law. In 1876 he was admitted to the bar; two years after this he was elected district attorney, and in 1882 State Senator, an office for which he was returned for a period of twelve years, three full terms.

The opening stanzas of this poem run as follows:

Sis olles hendich eigericht
In unsera gute zeit,
Mer brauch sich gor net bloga meh
Unless mer is net gscheit.
Der schteam dut olles fer die leit
Sel is juscht wos ich maen
Un won mer aergets he gae will
Don fawrt mer in der train.

Swar net so gut in olter zeit
Sel waes ich forna nous,
Des mocht f'rleicht die olta baes
Doch sag ich's frei heraus.
Sie sin galuffa ol de weg
Fun finf bis fufzig mile
'N pawr die eppes reicher warn
Sin ganga uf de geil.

So war der schteil in oltr zeit,
'S lawfa war ken schond,
Wos is mer ols do he gadopped,
Sel is eich gut bakond.
'S is nimma so in unsera zeit
'S fahrt jeder won er kon
Und waer gor nimme lawfa dut
Der is der gentlemon.

And so on through nine more stanzas in which he describes the iron horse, tells of the numerous classes of people one sees in the train, describes the disadvantages of travel in this fashion, especially the danger of accidents, but finally again decides in favor of the steam:

So gaet des fawra in der train,
Ich haes es orrig schae,
Mer grickt ken kopweh fun de hitz
Un aw ken schteifa bae, etc.

There is no schoolhouse in German Pennsylvania, in which this poem has not been sung at an entertainment or at a meeting of "speaking school," the boys of a dozen colleges in eastern Pennsylvania have sung it in glee; many years after its composition the author, when state senator, travelled in northwestern Pennsylvania and heard it sung by logging trains in the lumber regions of the state; it has even been intimated that the composition has been rendered by church choirs, and the name of at least one church was whispered where it was so sung, but be the truth of the matter what it may, one would rather think this an "ortsneckerei," aimed at some out-of-the-way settlement.

More than ordinary attention is due to this song for a double reason: not only did the theme kindle the imagina-

tion of a Pennsylvania-German writer who communicated his enthusiasm to Pennsylvania Germans in general, but also the subject itself has in like manner appealed to dialect writers and their readers at all times; the following instances which date back a generation earlier than ours may be noted:

Unterredung eines oberschwäbischen Bauern mit seinem Pferd, welches Hans heisst, betreffend die Eisenbahnangelegenheit. Von Wilhelm Wickel. Selbstverlag. 1843. 8. 8S.

Der Vespertrunk im schwarzen Adler zu Klatschausen oder Hans Jörg Peter und Frieder im Gespräch über die Würtembergischen Eisenbahnangelegenheiten. Schwäbische Dorfszene von Jakob Daiss und Karl Siegbert, genannt Barbarossa. Böblingen, J. G. F. Landbeck 1843. 8 10 S.

Motto: Bald braucht mer koine Rössle mai,
Koin Waga und koin Schlitta!
Jatzzt spannt mer Dämpf in d' Kessel ei,
Und so werds fürscha g'ritta!

Very like our song.

Die Eisenbahnfrage im Knittelversen, besprochen zwischen einem Schullehrer, einem Barbier und zwei Bauern, die im Rössle am runden Tische saszen. Teutlingen, J. J. Beck 1843 8 15 S.

Der Bauer auf der Eisenbahn. Ein heiteres Gedicht in schwäbischer Mundart von einem Filderbauern. (Pseudonyme, Verfasser: Blasius Sturmwind) Stuttgart, zu haben bei C. Hetschel. 8 8 S.

Die Ankunft des ersten Neckardampsschiffbootes in Heilbronn in Dezember 1841. Von Wilhelm Wickel. Stuttgart. (Selbstverlag) 8 16 S.

From Frederich Richter a similar strain may be cited:

Moi, uf der Eisebah
Do goht es schnell vüra,

Und ma sitzt prächtig drauf,
Do hot es jo sein lauf.

Koine Ross spannt ma na
Uf dener Eisebah;
'S Fuier isch, was es treibt,
Das ma net sitza bleibt.

Das isch a wissenschaft
Hot üch der Dampf a Kraft
Ruf uf dia Eisabah.
Do geht es schnell füra.

Some passages from the famous German song "Der Goisbock an der Eisebah" might likewise be compared. While our writer, as shown above, is not afraid to remind the old folks that some things are better now than in the olden times, yet he does not wholly approve of the pleasures of these days, notably not those which are now sought in the city; this is shown in a subsequent song "Die Singschul im Lond."

Die junga leit in unsra zeit
Hen arrig feel plessier
Die Meed die danza dag un nacht
Die Buwa drinke bier.
Es karta schpiela macht viel Gschpass
Uns flirta mit de Meed
Des is de Fun vun City leit
Die heesa sie first rate.
For mei Deel ich geh net mit nei.
Geb mir die Land Singschul.
Dart geht mer hie fer scheena Gschpass
Un folligt aw der rule,

continuing, he describes the old institution, and thereupon concludes with

Die Singschula im Lond sag ich
Die sin mei greeshta Freed

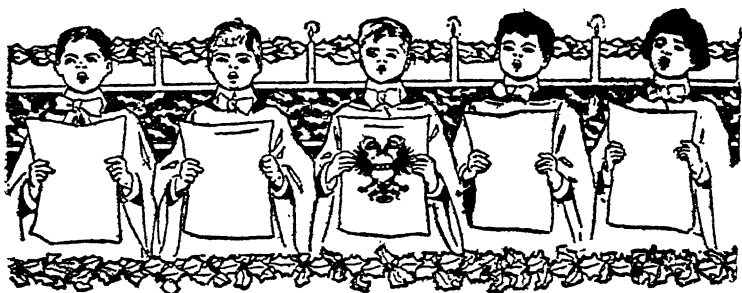
So long os die noch ghalte warn
Is 's mir got net verleed.
Un won ich schterb, verlost eich druf,
Dann werds der welt bekond,
Das ich mei Geld un olles geb
Fer Singschula im Lond.

Henninger has written a number of other poems (see Index) and more are to be expected. In a recent private communication he announces that if the muse has not entirely deserted him we may soon have a new poem from him, entitled "'S Macht Nix Ous."

At the celebration of the 100th Anniversary of American Independence at Kutztown, Pa., Henninger read a poem "En Hunnert Yohr Zurück," which is full of his characteristic notes, love of the past, qualified dissatisfaction with the present, and a hopeful confidence in the future. The last two stanzas prophesy concerning the most modern of modern things—navigation of the air.

Mer hen so viel Fortschritt gemacht,
Im letschte hunnert Yohr,
Un dass mer so fortmache duhn,
Sell hot gewiss ken G'fohr;
Ball fahra mer in die klore Luft
Bis in die Wolke nei;
Un wann sel wenig kommen werd,
Dann bleibt es net dabei.

Mer welle als noch mehner duh,
Ich waes net alles was;
Ich sag euch nau, ihr liewa Leit,
Es is mer shuhr ken Spass;
En hunnert Yohr ins Zukunft nei
Weisst un'sre Republic
So viel dass wie mer g'sehne hen
Seit hunnert Yohr Zurück.



22. ELI KELLER.

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Unser Pennsylvanisch Deutscher Kalenner, 1895.

Rev. Dr. Eli Keller, of Allentown, was a merry farmer boy who became a preacher, and has remained the latter, with certain characteristics of the former, to this day; born in Northampton County, near Nazareth, in 1825, before Pennsylvania had a free school system, his chances for an education were small; by the time the system came, however, he had made sufficient progress in his studies to teach a country school for several years; after this he attended Marshall College, at Mercersburg, Pa., moved with the College to Lancaster when it was united with Franklin College, and afterwards returned to the Seminary at Mercersburg to complete his theological studies. At Lancaster he made the acquaintance and formed a lifelong friendship with Henry Harbaugh, who had, however, at that time not yet developed into a dialect writer.

His ministerial work began in Ohio, in 1856. At first he preached in English and German, but in Ohio the German sermon fell into partial disuse sooner than in Pennsylvania; during the last part of his eighteen years' stay in Ohio he was required to preach in English only and with this he began to long for the old home surroundings; in 1874 the way was opened to him to come back and from that time until his retirement in 1901 (twenty-seven years) he ministered to two, three and finally four congregations, himself superadding the work involved in the two additional congregations. Thus he frequently had to drive twenty-five miles on a single Sunday to meet three congregations. But these labors, his outdoor life and his association with the people he loved have kept him young in spirit even as the years advanced.

Many of his poems are, therefore, sermonettes, pictures from nature with the lesson the preacher draws from it. Such an one is the example already known to Professor Learned when he was studying the phonology of the dialect; it is entitled "*Der Keschtabaam*"; in 13 four-verse stanzas of acatalectic iambic lines of seven beats he expresses his delight in the beauties of the tree, not so early to bloom as the willow or maple, not so speedy to bring forth its fruits as the cherry, the umbrageous chestnut tree, which, even after the nut is fully ripe, must wait for the "*Keschta Schtarm*" to put it within our reach.

Der Keschtabaam vun alle Beem halt ich mer fer der schenscht,
Wann du net ah so denka kannscht, glaab ich net dass du'n
kennscht.

Mit seina Blätter, Bliet, un Frucht is er net in der Eil
Was ebbes rechtes werra will, nemmt immer'n gute Weil.

When the tree at last is covered with its fragrant golden tassels about which bees in swarms gather,

'S is en Genuss, gewiss ich leb, for Aage, Nas un Ohr,
Nix kennt mer schenner, besser sei im gansa liewa yohr.

He who with patience has waited for the "Keschta Schtarm" will have no trouble in getting the ruddy fruit:

Geduld is doch en grosse Sach, sie schpart uns Not un Müh
Wer ohne sie sei Glick versucht, der finn't 's doch werklich nie."

The lessons are endless:

Guck mol so'n Boll genauer ah, wie wunnerbarlich schee!
Inwennig zart wie Kisse schtofft auswennig Schtachle, zäh,
Was is des doch en unnerschied, beinanner ah so dicht,
'S gebt viel zu lerna iwwerall, vum beshta unnerricht.

Nor does he forget the carefree time when he played in its shade, weaving belt and wreath of the leaves and flowers:

Ich schteck mer Blätter an die Bruscht, un Blimmcher uf der
Hut
Un denk dabei in siesser Luscht, Was haw ich's doch so gut."

In another poem he describes his sallying out, a boy in the springtime, to find the slender shoot of the chestnut tree just when the sap begins to rise to make "Keschta Peiffe."

Was peifft doch nau des ding so schee!
Ken Orgel kennt yo schenner geh;
Tut, ta-ta, te te, ti ti, ti
Des biet die Vogel un die—Küh
Ya Keschta Peiffe fer ihr Geld
Bieten alle peiffe in der Welt.

"Mer wolla Fische Geh," "Es Glatt Eis Fahre" are others in which he revels in the pastimes of youth. Only one who has had the experience of a boy for the first time

initiated into the mysteries of the uses of the German scythe can make his verses bob up and down in onomatopoeitic glee as Keller does in "S Mehe mit der Deitsche Sens."

In so're schöne zeit
Werd ehm 's Herz recht weit
Die arme städtle Leut
Die wisse nix vun Freud
Now schwenkt euer Sense,
Un loss sie glänze,
To whit, to what
To whit, to what, to whate
Ihr macht's first rate
To whit, to what
Gut gewetzt is halb gemeht.

His abounding joy in life he frequently gave utterance to on festival occasions, to his people, as in

Der Chrishdag is der herrlichscht daag
Im liewa longa Johr;
Mei Glaawa is ken leeri Saag
Juscht fer en kinnisch Ohr.
Der Chrishdag macht mich immer jung,
Un füllt mich ganz mit Freed
Er nemmt mers Kлага vun der Zung
Un heelt mei Herze-leed.
Dann bin ich widder jung un klee
Wie ich vor lang gewest
Mei Herz werd weiss wie Chrishdag's schnee,
Mei Leeb die allerbescht.

He no doubt had many an opportunity to practise in his broad field of labor—as he also had in his own family—before he put into rhyme—

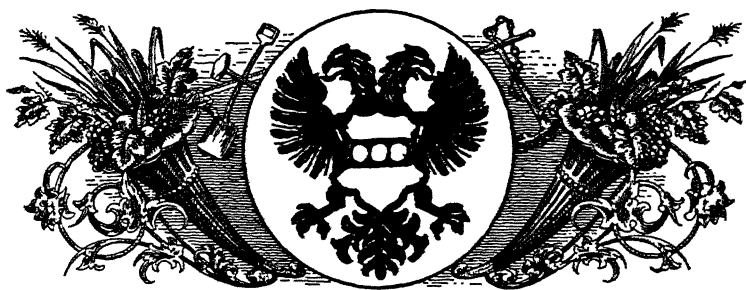
'N Buwli is's, gans aus're annere Welt
Wer hets gedenkt das so was wär bestellt!

Ken Strumpche ah, ken Hemmshe, un ken Keppche net,
Ja streck dich mol! Wünscht gel das dich der Guguck het?
Ei was'n G'sicht, un was'n grosse schtimmi!
Du denkscht, ich reiß zu hart, un mach's zu schlimm
So muss's sei, ich hab so Erwet gut gelernt
Mit so bissche Gschpass werd mer net grad verzernt.

Guck, Mutter, guck! do bring ich deer en Mann
So klee, un schee as mer juscht denke kann!

For a Pennsylvania-German Kalenner which he edited in 1885 he wrote a longer poem in ten parts entitled "Vum Flachsbaue." This is a veritable epic on the raising of flax in ten short cantos. This poem ought properly be illustrated with drawings of tools and implements found nowadays only on grandfather's garrett or in the museums for, with flax-raising entirely out of vogue in *German Pennsylvania*, or, where it is still raised, by means of modern appliances, such terms as Flachs Britsch, Hechle, Brech, etc., are, to the Pennsylvania Germans of today, words of a time that is past.

A number of Dr. Keller's poems are included in the collection published by Daniel Miller, Reading, Pa. Some others, as well as several prose tales, are to be found in the *Allentown Friedensbote*. In his younger days he wrote for the *Deutsche Pionier*; but much of what I have presented and other material noted in the Bibliography and not further described has come direct from his own manuscript notebook and has never been published. In addition to this staple of his production, he has written occasional poems in English, as well as in High German, including hymns, epilogues, and prologues for Christmas and Easter festivals, birthdays and anniversaries, and one curious composition in which alternate couplets of English and Pennsylvania German rhyme with each other.



23. JAMES C. LINS.

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Rural Press, Kempton, Pa.

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Common Sense Dictionary of Pennsylvania German, Reading, Pa., 1887,
1895.

Personal correspondence and interviews.

A man who will have to be considered when a complete statement is made of those who wrote Pennsylvania-German newspaper letters is James C. Lins of Reading, Pa. To the Kempton Rural Press, later called the Reading Press, when he moved his printing office to Reading, he contributed letters, over the signature "Sam Kisselmoyer fun Wohlhaver Schtedel." Very many of these letters are distinctly political and do not take the trouble to introduce fictitious names; the only reason why they did not appear on the editorial page (he was himself owner and editor) is because of the greater license allowed to this letter column.

August Reiff says in his "Schwäbische Gedichte":

So Nochb'r wie meine, geits gwiss koine maih
Wie die anand schimpfet; und doch tuets koim waih!
Anander seggiere, dees tent se am gernschte,
Und doch hent se nie no' en Streit ghet, en ernschte;
Am Spöttle und Stichle do hent se a Freud,
Wenn oiner em andre sei Moining reacht sait.

When the introduction of the free delivery of rural mail gradually forced the weekly newspapers out of the field he ceased to be an editor and continued to be a printer; but meantime he had been active in another related field of work. In 1887 he issued a Word List, containing "nearly all the Pennsylvania-German words in common use," under the title "Common-Sense Pennsylvania German," this being a list of German and English words in the form in which they are used by those speaking the dialect, with their English equivalents. At first sight, this publication is disappointing; nearly half of the preface is taken word for word from Horne's Manual, published twelve years before; furthermore, the contents of Horne's Dictionary are jumbled and the words are made to conform to a different spelling. But despite these shortcomings, Lins's publication is not lacking in original work, for his list comprises 9,613 words as compared with Horne's 5,522, increased by several hundred additional in the second edition. This great difference in bulk is partly due to a peculiar limitation in the language horizon of many Pennsylvania Germans; such might be perfectly familiar with words like *bodderashun*, *demagrawd*, *raishta*—whereas they did not, when they were in search of the English equivalent syllable or word, know that it was spelled *both*-, *-crat*, *roast*, in English. Lins has accordingly included many such words in his List. The result amounts to precisely what he says in the Preface, that desiring to help the Pennsylvania German who is studying English, he has introduced a great many English words in the dialect form, whereas Horne, according to M. D. Learned's counting, gives only 176 English words.

That there was in those days a real search for English words is shown by the fact that children in one of their

games at school wrote on their slates a list of words they used *at home*, and the contest turned upon who could in a given time think of the greatest number of English equivalents; one of the favorite questions thrown into the school question box was in the form of a list of hard German words, the requirement being made that the scholar to whom it was referred was to furnish the English equivalents.

The younger generation would not have been willing to expose an ignorance such as did an old farmer in a story told in "Skizzen aus dem Lecha Thal"—"J. S. Hess, Esq., erzählt in einer geschichtlichen Skizze von Nieder Saucon Township, dass einmal ein deutscher Bauer mit Latwerge nach Easton gekommen sei. Als ihn die Stadteute nach dem Preise von Applebutter fragten schüttelte er den Kopf indem er nich wusste, was sie wollten, bis ihm ein Bekannter erklärte dass sie Latweg meinten. 'Was' sagt er 'Latweg-Applebutter, Applebutter-Latweg, was en Sproch! Wann sie Latweg gewollt hen, for was hen sie net Latweg g'sat!'" A younger man under such circumstances would have been apt to take refuge in a Dictionary.

Even to the present day the oldest inhabitants delight in requiring, especially of those who have been away to school, the English equivalent of some common utensil or tool.

It is not by the introduction of English words alone that the disparity in numbers between Horne and Lins is to be explained. The latter has swelled the sum total by the introduction of compound words, and of what are not properly words but phrases; "moul-nei-henka," for instance, is not a word but an idiom; it must be said, however, that the book is not less valuable for these additions.

Finally Mr. Lins records many words that had not appeared in any previous compilation—on a small page of 62 words, I find four such new words—moshy, mosserich, mowlgrisht, mowlish. I have called the whole production a Word List rather than a Dictionary; there is no attempt to give the pronunciation of words—he says in his introduction that he follows the English method of spelling because that is used in the schools, he does not indicate parts of speech, etc. He avows of his book that “Its aim is not money, and its object is not praise” and that it was not superfluous is shown by the fact that in 1895 a second edition was called for and this also is now sold out.





24. HENRY MEYER.

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Correspondence.

Genealogy of the Meyer Family.

Smull's Legislative Handbook.

Henry Meyer, of Rebersburg, Pennsylvania, was born December 8, 1840, in Center County, Pa. He learned the miller's trade, went to the war and, having lost a hand there, was obliged to find a different way of making a living. For several years he taught and studied, completing a course at the Keystone State Normal School at Kutztown in 1869. Next he taught in the Center County Normal School, and in 1875 and again in 1878 he was elected superintendent of the schools of the county, and in 1882 a member of the State Legislature.

He is the author of a genealogy of the Meyer family, and for a family reunion he wrote a poem "Die Alt Heemet"; the first stanza suggests Harbaugh:

Heit kumme mer noch emol z'rick
Ans alt Blockhaus nachst an der Krick
Der Platz wu unser Heemet war
Schun langer z'rick wie sechzig Yohr.

In reminiscential mood he leads his hearers up to a high mountain overlooking the Brush Valley, and points out all the scenes of their youthful pleasures, the old school-house, the sugar camp (he seems to be the only Pennsyl-

vania-German writer who has included this among his descriptions), the swimming hole, the crossroads store, the neighbor whose apple orchard the boys used to visit; at the close he turns their glance to the cemetery below, where many of their friends already lie and where soon they too will find eternal rest.

In "Der Alt Scharnschtee" he describes an old-fashioned log house—

Der alte Scharnstee war im Haus
 Vum Keller nuf bis owa naus
 Grad Mitta drin, wie'n schtarka fort
 Im Wind un Scharm en gut Support

 Am Winter Owet was en Freed
 Do hen die Buwa un die Meed
 Die Eltra un vielleicht der Schquier
 Im weita Ring dart g'hockt am Feier.

Then he goes on to describe the winter evening pastimes, the coming of the chimney sweep, and borrowing fire of the neighbors when the rains came down the chimney too heavily:

Gebreicha vun da alta Johre
 Sin viel nau leeder ganz verlora.

 Die Freind wu als ums Feier dart
 Rum g'hockt hen sin ah bal all fart
 Die Schee alt Zeit is ewig hi
 Doch ihr gedachtniss bleibt mir grie.

He strikes a note that is entirely unknown elsewhere in Pennsylvania-German writing, when he takes his Maud a-walking in the meadow where the violets blow, or they seek the shady places by the streams, and look into each other's eyes and see things they are too timid to tell, or

when, to shun the bumblebee, she buries her face on his shoulder and then :

Ach ihre Leftse sin so wohr
Gedufte wilde Rose gleich
Un nergets—woo sin sie in G'fohr
So oft as wie in sellem Deich.

Die Maud hut Backe roht wie Blut
Un hut en schtimm wie'n Nachtigall
Un ihre Kisses wees ich gut
Sin Honig sees im Heckedahl.

Such subjects are not on the tongue of Pennsylvania Germans, and Meyer stands alone in having even referred to them, not to speak of having given them explicit treatment. Even when he taught "Mei Schtettel Schul" he had a sweetheart 'mongst the pupils :

Es kumme uft in mei Gemeet
Juscht wie en alt bekanntes Lied
Dehl G'schichte wu mol g'schene sin
In meine Schul am Schtettel drin.

Ich winsch ich kennt in scheene Dichte
Verzehle selle alte g'schichte
Un kennt ah kalle noch emol
Die Roll vun selle Schuler all.

But Katie would no longer answer to the roll, her seat would be empty, Katie to whom his eye would ever wander (and it seems she reciprocated his feelings) :

Un wann ich als en Blick hab g'schtohle
Sie war jo schuhr en z'rick zu hole.

Katie often broke his rules :

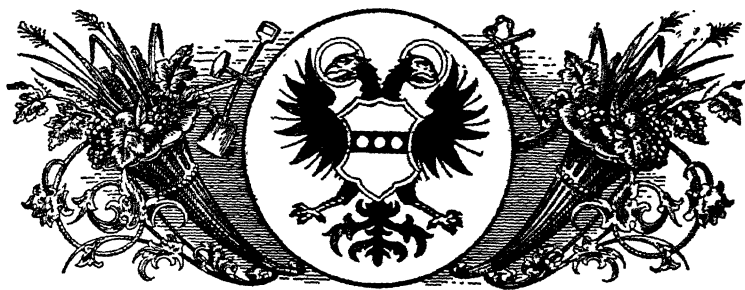
Un awer 'n Blick vun ihra Ahge
Halt mich vun beese Worte sage.

En Fashion newig mich zu sitze
Hen g'hatt die grosse Meed, die Knitze
Un bettle dass ich helfe deht
Ihr Sums zu rechla uf de Schleht.

When Katie came it took him twice as long to show her
how. But:

Es roht und golde Meepel Laub
Bedeckt schun oft ihr greenes Graab
Un wann ich dort so traurig schteh
Scheint's mir ich wer net ganz alle.





25. HARVEY MILLER (SOLLY HULSBUCK).

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Pennsylvania German, Vol. VII, 6, 328; Vol. VIII, 4, 192.

Works:

Pennsylvania-German Poems Elizabethville, Pa., 1906.

Pennsylvania-German Stories, Elizabethville, Pa., 1907.

Pennsylvania-German Poems, II.

Poems of Childhood, Elizabethville, Pa., 1908.

Harmonies of the Heart, Elizabethville, Pa. No date.

Solly Hulsbuck—the pseudonym under which Harvey M. Miller of Elizabethville, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, sends out his literary productions—bids fair to become the most voluminous writer in the dialect, Harter having ceased producing and Grumbine, and Rauch's contributions never having been collected. During the ten years since Miller began writing, he has issued in book form Pennsylvania-German Poems in two editions (1906), each of which required a second printing within six months after first publication; Pennsylvania-German Stories in prose and verse (1907), a second volume was issued later. The last mentioned constitutes a book of nearly two

hundred pages. Each of these books has exceeded in size the one preceding it, and as Mr. Miller is still a comparatively young man—he was born at Elizabethtown, Pa., in 1871—and as there seems to be no decrease in the demand for his work, a large production may still be expected from him.

In ancestry he is of Würtemberg stock on his father's side, while on the mother's side he traces his descent from German and English stock, the latter in direct line from the family of Mary Ball, the wife of Augustine Washington and the mother of George Washington.

The dialect was the only spoken language he knew when he entered school at ten years of age, for though he read English as taught at home, he did not understand English when addressed by the teacher. It was the dialect poems also, especially those of Harbaugh, that were his favorite recitations at school on Friday afternoons. The frequency with which he recited these and the consequent fluency he acquired obtained for him invitations to recite also before the pupils of the high school. This was his nearest approach to the high school. The tones of Harbaugh struck a responsive chord in his own heart, and presently thoughts akin to those began trooping through his own brain and urged him to give them tuneful form. He has told me how, at dead of night, he often wakes up with the substance of a poem ringing through his brain, and how he cannot sleep until he gets up and has committed it to paper.

His first productions were nevertheless in English, and the very first ones he published are contained in an artistic little volume entitled "Harmonies of the Heart" which is literally the work of his own and his wife's hands, even to setting the type, printing, sewing, binding and embel-

lishing—for above all other things, poet in English and the dialect, writer of prose in the dialect, writer on subjects connected with local history (he has contributed several series to the home paper *The Elizabethville Echo* and to several papers in Harrisburg), business man and secretary of the local board of trade—above all this, he is an artistic printer and a maker of artistic books. This first book brought him unsolicited letters of praise, among others from Dr. Marden, of *Success Magazine*, and Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler.

His first work in the dialect he announced as a volume of Pennsylvania-Dutch Poems on a wide range of subjects bearing on the daily experiences and philosophies of "our folk." In the second impression he changed Pennsylvania Dutch to Pennsylvania German, whereupon the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine*, and all those who are sensitive on this point applauded. The book is professedly humorous and the reviewer in the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* assured his readers it was "just the thing to drive away the blues," as in a private letter the editor speaks of having read it to his wife, "who laughed until the tears came." There are some of course who have "laughed at it" and to all intents and purposes said of it what Hans Breitman puts down as the criticism of his first book by "a Boston Shap"—

Dough he maket de beoples laughen
Boot dot vas only all.

Hans Breitman's reply, put into the mouth of a Dutchman, is equally appropriate here:

Twas like the saying dat Heine
Haf no witz in good or bad
Boot he only *kept saying* witty dings
To make beoples peliefe he had.

Indeed our author's wit is generally as spontaneous and free as it was when as a boy he had been compelled to listen to a long and tedious sermon by a new parson and at the end, when the preacher closed the book, he inquired "Hut aer now sell gros buch darch g'lasa?" Mr. Miller has at times anticipated the latest witticisms in our metropolitan humorous journals. The present writer was examining the files of papers published some ten years ago, containing some articles by Mr. Miller. The same evening he purchased a copy of the latest number of *Life* and was amused to find in it cartoons for which the Pennsylvania German he had been reading might have furnished the text. The identity extended even to the figures of speech and the same sort of things were held up to ridicule.

"Literature," says George E. Woodberry, "is an art of expression, the material it employs is experience . . . it endeavors to represent experience through the medium of language and bring it home to the understanding of the reader. It is obvious that literature makes its appeal to the individual and is intelligible only so far as the individual is able to comprehend its language and interpret the experience imbedded there." It is because our author has in satiric, humorous vein portrayed that which appeals to all who know Pennsylvania Germandom that he is popular. For instance, in every district where his book was read people recognized their own Billy Bloseroar, who goes down to the crossroads store, day in and day out, crosses one leg over the other and with a long face declares he has never had a show at all.

"Yah" sagt er "gawd fer zwanzich yohr
Bin ich do alle dawg am schtore,
Un ward geduldich far en chance,

Joe Hustler iss now sel net wohr—?

“Jah,” sagt der Joe

“Du huscht ken show

Du warscht success aw net bakondt

Wan’s maul juscht schofscht un net die hondt.”

“Di hussa sitz is blendy proof,

Dass du ken chance huscht in der Weltd,

Du bischt farflommt gaduldich, yah,

Gaduld iss ken exchange far Geld.”

So sagt der Joe

“Du huscht ken show,

Except am loafo dawg un nacht”

No hen die loafers all gelacht.

Wherever this selection has been read, people have named the character described; this spells universality, at least in so far as this word may be used at all when a *comparatively* small number of people make up the world he describes. This is why Mr. Miller’s selections in prose and verse have been copied by the papers in every dialect-speaking county in the state—over fifty of them. Under date of June 27, 1908, the *Center Democrat*, of Bellefonte, Pa., wrote: “We find that our people greatly appreciate reading these selections and as our supply is about exhausted we should like to hear if you have anything more to offer.” April 17, 1907, Hon. Chas. B. Spatz, editor of the *Berks County Democrat* and *Der Boyertown Bauer*, said: “Have been a great admirer of your work and have used selections frequently in our columns. We are more than anxious to read all you write.” In book form they have found their way as far south as Texas, west as far as Nevada, north to Canada, and east to New Hampshire; in fact, wherever Pennsylvania Germans have gone.

His verses “Augawanet”,

Es war amohl en certain kolb
 Dos rum gsucht hut far ufenholt.
 Un dorrich bush und hecka rum
 Hut's kolb en pawd gemocht gons grum,

have a wider application than Pennsylvania German; as he goes on and tells how that crooked path became in turn a dog's trail and a cow's path, a foot path for pedestrians who swore about it but did not make a straight one, then a lane, a village built around it, there arise before our eyes pictures of large cities which are no sooner visited by great fires or earthquakes than they begin to plan to simplify a system of narrow crooked streets. His own application, to be sure, is more general:

In dere welدت dun' blendy leit,
 Im olda waig fort doppa heit.
 Grawd we far oldars, shrift un sproch
 Un a kolb macht ma onner noch.

It should be added that this poem is an adaptation from the English.

The Star Independent, Harrisburg, has already called attention to the fact that his thoughts are not confined to those who ordinarily express themselves in Pennsylvania German, but have elements that are universal.

The amusement which the present writer has seen play on the features of parson and flock on the occasion of the reading of the poem beginning

Won der Porra coomt
 Waerdt rum gejump
 De euchre deck waerdt g'schwindt ferbrennt
 Es hymnbuch un es Teshtament
 Obg'schtawbt un uf der dish garennt,
 Won der Porra coomt

has indicated all too plainly that the author had known whereof he had written.

Another type he is fond of taking off is the man who is always ailing during the busy season of the year, but always recovers by the time the picnic season comes around. He laughs at those who are the easy marks of the "garrulous but shrewd and persistent 'Bicher Agent' who plays so successfully with the vanity of his would-be customer." This poem in particular attracted the attention of Richard Helbig, of the Lenox Library, New York City, and from him I have quoted almost all of the above sentence.

Of the dissatisfied farmer he concludes a short poem thus:

Wun's immer dawler waetza ware
Un het ken toxa un egshpense
Don ware de geld kischt nemohls lare
Und Bowera hetta aw en chance.

In 1650 an unknown poet in Augsburg wrote in similar strain:

Das Bauer werck ist nix mehr wert
Der Handel hat sich bald verkehrt,
Ist nix dabei als Müh und Gschwär,
Wolt, das der Teuffel ein Bauer wär.

Other points of similarity might be pointed out; thus do the satirists through all the ages find it necessary to hammer on the same old failings of humanity.

On the other hand, our author is full of real joy in the beauties of nature, whether she manifest herself in the blooming of the flowers, the waving of the golden grain, the singing of the birds, the patter of children's footsteps or the prattle of their voices, but he has no patience with

the thoughtless "back-to-the-country movement" of those who think they may enjoy its bounties without paying the proper price.

Wie sees is doch die summer tseit
 Es Paradies fum yor!
 En Himmel's bild fer ola leit
 Wu awga hen dafor.

Wos pikters sait mer uf de bame
 Mer kent net won mer wut
 Sel'r Rambo farba naksht so sha
 Sel war de hond fun Got.

O, mei hartz klupt dos es brumd
 Now, wun's free yohr wid'r kumt.

Ich sa es nuch, mei lewas kint
 Un's dut mer laed im hartz
 Bin shoor in Paradies er findt
 Ken hung'r, pein un schmartz
 Doch war's mer leeb un grosa lusht
 Un O! Got wase we fro
 Het ich mei bebeli uf da brusht
 War juscht mei engli doh!

Oh, de tswa klana shu- supposin ich het
 Sie nimma um ufa do
 Un ken kleene fees im trundle bet
 Wie bid'r wär's lava derno!

He extemporizes in masterful variations on the general theme of

Die weldt is nimme we se wore
 En hunnert yohr zurick.

1810.

Der Bower nemt sei Beev'l uf
 Un las'd ols owets ous em Buch
 De fraw hukt bei un singt en shdick
 Un So' un Duchd'r singa mit
 Recht orndlich.

1910.

Der Bower grikt Fildelfy "news"
 Full marderei fun kup zu foos,
 De Beev'l 's shtawwich uva druf
 De fraw gookt fashion bicher uf
 De duchd'r shbeeld de drumb'l boks
 Mit weisa hend we gips un woks
 Der So we in de city blets
 Shmoh'd lawda neg'l cigarets
 Gons shondlich.

Yet he is not a *laudator temporis acti* to the extent of wishing the good old days back; he is no pessimist, he would merely sound a warning:

Ei, wos en hunnert yor duch mocht
 Farenaring we dawg un nacht
 Bei Bower un bei ola leit.

Mer winsht's aw nimma we's mol wor
 Duch man'd mer's is a bis'l g'for—
 Leit werra in a hunnert yohr
 Tzu weldlich un zu Gotlos g'sheit.

One of Mr. Miller's very best poems was no doubt suggested by Tennyson's "Ring Out Wild Bells":

Ring'd, bella ring'd.
 Far fraed uf's Nei Yohr he
 Far bessra dawgæ forna drous
 Un freindlicher we de;

Far man'r leeb und wennich'r shond
 Far weinch'r shdreid un mae farshtond
 Un darch aweck en besser lond
 Ring'd, bella ring'd.

Dol'd bella dol'd
 Ous la'd far'n moncha seeza shtund
 Wu forhar unser war
 Ous sorya fer ferlawra zeit
 Far nidra driks un klan'r shbeit
 Un folshhad g'shwisha chentleleit
 Dol'd, bella dol'd.

Ring'd bella ring'd
 Kaling a ling, ka long
 Ringt's olt Yohr nous mit sorg und lad
 Uns Nei Yohr rei mit g'sung.
 Ring'd far en Shtondhoft menlichkad
 Rind'd loud mit lushd und fraed
 Far freeda und garechtichkaed
 Ring'd, bella ring'd.

Likewise in parody he has given many happy renderings. I have not yet spoken of the philosophy he develops for himself; how amid complaints of too much of this and too much of that, in our complex life,

Nix in der welt dos guter farshtond
 Kann alles darrich mocha.

He dilates on the pleasures to be drawn from a corn-cob pipe—*Mei alte Krutza Pife*; on the beauty of accepting things as they come, *Mer Nemts we's kumt*—and finally locates Heaven itself:

Dale schwetza fum Himmel we en lond wide aweck
 En blotz das ner nix waes derfun,
 Wu die leit all gechanged sin fun juscht cumner dreck

Un sin Engel und fliega dart rum.
Sie sawga sis arriyets ivver'm say
En mechtiger lunger weg fart,
Wu niemond sich kenna kon bis mer schier denkt
Die Leit sin all foreigners dart.

So mochts net feel aus ware schwetzt odder sucht
Far die awich und sees harlichkeit
Der Himmel is net im Geography Buch
Ovver naigscht bei em Hartz vun de Leit
Wun mer breederlich lebt wie die Schrift sagt mer set
Iss mer harlich und alles geht gude
Un won em de g'sundheit derno aw net fehlt
Iss der Himmel grawd unnich em Hut.

In his prose selections he usually writes on some timely subject—politics, flying machines, woman suffrage, the comet; on abstract subjects—pride, church-going, but, whatever the subject, he as a rule sends the truth straight home, making an appeal direct to his own people, who accept well-merited rebuke in good grace because administered by one of their own number and because the sarcastic comment is mingled with such playful humor that it is often difficult to tell whether the writer is in earnest or only making game.

On certain questions that have become the subject of great national agitation, the dialect writers are working hand in hand with the great metropolitan papers. To mention but one example—on a sane celebration of the Fourth of July. To a number of poems on this subject in my possession, our author has an essay in prose. Another of this writer's subjects illustrates how the dialect adapts itself to modern English slang—*Die Nei Runzel im Schpella*. When he applies to the dictionary that they propose making, he is in danger of getting such stuff

palmed off on him as government reports tell him he is really getting at the store nowadays when he imagines he is purchasing pure groceries—a wonderful mixture of unmentionable stuff “Ovver ich denk die nei Runzel im Shpella wart gae wie fiel onnera so narheita.”

The present writer asked him what had been the moving cause in leading him to do this sort of work, and he modestly phrased it thus: “My purpose in writing has been chiefly to meet a local demand for such literature, which demand seems to have been created after it became known that new matter of the kind could be manufactured at home. The first selections were written out of a spirit of humor, impulsively, and when the editor asked for more, the mill was kept running.” M. D. Learned has referred to Miller’s work as a valuable contribution to Pennsylvania-German literature.





26. CHARLES C. MORE.

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A literature may be produced or a literary work come into existence which owes very little if anything to other writings or writers of the same or preceding times but, as Kipling says,

When 'Omer smote his blooming lyre
E'd heard men sing by land and sea,

and for that reason, no doubt, he is Homer and not one of the forgotten ones who "sang by land and sea." As a general rule, if the writer has the power of assimilation, the wider, the broader and the deeper his acquaintance with other writers and other literatures, the better it will be for his own. And if he be a writer of dialect an acquaintance with other dialects and dialect writers operates in the same way. Now the writers of Pennsylvania German, many of them, did have some such acquaintance; Harbaugh was a student of the South German Hebel and also of the Scotch Burns, Fischer had particularly studied

Schandein and translated a number of Nadler's poems, Wuchter had lived abroad and knew German dialects as well as a number of the dialects of the French language, but in many instances the dialect literature of Pennsylvania shows a lack of originality and an imitative quality that are due to a shallow knowledge. A smattering of the rules of English versification and a desire, with not always a capacity, for rhyming are often the too thin excuse for making a poem. In prose it is especially clear that many newspaper writers, who, to be sure, never allowed their real names to be coupled with the names under which they wrote—were but poor imitators of Rauch.

Charles C. More had opportunities that were not vouchsafed to any other writer of Pennsylvania German, and he did not fail to take advantage of them. He was born in Allentown in 1851; his paternal ancestor had come from Alsace Lorraine, on his mother's side they were from Switzerland. Her father, Jacob Blumer, familiarly known as Father Blumer, was the second Reformed preacher at Allentown, and it was during his incumbency as pastor there that the "Liberty Bell" was buried under the floor of his church to save it from the hands of the British, who occupied Philadelphia.

At Allentown More attended the public schools, and later the Seminary, where he studied Latin under Hon. Jeremiah S. Hess. At the age of seventeen he went to Europe and studied in Berlin and taught German and French in Geneva, Switzerland, and in England, remaining in Europe nine years. In 1876 he returned to America, but the same year went back to Europe again and was appointed clerk of the American legation at Berlin, then under Bayard Taylor, and remained ten years. On his second return to America he entered upon the editorial

staff of the *Weltbote* and *Friedensbote* at Allentown and remained fourteen years, after which he entered the service of the Victor Talking Machine Company in the capacity of translator, and is still employed there.

While in Europe he had become familiar with different German and French dialects; these he was wont to compare with his own Pennsylvania-German dialect and as he did so he became convinced that it had as good a right to be as the best of them; he felt it ought to have its Fritz Reuters, its Klaus Groths, its Berthold Auerbachs or Hermann Naddlers. With Berthold Auerbach he was personally acquainted and he believed that Pennsylvania might have such dialect writers if as honest and as patriotic an effort were made to foster the dialect as dialect writers were fostered abroad. It was with thoughts like these in mind that he began in a desultory way to write dialect stories for the *Friedensbote*. Among a large number of contributions to that paper may be mentioned "Vergewe," "Unser Kongressman," "Weil sie Nachbare warn," and "Wie Krieg gemacht werd." From the start his newspaper stories were different from the common lot of such writings. Of the latter he said: "Our dialect is deserving of a better fate than to be bandied about in buffoonish attempts at humor with an aimless motive and a doubtful tendency," and he cites H. A. Schuler (elsewhere treated in this volume) who was at that time employed in the offices of the *Weltbote* as agreeing with him on this point. After the latter took editorial charge of the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine* More began to give more serious attention to his dialect stories, even deferring to the editor in the matter of spelling, though he often differed with him. More's stories are not newspaper letters but genuine "Short Stories" in the technical sense; in this sense

More is the first and only story writer the Pennsylvania-German dialect has, but his productions have a quality that at once puts their author among the best of those who have tried their hand at dialect.

“Der Wiescht Mann vun der Flett”—The Ugly Man of the Lowlands—was published in the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine*. “Die Flett” is the name given to a level stretch of land in Lower Macungie, Lehigh County, Pa., in which large quantities of iron ore were mined thirty or forty years ago. It was a mere coincidence that the man’s name was Wiescht, but he was possibly as ugly in appearance as it was possible for a man to be, but he had the kindness of heart which nature often grants to such creatures by way of compensation. In addition to all the rest he had been attacked by smallpox and left with fearful pockmarks. He worked in the ore mines and was teased about his appearance as never man was. But all that he would reply was: “Yes, fellows, my face may not be goodlooking but it has cost me much, perhaps more than life itself is worth,” and with that would return to his work, and he could work as no other, and as only a man who had wicked or sad thoughts to drive away would work. Charges were made that he was trying to “make up” to the boss, but he lived this down, for he was as uncommunicative to the latter as to his fellow workers. At even when the rest of the miners sat about and chatted he was busy about his hut or locked up in it and reading. One day the boss brought a lad to the mines, a boy who had come to the neighborhood with a band of gypsies, and put him to work by Wiescht’s side to drive a cart, and quartered him in Wiescht’s cabin—Fred Schmerger. But Wiescht paid no attention until one day the boy came back with his cart singing as a boy would, in a clear tone, an

old familiar song, whereupon Wiescht started up, his eyes bulged from their sockets, his red face became redder, as he looked at the lad, then he reeled and clutched at his heart. His fellows ran to his assistance, but quickly recovering his composure he went back to his shovel and worked harder and faster than he had ever done before, if such a thing were possible. As to the meaning of it all, his companions were no wiser than before except to note the change that came over Wiescht. From that day on he was all attention to the boy; he taught him his letters in the evening by lamplight, he bought him clothes, he planned to give him an education, to send him away to school.

Toward the miners he too became different, talked with them, told them of his plans, even became friendly to an Italian that worked in his gang, at times burst out singing with a voice that was only more ugly than his ugly face—then one day, the boy backed in his cart and inadvertently backed it over the Italian's foot; flying into a passion the Italian drew a knife and attacked the boy. Wiescht threw himself between the boy and the knife and in saving the boy's life, gave up his own. When the boy was sufficiently calmed to tell his tale it was learned that the boy's mother and Wiescht had been engaged but when she saw his face as the smallpox had left it, she took back her plighted word. Wiescht became a wanderer and finally landed at the mines. She married one Schmerger, the lad's father. The boy ran away from home with a band of gypsies and finally, tiring of that existence, came to the mines, where the boss received him and quartered him with Wiescht. The song of the lad was the voice of Wiescht's sweetheart, and when he looked on him more he saw the features of her face. For the sake of her who

had not been true to him, Wiescht devoted himself to the boy, making for him even the great sacrifice, giving his life for him.

This is the slender thread of More's story, a plot with which we may not quarrel, for it is a true story. In the case of a true story we can only find fault with him who tells it, if he selected one to tell which does not have in it elements that make it interesting, and it, therefore, does not differ from any sort of fact as a newspaper might chronicle it, or again, if in the telling he did not embellish it with such characteristics as would permit us to name the product literature, and our author did so adorn it. It is almost impossible to make illustrative selections of More's writings. The simplicity and the purity of his dialect is of a uniformly high order; there is only a minute percentage of English words, and yet in the hands of More it is not merely a means for narrating events. There is narrative, but there is also description, now of the rustic and again of the purely poetic type; there is philosophizing, there is pathos, there is humor. The whole story moves with its changing colors in a way that satisfies the rules of the "Short Story" writing game. And the author has put his imagination into it, for the searcher after exact facts of the life of Nathan Kebler, of Jackson Center, Lehigh County, Pa., will find it slightly different from the above sketch; yet our story is almost true to Goethe's canon: "Alles Erlebtes aber nicht wie es erlebt wurde." "Ich hab juscht gedenkt es deht sche so sounde," is the author's excuse for the license he has taken.

Note this bit of rustic description, the homely figures that belong to genuine dialect:

Er war en derrer, langer Mann mit arrig grossa Händ und ferchterlicha Fiess. Sei magerer, knochiger Kop hot am a dinna,

langa Hals schier grad vun da Schultera naus g'schtanna, wie en Knartz a am a Fenzarigel. Sei Backaknoch a hen sich rausg'schowa wie die Hifta am a derra Gaul, un sei Backa ware ei'g'falla wie an ra Geig. Sei Maul hot schier bis an sei flabbig e Ohra gereecht; sei Haut was so brau wir en g'schmokter Schunka, so runzlig wie en gederrte Quitt un so voll Parplamohler as en Sib is mit Lecher. Awer sei Nas erscht! Wie die Nadur a'g'fanga hot, sei Nas zu macha, hot sie wul ah net gewisst wann ufzuherra. War des awer'n Kolwa, un dazu war sie noch feierrot! Sie hot em grad gemahnt an en grosser Fingerhut, mit Lewer gedeckt;"

and then this philosophy:

Es is awer kee Mensch alliwer wiescht, juscht so w wennig wie er alliwer sch ee is. Die Nadur gebt uns Menscha immer ebbes mit for sel Ding gleich zu macha. Ma wieschta Mensch gebt sie gemeenerhand en gut Herz un ma scheena Mensch alsemol en Herz as net juscht so gut is. Viel wieschta Leit hen oft ebbes an sich, as sie viel schenner gucka macht wie's schenscht G'sicht sie gucka macha kennt. Viel scheena Leit hen alsemol Wege an sich, as sie wieschter gucka macha as der alt Harry. So war's juscht beim Johann Wiescht. Er hot en paar Aage g'hot as so trei, sanft un gutmuetig in die Welt nei geguckt hut, do hot mer seller Feierkolwa vun ra Naus ganz vergessa. Mer hot gemeent, mer deet ma kleena Kind in die Aage gucka; 's Herz is em dabei weech warre, un mer het en gleicha kenna wie sei eegner Bruder odder beschter Freind—wann er em gelosst het! Sei Aage hen awer immer so traurig un betrieht gaguckt as wann sie sich uf en Art wie sch a mma deeta, zu so ma wieschta G'sicht zu g'heera.

Mark these words full of pathos:

Ja, Ja, Buwa! Mei G'sicht is wul net sch ee, awer es hot mich viel gekoscht, arrig viel. Es hot gewiss meh gekoscht as mei ganz Lewe wert is, gewiss es hot, viel, viel meh. Dann is er widder an die Erwet un hot g'scheppt un gegrubbt as wie wann er arrig beesa un traurige Gedanka vertreiwa wot. Mer hot's em a'g'sehna, dass ebbes in seinra Bruscht schafft as wie en Bump, un darnoh sin

als paar Treena an seinra langa Nas runner geloffa uf die Grundsholla. Awer dann hot er erscht recht g'schafft!

And this ascent to real poetry:

So is der Summer verganga. 'S Schpotjohr hot die Blätter brau g'färbt; der kalt Wind hot sie vun da Beem gerissa un rumher g'schtreet.

But no other quality lends so much to giving the story value, nothing gives so much credit to the author as the *sustained* excellence of the dialect, which, whatever mood it has as to color, is always no more and no less than the Pennsylvania-German dialect, simple and pure.

In an entirely different vein he has written "En wieschter Draam."

Geschter war ich noch g'sund un munter, heit lei ich do un bin doot! Ich hab immer gemeent, wann mer mol doot wär dann deet mer nix meh vun sich wissa; awer do lei ich, bin doot un wees es, un kann es doch net helfa. Alsemol meen ich, ich wär juscht schei' doot un deet bal widder zu mer kumma; noh is mer's als widder as wann mei Geischt iwwer mer Schwewe deet un deet mich recht draurig a'gucka, weil mer so g'schwind vun nanner missa. . . . Was ich awer gar net begreifa kann is das ich nau alles viel besser sehn un versteh as wie ich noch gelebt hab. Ich kann jo grad in die Menscha nei sehna un ihra Gedanka lesa. Do is mei Frah . . . un dann der Coroner un die Tschury. . . . Nau kummt der Undertaker. . . . Die Nochbera. . . .

The thoughts of all of these he turns over in half playful fashion. On the edge of the grave the coffin turns turtle and falls—"Bums! Was g'happent is? Ei du bischt aus'm Bett g'falla," says his wife. "Noch dem soll sie mer awer ken Lewer meh brota for Supper!"

"Es Wash Heller's ihra Grischdagszug" and "Der Hexedoktor" are two others that run the whole gamut of

family joys and sorrows, in both of which happiness properly triumphs in the end.

The last one to be mentioned here, and probably his masterpiece, "Die Kutztown Mail," is a sort of German "Evangeline" with its last scenes staged in "Drexler Schtättel"—"Es war im Jahr 1858 as die Mäg in en gleeenes Blockhaus gezoge is as von der Union Kerrich iwwer die Schtross gestanne hot. Sellemols hot noch en schöner Busch um sel Häusel gschtanne un der Weg noch Kutztown is zwische der Kerch un sellem Busch vorbei gange wie heut noch."

The man who moved her and her belongings into the house did not get much information out of her as to her previous history, and curious neighbors who tried to draw her out got a sharp answer and no satisfaction. "Die alt deitsch Mäg wie die Leit sie gheesa hen hot juscht ee Freed uf der Welt ghat—der Union Kerrichhof."

Wann sie net im Busch ghockt hot un hot gelessa un gedromt, dann war sie im Kerrichhof un hot an da Grewer rum gschaftt—un ah gedromt, odder iwer die Leit gscholta, as ihra Dodta vergessa un vernachlesige. "Sis arrig," hot sie als for sich hiegebrummt wie's hergeht uf da Welt. Do heila die Menscha un dowa, wann ebber schterbt, un da meh as sie heila, da gschwinter weschen die Dhreena's Adenka aus em Sinn—grad wien Schtarm, da wieschter as er dobt da gschwinter is er vorbei! Des do sin awer nau mei Dodta, un ich vergess sie net, awer Bluma blanz ich ihna, un ich mach den Kerrichhof so schee, as es en Freed is, zu schterwa un do begrawa sei; un wann ich dann ah mei Ruh findt, dann geh ich zu ihna schlofa, un dann bliehen die Blume ah for mich; un ebbes secht mer, dann falla ah von da Bletter uf sei Grab.

Then she would draw a little picture on a gold chain from her bosom, and a few tears would roll down her cheeks and she would sit and dream until disturbed by the

approach of the Kutztown mail "Fer die Mäg hut juscht ee Druvvel g'hat—die Kutztown Mail." The driver of this coach was Ignatz Martin, a person "luschtig wie's eener gewa hot, so lang as er um Leit rum war.. War er awer allee so hot er oft da Kop henka lossa un hot Seifzer ausgschtossa as en arrig schweres Herz verrota hen." And he too would at times draw a picture from somewhere in the region of his heart and gaze at it long and gloomily, then suddenly stick it away again and begin to whistle or sing as though afraid to be sad.

Now the end of our story is clear or pretty nearly clear; and so it soon is with most stories, we no longer need to turn to the last chapter to find out what the end will be, and so it has become the artist's task to keep us interested not by the end itself but by the method of reaching that end. Nor are we disappointed in our story teller here.

It so happened that Mäg felt a particular aversion to the fish horn that Natz blew, and also that he soon learned of this and blew it all the louder as he approached her house. Now one day, late in summer, she had prepared herself to teach the scoundrel manners; and when she heard him approach she rushed to the street brandishing a little club, and shaking her fists at the coach that was coming nearer, when suddenly she became very tired and sank down on a bank neath a rose bush, as though she would choke; then a mist formed before her eyes and out of the mist a hand seemed to show her pictures out of the past. She saw herself a school lass, blue-eyed, rosy cheeked, happy; then she saw another picture of a green field with flowers growing all around and a young fellow with a student's cap who has just adorned her hair with flowers and demanded a kiss and a race through the fields, the capture

and the delivery of the not unwelcome kiss; then another happy one and she saw a betrothed pair and she put out her hand as though she would grasp it, then followed a dark one in which there was disturbance in the land and people talked much about Equality, Liberty and Fraternity. In the name of that Equality people persecuted each other; they drove each other out of the country in the name of that Liberty and in the name of that Fraternity they shot each other and over it all they wrote Civilization, but the world calls it the Revolution of 1848. Then followed another picture of darkness and she stood by the side of a young man and dressed him in women's clothes and said goodbye, for he had stood up for the people, but the government had been stronger. In another dark night she herself starts after him to America to find him, and also to save herself, for she had aided a Revolutionist. Now a long dark road stretched out before her, ever one face is before her, leading her hither and thither until at last she sees herself only a shadow, and, too tired to move further, she sinks down, her eyes still fixed on that countenance, then her head droops on her breast and the white hand out of the mist smooths out the wrinkles from her brow and removes the melancholy look which grief and unsatisfied longing had put into her eyes.

Da Wind hot paar Rosabletter runner gebrocht un hot sie uf ihra Schulter gelegt, un die letschta Schtrahla von da Owedsunn hen die Farb ufgfanga un hen sie uf ihra Backa gdhu un hen sie so schee un herrlich un zufridda gucka macha, wie sellemols, wie er sie gfrogt hot, eb sie sei wer un gepischpert "Ewig dei!" Un wie sie nanner ihra Picters gewa un ewiga Drei gschwora hen."

While the pictures were passing before her eyes the coach had rapidly come up and Natz was ready to have his fun with Mäg, cracks the whip, gives a shout, blows

the horn that the woods reëcho the sound, for he sees her sitting ahead prepared to give him a warm reception. But as they go flying by, a doctor who is a passenger calls on Natz to stop—"Do is ebbes letz." He makes an examination and pronounces her dead. They carry her into the house and a picture falls from her neck. On a dresser they find a bundle of papers and because they seem to be written in German they are passed on to Natz. He opens and the first that comes into his hand is a printed card

Ignatius Michael Martin
und
Margaretha Johanna Reitz
Verlobte

Freiburg in Baden, den 17ten September 1847.

and with a "Barmherziger Gott, finde ich meine Gretel so" he reels, staggers to the porch, falls and is dead. The papers, when finally read, told briefly her story, including the long years of fruitless search for each other in America as they had promised each other and how she had finally purchased a lot in this cemetery in the hope that there in a forgotten grave she might find the rest not vouchsafed her in life. She had further expressed the conviction that her Ignatz would find her there and then they would be together in the grave. "Sie hen die Zweek neewich nanner begrawa, un so hot die Mäg doch recht ghat wie sie geprophezeit hot: 'Dann falla fun da Blätter ah uf sei Grab.'"

To have written such a story and in the purest, truest dialect is its own argument and ought effectually to satisfy all who doubt the capacity of the dialect or the ability of its writers. More has said that dialect stories can be written which hold the mirror up to Nature, and we need

not stoop to vulgarisms to attract attention, for the dialect combines that much vaunted Irish wit with the good old homely German humor; we need only be imbued with an honest pride in our ancestry and their language, and then the dialect will live by its own momentum. More has done more than an ordinary man's share to make it live.

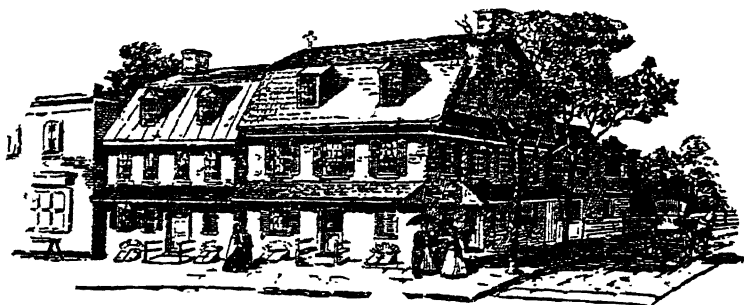
He has also written poetry; in a few poems he chronicles witty incidents out of child life, "Der Tschellyschlecker" and "Unschuld'g G'schtrofft." In probably his best one, entitled: "Die Schatta uf der Krick," he writes:

An der Lecha haw ich g'sotza
Un in die Wella g'schaut.
Um mich rum hen Vogel g'sunga
Un Neschter sich gebaut.
Ihra Schatta, wie die Wolka
Sin g'schwumma uf der Kirck,
Dann in weiter Fern verschwunna;
Doch ihr Lied, des blieb zurick.

Then after several stanzas of musing he questions:

Wie werd es dann mit mir mol geh,
Wann ich ah nimme bin
Wann ich muss heemwärts wandra
Ins Schattaland weithin?
Werd ah mei Bild so schwewa
Dann versinka aus'm Blick?
Der Dood, der dann mei Schmerz fartnemmt,
Losst er mei Lied zurick?

To which unanimously ought to be given the comforting answer, yes, More, your songs will live, but your stories have a stronger claim and deserve to live longer even than your songs.



27. ELWOOD L. NEWHARD.

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On May 25, 1878, the Opera Comique in London saw the premiere of the second one of the Gilbert and Sullivan Light Operas that was destined to have a wide popularity, "H. M. S. Pinafore." It had a straight run of 994 nights in London before the public ceased to be amused. On the 25th of November, 1878, it was sung at the Boston Museum and in January, 1879, in New York. In the autumn of 1879 it had its first authorized production in New York, the authors themselves coming from London to assist in the direction, and on December 1 it was sung in the Fifth Avenue Theater. It took the popular fancy in America as it had done in England and year after year company after company went on the road to sing it, but even this was not enough to satisfy lovers of light song.

Musical directors with dramatic talent, or a musical director accompanied by a person who was skilfull in developing latent histrionic talent, travelled about the country organizing and training local companies for home productions. The vogue was nation-wide and in San Francisco "H. M. S. Pinafore" was burlesqued as "His Mud Scow Pinafore," and this too had its share of the glory as produced by the San Francisco Minstrels. Moreover, the favor the opera enjoyed was not of the fleeting kind. Repeatedly it has been revived and that too by such distinguished leaders as Maurice Grau and Henry Savage in 1908 and the Schuberts in 1911.

It remained for Alfred Charles Moss and Elwood L. Newhard, of Allentown, to translate almost all of it into the Pennsylvania-German dialect as: "H. M. S. Pinafore, oder Das Maedle und ihr Sailor Kerl" and to produce it with such success that all of eastern Pennsylvania wanted to hear it, that Elwood L. Newhard, who assumed the rôle and created the character of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., the Dutch Admiral, entered the professional field in other light operas under the management of Moss, that later Messrs. Aschbach and Alexander, theater managers of Allentown, put a professional company on the road to sing Pennsylvania-Dutch "Pinafore" with Elwood L. Newhard in the rôle that he had created. The latter carried it into practically every theater city of the state with unvarying success. Newhard has sung the part of Sir Joe as an amateur and as a professional, with local companies and with travelling companies both amateur and professional, more than three hundred and fifty times, and the several songs at public and private gatherings and at local entertainments for charitable purposes numberless times.

The translation was a collaboration, but of a peculiar kind; Moss was a musician, a composer and director, and while he understood the dialect he did not speak it; on the other hand Newhard was a Pennsylvania German whose ancestors had come from Germany almost fifty years before the Revolution, was thoroughly familiar with the dialect, was a singer and had had considerable experience as a stage manager. Moss's chief interest was in getting singable lines. Night after night did Moss and Newhard sit together trying out this phrase and that, one method and another, of rendering the songs of "Pinafore," always seeking the expression that they could sing best without being too scrupulous about how literal it was; they did not hesitate sometimes to say the exact opposite of the original where an opportunity offered to make a joke but they did not deviate from the main theme, and their translation easily admitted of having the libretto printed in parallel columns with the original English version. In order to get the point of view of the translators it is necessary to remember that they called their work a burlesque translation, and to note that their object was to give their audience the songs of the opera in Pennsylvania German, and good fun in the dialogue. The dialogue was translated largely for, and probably mostly by, Newhard himself.

A brief sketch of Elwood L. Newhard is necessary here in order to understand better the manner of the translation.

Elwood L. Newhard, who was born in Allentown in 1858, was a descendant of one of the three Newhard brothers who came to this country from Rotterdam in the ship *St. Andrew* in 1737; and on September 26 took the oath of allegiance before John Logan, president of the

colony. They had come from Zweibrücken, where an earlier ancestor, who had been armorer to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, had received an estate from that ruler.

The subject of this sketch was educated in the public schools of Allentown, learned, and for a time followed, the trade of cigarmaker, but his youthful ability as a contortionist and trapeze performer, his ability as a joke-smith and a funmaker soon led him toward the profession that devotes itself to affording entertainment and amusement to others. As a mere boy he joined Stone and Murray's circus, at the age of seventeen Monroe and Willing's Minstrels and later organized and travelled with Stevens' Minstrels. Returning to Allentown in 1880, he became the next year proprietor of the Snyder House, in 1883 produced "Pinafore," the next year entered upon his career as an actor and light opera singer, became manager of the Fountain Hill Opera House, South Bethlehem, and with G. C. Aschbach, of Allentown, manager of the Eastern Pennsylvania Circuit; subsequently he became an advertising agent of the Jersey Central Railroad; entering politics, he was elected Clerk of the Courts when Lehigh County for the first time in its history elected a complete Republican county ticket.

Since the close of his professional career there has not been a single year that he has not appeared in minstrel, vaudeville or other local entertainment for the benefit of some lodge, or church, but most frequently for the relief of the poor. It is said that in proportion to his means he has given—having raised by entertainment—more money than any other person in the city. On such occasions he appears as endman in popular darkey songs or as "our own Dutch Comedian" in Hans Breitmann Ballads,

or better yet Pennsylvania-German "Pinafore" selections, or in Pennsylvania-German parodies of his own compositions in which he takes off local characters or local events. In all of these events he is the contortionist over again; when he rises and pulls his face awry or strikes an attitude the house begins to titter, and when he opens his mouth to say something it usually "brings down the house."

It was in his younger days that the people began to expect him to say the funny thing in an odd way and to accompany it with the unusual posture or gesticulation. This situation must have been in mind, at least subconsciously, when he and Moss made their translation.

To illustrate from the very first song in Pinafore:

Mir fahren auf der meer;
Unser schiff is shay un shteady;
M'r drinken nix oss beer
Un m'r sinn aw immer ready,

is not an exact translation of

We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty,

yet the first two lines are as nearly an accurate version as necessary, the third line would be the utterly unexpected to those familiar with the English, and those who were not would look upon it as the traditional thing to be said of a Dutchman and both would be surprised by the way in which the clever translation of the fourth line seems to refer to the preceding one. A still greater surprise was in store for all when the same song recurred in a different part of the opera and after the first lines with slight variation for rhyme:

Mir fahren auf der say,
Unser schiff is shay un shteady

there follows with more and more emphasis to the end of the line

M'r drinken nix oss tay
Un m'r sin aw immer ready.

The recitative after the opening chorus is changed into a dialogue which brings out the same facts of the story; Little Buttercup's aria is a pretty close translation, although for rhyme's sake some of the objects she offers for sale are differently arranged; Englis' Toffy and Polony very properly become American Taffy and Bologna, while one or two untranslatable names or possibly names that would not fit into a line are very naturally replaced by German Schnitz un Kaduffla.

In the dialogue that follows we discover more of the method of translation. A long English speech sometimes could be better expressed by a short one in the dialect, and *vice versa*, an English joke or pseudo ponderous expression often could not be turned and was omitted; on the other hand, a dialect witticism could sometimes be rung in where there was none in English, while the last line of the second dialogue where Buttercup says "Ha that name, remorse, remorse" warns us that from this time forth our translation will be macaronic, some of the spoken parts as well as some of the songs not having been translated at all. When the captain enters and says "My gallant crew—Good Morning" the sailors respond with "Gude Morya." When he sings "I am the Captain of the Pinafore" they respond in an excellently turned line "Un 'n nummer ains Cap bisht du" as rendering "and a right good captain too." Throughout the captain's opening song he sings altogether in English while the responses of the sailors are

sometimes in dialect and sometimes in English, thus the captain's

You're exceedingly polite
And I think it only right
To return the compliment

becomes in the response

Mir sin iveraus polit.
Un er mehnt es wer yusht right
Wen er uns aw compliment,

while the last chorus remains English:

Hardly ever swears a big big D
Then give three cheers and one cheer more
For the well-bred captain of the Pinafore.

The interlocution that follows the captain's statement that he "never swears a big big D"

Sailors—What never?

Captain—No, never!

Sailors—*What never?*

Captain—Hardly ever.

and which is repeated several times in the course of this song becomes very happily

Sailors—Was Gar net?

Captain—Nay, Gar net.

Sailors—*Was, Gar net?*

Captain—Well, sheer gar net.

The words with which the captain announces Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in the dialect are better calculated to put emphasis on the coming of that exalted personage than the words of the original; instead of "Now give three cheers, I'll lead the way" he announces "Do kummt der Jo, Now geb drei cheers." The first words the latter

sings as introducing himself affixed themselves permanently to Elwood L. Newhard as identifying him with the character to which he gave origin "Ich bin der Kaynich fun der meer." In the second stanza we are introduced to still another feature of the rendering of the translation and that is the use of the Hans Breitmann style of "Dutch dialect" when he sings:

Ven at enker here I ride
My buzzum swells mit bride
Und I snep my fingers on der foeman's taunts.

Immediately after this comes the famous dialect song:

Wie ich als noch en krutzer war
Hov ich offis getend for en lawyers paar, etc.,

which is reprinted in the later editions of Horne's Manual under the caption "wie der Woody Newhard es als singt." At the same place is an illustration showing the stage setting for the reception of the "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," "un sei schwester un sei cousins un sei aunts."

From this time on, although by far the larger part of the opera is in the Pennsylvania-German dialect, the audience never knows when a speaker may reply in English, when the chorus may sing a response or a stanza in English or when a solo or a single stanza of a solo may be in English, or, if Sir Joe sings or speaks, whether it is going to be in Pennsylvania German or in the Hans Breitmann style. Sir Joe is true to his character and never lapses into pure English; his skilful use of the Hans Breitmann style, and the use of exaggeration for the purposes of burlesque, might be illustrated by the way he renders "Away with him; have you such a thing as a dungeon on board" which becomes "Got oud; haf you got such a ding as a benitentiary on board?" The rule of transla-

tions seems to have been to use Pennsylvania German in all cases where it lent itself to translation and where it did not to let the others retain English but make Sir Joe use the Hans Breitmann type. The translators showed good sense in tacitly confessing that not everything in the English language can be translated into the Pennsylvania-German dialect.

But the highest triumph of Pennsylvania-German "Pinafore" was not so much its translation as its presentation. The best musical and dramatic talent of Allentown was searched out, and early in 1883 it was produced and became an amazing success. Among others, besides Moss and Newhard, who contributed to its success, we find G. C. Aschbach, all his life connected with the theater in Allentown, who was manager; A. N. Lindenmuth, now the well-known photographer, who was stage artist and took the part of leader of the marines; Samuel C. Schmucker, now professor at the West Chester State Normal School and widely known as a lecturer, in the character of Ralph Rackstraw; Benjamin Sadtler, Jr., son of Professor Sadtler, of Muhlenberg College, and himself later a distinguished educator, as Dick Deadeye; while among the rest as well as among the sixty members of the chorus appear such names as Schock, Eckert, Shankweiler, Hersh, Leh, Pretz, Barber, Werley, and dozens of other names prominent in the business and social life of the city.

But the success of the production was not confined to Allentown; all eastern Pennsylvania wanted to hear it, and town after town did hear it; when presented at South Bethlehem a high official of the Bethlehem Steel Company gave a banquet to Newhard and his company "un sei schwester un sei cousins un sei aunts" and entertained them at his house. It now became the custom for the towns to

furnish the chorus and Newhard the company, thus in Reading the Philharmonic Society of that city furnished the chorus and the huge pretzel (Reading) filled with peanuts (Allentown), which was presented to Newhard after the performance, showed how completely he had captured the affections of the rival city. At a testimonial banquet tendered his company some time later, each member was presented with a copy of the libretto bound in Russia leather and inscribed as follows:

READING, May 18, 1883.

In presenting this libretto, the Philharmonic Society, through its managers, takes this method of showing its appreciation and extending its hearty thanks and well wishes to the Ladies and Gentlemen who so kindly and ably assisted in the production of this very popular and pleasing Opera of Pinafore in Pennsylvania German.

May your ship be "immer shteady"
In your voyage through life's "say"
When your time comes "alfert ready"
By drinking "Nix oss Tay."

W. S. MILLER

D. P. SCHLOTT

F. S. JACOBS

D. C. CLOUS

G. L. KESTNER, JR.

I. Y. SPANG

A. SNAVELY

When Newhard, under the management of Moss, went on the professional stage with a play, "Professor Goldschmidt," written by Moss for Newhard, the venture was capitalized on the success of "Pinafore" and Newhard was everywhere advertised as he of the Dutch Admiral fame, or as creator of the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in Dutch "Pinafore."

When Moss entered upon another field of activity, Messrs. Aschbach and Alexander, theater managers of

Allentown, commissioned Newhard to organize a professional company to sing Dutch "Pinafore." Newhard was now confronted with a different task, that of finding professional singers who could be trained to sing and speak in the dialect. He realized his difficulty and tells how, at least in several instances, he found it easier to train English-speaking persons to a proper use of the Pennsylvania-German dialect than persons who knew High German and not the dialect. It was probably with this company that a Lebanon critic found fault for not handling the dialect correctly. The newspaper clipping from which this information was culled was not dated, but it is hardly possible that it referred to Newhard's local amateurs on the occasion when they were assisted by a chorus of Lebanonites.

On this professional tour he travelled as far as Pittsburgh; also sang at Altoona, Harrisburg, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Pittston, Shenandoah, and almost every theatre city of Pennsylvania. "At last we are to see and hear that most amusing of comic operas, Pinafore, rendered in this city in the Pennsylvania-German vernacular!" exclaims the Lancaster New Era when the period of training the local chorus was over and the date for its production was announced, and its musical and dramatic critic, after he had almost exhausted the dictionary for figures of speech and invective for abuse of the dialect as a dialect, admitted that the audience had been agreeably disappointed in getting more in the way of good music and good acting than it had expected.

Frequently in the course of its many revivals—it has been sung for upwards of thirty years, the last time complete in 1910—it roused local jealousies; thus in 1901, when the *Reading Herald* was considering ways and means

for keeping Reading to the front while Allentown was pluming herself on her Dutch "Pinafore," the *Philadelphia Inquirer* sagely remarked: "In a certain sort of way it may be all right for those Reading fellows who cannot sing to allude with doubtful emphasis to the 'beauty' of the recent performance of 'Pinafore' in Pennsylvania German in Reading, but after all what does that count? The silver thread in the cloud for the Allentonians is that they have given the opera four times in their city and once in Reading and upon every one of those occasions they were cordially applauded. Meanwhile, what has Reading done in the musical line that exceeds Allentown's effort? The *Inquirer* will be most happy to chronicle it, whatever it was."

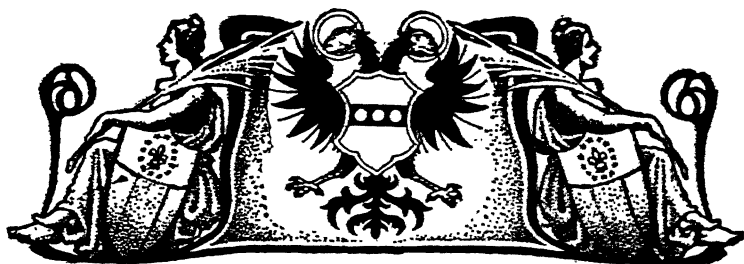
An additional element in the funmaking and one which depends entirely on the actor was improvisation. Newhard was an adept in bridging that narrow chasm that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Thus we are told that in the scene where the admiral appears in all the stateliness of his exalted rank, as he scans the line of seamen drawn up on the stage to do him honor, when everybody in his august presence is waiting with breathless impatience for the first words to fall from his lips, he addressed the favored star, as he halted before him and saluted him, with the words "Du huscht Zwiwwla gessa" and evoked shouts of laughter. Moreover he was always well supplied with local hits and "take offs" on well-known characters in the town where he was playing, which his quick wit enabled him to inject into the dialogue at opportune places to the infinite delight and amusement of his audience.

Nevertheless there was a serious side to it all and there was always good music provided, the costumes were of

the finest and many towns confessed that none of the numerous companies that went the rounds with "Pinafore" in English had set the stage so splendidly as had Newhard.

It remains to show the hold that Newhard and his Dutch Admiral had, especially on the local operatic following, by quoting an incident from the *Allentown Chronicle*: "The announcement that when the Robinson Opera Company came to town Wood Newhard would sing Dutch 'Pinafore,' created something of a sensation. It is a long time since our citizens had the pleasure of hearing Sir Jo in Pennsylvania Dutch, it will be a charming novelty to hear that worthy exclaim 'Ich bin der Kaynich fun der Meer.' Now if Miss Walker could only sing 'Ich bin des schae glae Buttercupja' what a remarkable treat that would be."

The next week the company went on to another city but "Woody" went back to his duties as Clerk of the Courts. A number of times during the period when "Pinafore" was most popular, the Allentown theater manager put Newhard on to sing dialect when an English company was on the circuit; it was usually in response to regrets expressed at such times that not more of it was in the dialect, that Newhard was induced frequently to revive it with local amateur assistance. Moreover, his ambition is not yet satisfied; after singing it in so many cities, he fain would take it to the metropolis of the state and there is no reason why he should not. All who enjoy the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera must with a good company also enjoy this Pennsylvania-German version, while to the multitudes in our cities who came from the farms and smaller towns of eastern Pennsylvania it would be a rare treat to hear the familiar dialect of their youth above the footlights.



28. THOMAS J. B. RHOADS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND OTHER SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Biographical History of Berks County. Montgomery, Chicago, 1909.

Onkel Jeff's Reminiscences of Youth and Other Poems, Boyertown, 1906.

Personal correspondence.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN SOCIETY, Vol. V, 165.

Dr. Thomas J. B. Rhoads, of Boyertown, graduated from the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1861 and shortly after that entered the army as assistant surgeon. After the battle of Gettysburg his regiment was mustered out and he returned to Boyertown, where he has been engaged in multifarious undertakings, drugs, mines, insurance, banks, real estate, theaters being his principal lines; as local politician and as a member of local fraternities he has held almost all offices in the gift of his friends. With all this he kept up for fifty years an extensive practise as physician.

It was while making the rounds of his patients and especially when, as was not infrequently the case, he had to take long drives of eight to ten miles at night that he "meditated the thankless muse" with the result that two volumes of verses of 400 pages each gradually formed themselves. Those called "Onkel Jeff's Reminiscences of Youth" are for the most part in English, although a num-

ber are in dialect, while sundry of his dialect poems have appeared elsewhere since the publication of the books (1905).

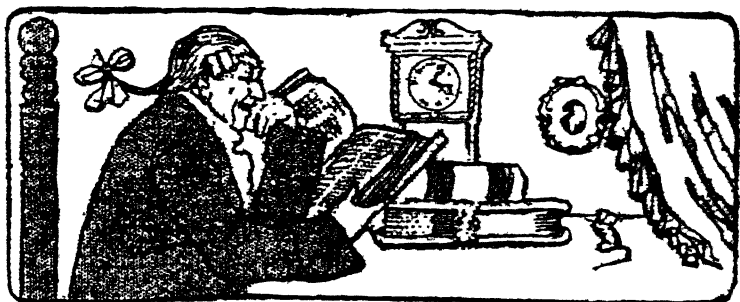
One of his earliest effusions, "Die Whiskey Buwe," describes all the excuses drinkers offer as they step up to the bar and explain why they must have a drink. In "Das Alt Achteckig Schulhaus" he compares the three months' school in the year with the present systems of school all the year round and day and night, compares the simple curriculum with those in vogue at present, which include everything from buchtabiere to skriweliere, philosophiere and karassiere, with many other "iere's," and concludes

Wann mer denkt die lange Zeite
 Wu sie in die Schule gehne
 Vun sex Johr nuf bis zwanzig
 Sollt mer doch gewiss ah mehne
 Sie sotte bessere Larning hawe,
 Sotte g'scheidt sei wie die Parre
 Oft mols sin die höchst gelernte
 Am End doch die grösste Narre.

In "Neue Mode" he seems to have a special incident in mind, everything is changed by fashion's decree, even the Lord's Prayer has been supplanted:

Die Sache werre ganz verdreht
 Der schwarz Gaul ie en Schimmel
 Fer Kinner nemt's en neu Gebet
 Un bald en neuer Himmel.

Probably his best is the descriptive poem "Es Latwerg Koche fer Alters"; here he tells the story in greater detail than is to be found in poems on the same subject by others, and also in smoother meters than is his own wont.



29. ADAM STUMP.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Correspondence and interviews.

Pennsylvania College (students' publication).

Pennsylvania-German Magazine.

Adam Stump has been a preacher in his native county of York, Pa., for the last twenty-one years, after having been five years a missionary to Nebraska, before which he preached four years in York and Adams counties. The first member of the Stump family came to America in 1710; several other lines of ancestry he traces to a period nearly as early.

After leaving the farm in 1871, at the age of seventeen, he studied at York Academy; taught school for two years, then entered the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg and upon graduation took the course in the Lutheran Seminary at the same place.

His poems are all based on personal experience or were written for some occasion. Everything seems to him a symbol, an emblem of the perishable in this world and a reminder of the grave and the entrance into the next world. So even the "Alt Cider Muehl", which his grandfather built, and the processes of which he describes, be-

comes a picture of the grind of life where in the end nought is left but the "Dreeschtr."

Adieu, du alte, liebe Muehl,
Du gebst mir jetzt en wehes g'fuehl,
Die Lust der Kindheit wie des Laub,
Geht mit dir zu Aesch un Staub.

Ganz vermahle,
Bis an die Schale,
Zehrt uns die Welt,
In unser Zelt,
Un dreibt des Lebe in des Grab.

In "Es Haemelt em a'" he goes back to the old home and passes from one to the other of the scenes of childhood:

Dort steht's alt Haus am Weg,
Dort is des Kammerlie,
Dort is diesselbe Schwell;
Es stehne fremme Fuesse druf;
Mer schleicht im Zweifel na'.
Es is wie's war, un doch net, gel?
Doch haemelt's em a'
Es haemelt em a'.

Yet with all the old familiar faces at the old home gone and with names of mother, wife and child to greet him as he wanders to the nearby Gottesacker, it almost makes him feel as though the latter place had the stronger attractions.

Der Todes Acker blueht;
Mer fuehlt net ganz so frem in dem.
Ja, Mutter, Kind un Fra,
Guck wie mer jetzt die Name sieht!
So haemelt's em a'
Es haemelt em a'.

Die "Mami Schloft" is a most tender effort to persuade the heart that she, whose day was long and labor sore, is now better off in the sweet rest of eternity; but the recollection of all that she meant from earliest childhood on brings pangs to the heart. Her "Feierowet" has come and she lies peaceful on her bed but for him she will wake no more.

Die Nacht is doh, die Drauer-Nacht:
Es hangt en Flohr uf meinra Dhier;
Die Mami schloft! Der Welt ihr Pracht.
Is ganz vergange, sag ich dir!

Ihr Aug hot mich es erscht erschaut,
Erscht haw' ich ihre Stimm erhoert;
Uf sie haw' ich die Welt gebaut,
Ihr Lewe war mir alles wert.

Ihr Dawg war lang, Ihr Arwet schwer,
Ihr Pilgerreis war hart un weit,
So mied war sie, un matt so sehr,
Die Ruh is siess in Ewigkeit.

Doch Feierowet is jo doh,
Die Mami leit in ihrem Bett,
Im Kaemmerli schloft sie recht fro,
Dann weck sie net, oh weck sie net!

M'r sagts net gern: m'r muss es duh;
Des Herz es hangt an seinem Gut—
M'r guckt noch ee Mohl—Jetzt mach zu!
Die Draehne nemme mir den Muth!

Ihr Aug is zu, ihr Mund schweigt schtill,
Un kalt is ihra Herzens-quell.
Dann, gute Nacht! Mach's wie mer will—
Doh muss mer saga "Ferrawell."

“Es Hofdehrle” as it swings back and forth sings a melancholy tale. By it entered the joyous bride, merry children in their play passed in and out, many friends and strangers, rich and poor, were glad to enter by it to the home where all were made welcome, but presently, one after another in sad procession all passed out, never again to return.

Die Braut, die Kinner un der Mann,
Die Bluma, 's Grass, der Vogelsang,
Die Blätter, Summer—alles geht als ann!
So sing des Dehrle dagelang.

Es schwingt, es singt im Summerwind;
Es werd ah niemohls matt un mied.
Es weint un greint wie en verlornes Kind,
Un jetzt weescht du mei traurig Lied.

Es geht mol uns en Dehrle zu,
Un gar vielleicht im Aageblick.
Noh gēhna mer vun Heem, ja, ich un du,
Un kumma nie, ja nie zurick.

“Die Muttersproch” is a heaping up of reasons why he does, as he ought to, love the speech that first he heard from his mother's lips:

Wie kenne mir die Liewe Sproch,
So leichtsinnig in Stolz verlosse!
Der alte Strom, so noch un noch,
Is noch net ganz un gar verflosse.
Mer henke fescht am alte Stam,
So wie die Braut am Brautigam.

Latin and Greek are a rusty old gun, his mother tongue is as bread and salt, the blossom never forgets the dew that fell upon and nurtured it, the grape does not hate the vine, a dog does not bite his friend,

O Muttersproch du bischt uns lieb!
In deinem Ton is seliger Trieb.

Ja in der Schockel, in der Lad,
Bleibt unsere lieuwe Sproch dieselwe;

he knows he will hear it even when he gets to the other shore,

Oh sanfte deire Muttersproch!
Wie Hunnig fliesst sie darch mei Sinne!
Un wan ich mol imm Himmel hoch
Mei scheene Heemet du gewinne,
Dann heer ich dart zu meinem Wohl
En Mutterwort—ja, ah ebmol.

“Der Zuk” describes scenes well known and annually repeated at the time of moving, which lead our good pastor to his inevitable conclusion

Im Himmel gebts ken Zieges meh,
Des Scheide dort duht nimme weh;
Dort bleibt die Wohnungszelt,
Dort geht ken langer Zuk meh fort
So laest mer klore in Gottes Wort;
Sel is en bessre Welt.

Only seldom and for special occasions does he allow that feeling to get the upper hand, which proves to us that the feeling of growing old is an illusion. I call attention to the vividness and the playfulness with which, twenty years after, he recalls the impressions of the time when first he could say:

Do bin ich jetzt in Gettysberg
Ich war juscht vor der Facultee
Es hut mer g’fehlt an meine Gnie!
Hab wunners g’maent was ich aw kann
Bis sie mich awgeguckt—ei dann—

His struggles with his courses are reflected in the lines:

Ich waes net recht was sol es sei
 'S haest mit "Conditions" darf ich nei;
 Doch wann ich mol recht inside bin
 Dann, wie en Glett, bleib ich drin,

and it seems he did.

He has seen a girl in town, but hears there is a senior—but remembers seniors will leave; he learns the reason and tells "Warum ich dummer Freshman haes."

Doch Socrates hut ae mohl gsagt,
 So hen sie mirs ins Hern gejagt
 Des erscht der Schuler lerna muss
 Wie grad as wie en daube Nuss,
 Er gar nix wisse daeht. Geb acht!
 Ich hab en guter Schtart schun gmacht!
 Ich reib mei Rick do an die Wand,
 Un reid en Pony aus Verstand,
 Dann ess ich Fisch bis mirs verlaed,
 Noh waer ich aw en Graduate!

In a poem for the *Dallastown Reunion*, he gets into similar vein, but this is the exception.

He has written a number of books in English, and been a frequent contributor to church periodicals, and has been known to express the wish for the leisure to do for the Pennsylvania-German life and history, and in the dialect, some part of what Sir Walter Scott has accomplished. A similar desire to have this done and the hope that somebody would do it has been expressed by Judge Grosscup, of Chicago, himself of German descent; similar utterances by a young student of the University of Pennsylvania with a bent toward writing suggest the thought that some day a beginning of this kind may yet be made.



30. LOUISA WEITZEL.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

Correspondence.

Pennsylvania-German Magazine.

Louisa A. Weitzel, of Lititz, Pa., is one of those Pennsylvania Germans who took up writing in the dialect after a medium had been created whereby they might reach an audience. Even before she had finished her studies at Sunnyside College, 1876, and Linden Hall Seminary in 1880, she had written stories and verse that had been published in "The Moravian" and other church periodicals. For these she has been writing ever since, as well as for the Lititz, Lancaster and Philadelphia papers.

For a time she served as associate editor of the *Lititz Express*, and while acting in that capacity, in 1899, began writing articles in prose in the dialect. Shortly after the founding of the *Pennsylvania-German Magazine*, she turned her attention to verse; new contributions by her have appeared year by year, and one of these it was my privilege to receive in manuscript (before its publication in December, 1910); it is an enthusiastic Aufruf:

Wu sin die Deitsche Dichter
 Sie sin verschwunne all,

Wu sin die grosse Lichter
 In unsere Ruhmeshall.
 Heraus, heraus Reimreiser,
 Wu sin ihr all versteckt
 Ihr sin jo die Wegweiser
 Die Schönheit uferweckt.

There is a cheerfulness and hopefulness in her lines that are in beautiful contrast to a life that has been by no means free from sorrow and gloom.

Ich waes net was es New Yohr bringt
 Uns gebt ke Mensch das dut.
 Doch's Herz sich mit de Glocke schwingt
 Un frohlich steigt der Mut.

.
 Kumm her du frisches junges Yohr
 Geb mir dei treue Hand,
 Dei Brüder ware gut zuvor
 Du bischt es ah im Schtand.

Her poems impress one, as though she had gone out into the wood and laid her cares on the lap of mother Nature, even as a child goes to her mother to have her cry and then goes merrily back to her play:

Es is so schö im alte Busch,
 Der Bodde grü mit Moss—
 Weech sitzt mer uf der kühle Erd
 As wie im Mutter Shoss,
 Un fühlt fun allem was em kränkt
 So glücklich, frei un los.

It is a pleasing note of a young old age that we hear in the following as in reply to the repinings so often indulged in:

Mer schwatze vun alte Zeite,
 Un denke gar net dra'

Die werd net älter net jünger,
Jusht mir werre alt un gro'.
Sie zählt ihre Johre bei dausend
Die Welt un werd net alt
Mir zahle sie juscht bei zwanzig,
Un die vergehne bald.

Däl mehne die Zeit war besser,
In ihre Jugend. Ne
Sie ware jünger, gesunder
Un do war alles schö.
Jetzt sin sie ausgewohre
Jetzt sin sie müd un satt,
Un die Welt sheint schlimmer wie früher,
Un lüderlich un matt.

Even the fall, and the departure of the robins recall to her only the joyous season when they came and anticipate its recurrence another year.

Persistent as she is in refusing to look on the dark side herself, she is aware that there are some who do not see much light. In "En charakter" she has given us a picture of a species of individual not unknown here as elsewhere, a picture which the detractors of the Pennsylvania Germans would have us believe was fairly representative of the whole body of the people.

Er shafft, un gratzt, un geitzt, un shpart,
Un blogt sich shpaet un frueh;
Er shpart sich nett, er shpart ke Leut,
Un shpart ah net sei Fieh.
Ass wie en Kaetzle uf'e Maus
Guckt er uf jeder Cent,
Er wendt un dreht en sivvemol
Bis dass er aner shpendt.

Sei Fraw gelt weniger ass die Geul,
Sei Kinner wie die Säü;
Er rechend oft sie koshte meh
Un bringe wenniger ei.
Er shickt die Kinner in die Shul
Wann sie sinn jung un glee,
Wann ihre Erwet ebbes mehnt
Dann darfe sie nimmie geh.

Some of our latter-day novelists have given admirable pictures of such characters, but only the perennial recurrence of this figure in literature has revived the mistaken notion that he represents, not a type, but the people itself.

Our writer's plan of life is summed up in her lines:

Hie un do a Liedle
Hie un do a Blum
Weil mer gehne uf un ab
Wege grad un grum.
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.
Ebmols is es dunkel trüb
Regnet alle Dag
Bat es wann mer brumme dut?
Helft em sei geklag?

In 1908 she published a collection of her English poems, "A Quiver of Arrows," for which Longfellow's "I shot an arrow into the air" suggested the title.





31. A. C. WUCHTER.

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1. Herringshaw's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*.
2. Personal Correspondence.

To a remote past, to nobility, to relationship with the Dukes of Orleans the family to which Wuchter belongs traces its ancestry. From Suabia the first ancestor came to America in 1749, although the father of this one had fled to this country as a political refugee even earlier under an assumed name and has never been definitely traced. On the maternal side his ancestors came from Hanover in 1730. Astor Clinton Wuchter was born in Jacksonville, Lehigh County, Pa., February 4, 1856; worked on the farm and was a pupil in the common schools until eighteen years of age; attended the Millersville Normal School, taught in the public schools 1874-1878; then taught and studied for three years in Paris, France; graduated from the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa., 1885, then served successively the congregations at Summit Hill, Pa., from 1885-1890; Weissport, 1890-1893; Gilbert, 1893-1909, as pastor, after which he became professor of French at Wittenberg College, Ohio. After one year in this position he went back to the ministry and is now preaching at Toledo, Ohio.

He began writing very early; his published works, consisting for the most part of hymns and religious poems, original and translated, appeared chiefly in *The Lutheran*. The translations include renderings from Latin, German and French. It was also at an early age that he began producing selections in the dialect, but there are none of these extant of a date earlier than 1894. Wuchter's reasons for writing in the dialect deserve mention: "I saw many limping efforts, as I thought, especially in verse, and so I essayed what I could do as to rhythm and meter." He finds the Pennsylvania German just as easy for him as the High German; and as the charm grew upon him, and Pegasus got restive, they ventured on bolder but still measured flights.

It is, as a rule, only the masters of any subject that fully realize its difficulties: Heine could say "Fürwahr, die Metrik ist rasend schwer; es giebt vielleicht sechs oder sieben Männer in Deutschland, die ihr Wesen verstehen." A considerable number of our dialect writers have either never heard such a statement, or act as though it excused them from giving the subject serious attention; they have all too often gone merrily a-rhyming, without shaping their course or avoiding rude jolts of cross country roads. Here, as always, careful workmanship aims at and reaches more than outward smoothness. Thus, in reading some of Wuchter's lines we experience an undefinable pleasure not elsewhere afforded by the dialect verse. His highest success he has perhaps achieved in the playful onomatopoeic lines in which he tells the familiar story of the hired boy who was set to work picking stones from a field, while his master Dinkey and the latter's spouse went off to the village on business. Now, towards evening they are coming home, but are not yet in sight of the place where the boy is working:

Mer sin die Lane so langsam nuf;
Der Schubkarch hot gegrahnt.
No lacht die Betz: "Sag, bass mol uf!
Weescht wie mich sell gemahnt?
Der Dinkey kummt noch la ang net
Er kummt noch net, räh-ie—!
Der Dinkey kummt noch net, I bet,
Er kummt net, sweet Marie!"

Er hut uns ivverdem erblickt;
Noh hot die Betz gelacht;
"Guck, was der Joe net Eifer krigt!
Heerscht wie der Schubkarch macht?
Der Dinkey kummt, der Dinkey kummt
Ta-rie, Tarie! Tarie!
Der Dinkey kummt, 'r 'rump, 'r 'rump!
Hurrah for Tshin'rel Lee!

His first productions appeared over the signature "Silfanus" in the *Allentown Democrat*, under the editorship of C. Frank Haines who, although himself in the dark as to the author, was convinced that no such writer had as yet appeared in Pennsylvania German. Wuchter's range of subjects is also rather broader than that of the average writer in the dialect. But he too returns to the central thought of these dialect poets and defends Die Muttersproch in a poem which concludes:

Drum tzwisch a Gott un tzwisch a Mensch
Was hut die Schproch tz' duh?
Grickt ehner'n schenner Pletz'l dert,
Geht's in die ewich Ruh?
Kummt alles aw uf Shibboleth
Beim Jordan ivvergeh?
Weg mit so Dummheit, ewich weck—
Die Muttersprooch is scheh,

which seems, in sentiment, to tally with the lines of Suabian Michel Buck:

I schwätz, wia miar der Schnabel g'wachsa ischt
Und wia'n i's han von meiner Muatar Sproch ghairt
Und glaub, wear seiner Muatar Sproch it aihrt,
Dear sei schau' weagadeam koi' reachter Chrischt,

He reverts also, like his companion poets, to the old times, and describes to us in inimitable verse "En alte Lumpa Party"; he indulges in a satirical disapproval of Sunday clambakes, and in his "Schpundaloch" he has given a picture and embodied a story which have been pronounced by his church to be better than many a temperance lecture. His muse also has not scorned "occasional poems," as the one on the 30th Anniversary of the Ordination of one of his fellow ministers.

Under the guise of an old cobbler, Yohli, he philosophizes; with Yohli he makes a trip (as many in real life have done) "Die 'hio naus," to visit those of the family who went west in the days when Ohio was West.

He is particularly fond of versifying stories with a point to them. One of these, "Der Geitz," he has brought with him from Brittany, another, "Der Ferlohra Esel," is an Oriental tale, adapted from the High German, "Hummingbirds" relates an incident in the War of 1812, and "Hans und Herrgott" an anecdote of Martin Luther.

At times he becomes reminiscent, as in "Kinner Yohr," "Die Erschta Hussa," even yielding at times to the feeling induced by the gray days of November—"Nofemberklawg"; but here as always, we witness the triumph of a cheerful optimism, most noticeable in his poems of the seasons. Such a one has a right to his joy in the approach-

ing springtime, as expressed in his lines of welcome to "Der Pihwie":

Ei, guck amohl derta
 Der Pihwie is doh!
 Er huckt uff 'm Poschta
 Vos is 'r so froh;
 Now guckt 'r mohl nunner
 Now guckt 'r mohl nuff
 Now sing'd 'r a bissel
 Now haert 'r schun uff.
 Ei, Phiwie, wo warscht du
 Seid Schpote-yohr gewest
 Warscht fart mit em Summer
 Warscht südlich farraest?
 Ich denk derta drunna
 Huscht's Heemweh recht ghot,
 Huscht nix wie gedrauert
 Warscht's Lehwa recht sot.

This is praised by Dr. G. W. Sandt, in *The Lutheran*, "Genuine poetry, striking an equal, if not a higher note, than Harbaugh."

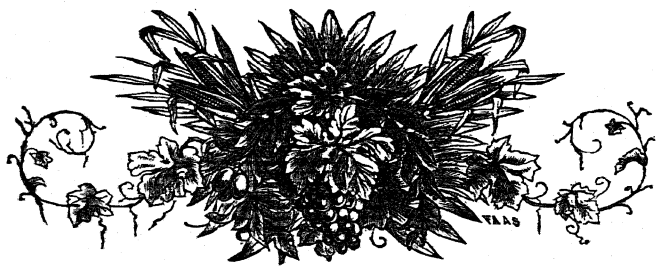
And again his delight in the pleasures of winter is the outward symbol of inward joys:

Hurrah for der Winter, hurrah for der Schnee
 Nau raus mit'm Schlitta, un zähl mer ken zwee

 Hurrah for der Winter, der Schlitta muss raus
 Was huckt mer am Offa? Was will mer im Haus?
 Un druf mit de Bella, sunscht is es ken G'fah,
 Der Winter is karz, un die Schlittabah rohr.
 Hurrah for der Winter! So eppes is Gschpass
 Die Meed singa en Liedel, die Buwa der Bass
 Un gehts in die Schneebank un schmeist's emol um
 Gehts drunner un drivver, was gebt mer dann drum?

While Wuchter's verses prove him a thorough Pennsylvania German it is interesting to have the confirmation of it in a letter of his own. After stating that there are many prominent men in Ohio who still speak or at least are able to speak the dialect, he says: "I am not one of those who would like to attend the funeral of Pennsylvania German tomorrow, if it were possible. It runs in smoother measures than many of the dialects of the Fatherland. They do not asphyxiate the dialects over there. . . . There are those who presume to write about the Pennsylvania Germans, who are either totally ignorant of their subject, or, what is worse, renegade Simon Girtys, German blood in their veins, but troubled with Yankee or 'Hinglesh' brainbunions. They would not recognize their own grandmother speaking Pennsylvania German, should they happen to meet her on the street."

Wuchter is still in his prime, and his successive bits of writing are evincing constantly increasing force and charm. The Index will show that his pen is not idle.





32. CHARLES CALVIN ZIEGLER.

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“That Brush Valley should increase its celebrity by producing a poet confers an honor upon that ancient settlement which should not be lightly regarded” were the words of the *Reformed Church Messenger*, September 10, 1891, apropos of the appearance of a volume of Pennsylvania-German poems by Charles Calvin Ziegler.

Charles Calvin Ziegler is a Pennsylvania German of the Pennsylvania Germans; he was born June 19, 1854, at Rebersburg, Pa., and is descended from a family that came to America in 1748. He attended the public schools and also the *Select Schools* of R. M. Magee and Henry Meyer (see Article) in his home town; it was while, as a barefoot boy, he was attending these schools that one of the “big boys” on a Friday afternoon recited “Das Alt Schulhaus an der Krick” to the great delight of all the school. This was before Harbaugh’s book had been published and such selections were rare, and, when secured, greatly prized. About this time Ziegler and his brother secured a prose copy of a New Year’s address in the dialect; this they hid away as a treasure, though sometimes they recited it in school. It was not until some time afterwards that the boys were willing to give it to the public and then the older brother copied it and sent it to the *Democratic Watchman*, Bellefonte, Pa.

In 1870 Ziegler went to live with his brother in West Union, Iowa. In 1873 he entered the State University

of Iowa, from which he graduated with the class of 1878 with the degree of Ph.B. Here it seems that his literary work began: one of his teachers recalls with pleasure the charming poetic translations from Greek and Latin which he used to make. According to the *Bethlehem Times*, Bethlehem, Pa. (September 1, 1891), he also graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School. For a few years thereafter he was engaged in teaching near his old home in Pennsylvania, and writing dialect poetry for the *Democratic Watchman*, Bellefonte, Pa., under the pseudonym of Carl Schreiber.

1881-1882 he spent with Professor Ulrich, of the Bethlehem Preparatory School, getting his Greek in shape for entering the junior class at Harvard College in the Fall of 1882 and he graduated from the arts course here, *magna cum laude*, 1884, with honors in natural history and honorable mention in English composition.

His poetry written at this time received high praise from his instructor, now Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard; he also published some witty material in the *Lampoon*, and although at Harvard only two years, was elected by his class to write the Class Day song. Among his verses of this period might be mentioned one in High German for Washington's Birthday, to be sung to the tune "Lauriger Horatius":

Brüder, sagt warum so froh?
Was soll es bedeuten?
Warum toben alle so—
Jauchzen wie die Heiden?
'S ist weil unser Washington
Heute war geboren;
Darum stossen alle an—
Saufen wie die Thoren.

Unsere Gespräch Club auch
 Will dem Georg was bringen;
 Speis' und Trank sei unserm Bauch,
 Ihm das Lob und Singen.
 Dieses Lied dem grossen Mann,
 Unserm Landesvater!
 Wer, wie er, nicht lügen kann
 Ist ein guter Kater!

The next year he was at the Upper Iowa State University, as instructor, but did not like the work; accordingly he left, went to St. Louis and drifted into business, first as clerk of the Pan Missouri Telephone Co., while later he became connected with the American Brake Company, a Westinghouse concern, of which he has now for many years been secretary and treasurer. It was during that first period in St. Louis when, separated from all his kin and a stranger in a large city, there burst upon him for the first time in terrible earnestness the fact that during the two years at Harvard he had lost both father and mother. From a heart full, even to overflowing, with a species of homesickness he began to work upon a memorial he planned to his mother, taking for his model Tennyson's memorial to his friend Hallam, "In Memoriam." It was in this way that there grew up the poem "Zum Denkmal" in nineteen songs. The first one carries him back to his graduation day.

Heit graduir ich, un mit Ehr;
 Mar maerche rum darch grossi Crowds;
 Des is 'n Wese—Music, Shouts—
 A's wann der Bresident do waer.

Ich nem mei Shere im grosse Show—
 Grick mei Diploma—"magna cum";

Es scheint ich bin doch net so dumm
Wie Dheel vun denne Yankees do.

Un doch—es is mir allwan heit
Mit all meim Glick; mei Luscht is klee,
Wie 'n Blummeschtrauss im grosse See,
Im See vun meinre Draurigkeit.

Was batt die Larning un die Ehr?
Wann ich nooch meinre Heemet geh
Fin ich ken guti Mammi meh,
Un des macht now mei Harz so schwer.

This last idea he has further expanded in a song, 1 (a)
“Larning un Weisheit.”

Was batt die Larning? Nix—un viel;
'S depend en wenig uf dar Kopp:
En mancher eifersichtger Dropp
Mit frischem Muth un hohem Ziel

Hot's Harn schier gaarli rausgschtudirt—
Un was hot's dann am End gebatt?
Ei, endlich hot ar, bleech un matt,
Sei Kräfte ganz veruminirt;

Dar Zweifel hot sei Seel verzwarnt;
Uf dunkli Barrige rum is er
Wahnsinnig gschtolpert hi' un her
Un hot dar recht Weg net gelarnt.

Die Larning muss verwandelt sei
In's Lewe—juscht wie Brod zu Blut,
Schunscht dhut's 'm Mensch ganz wenig gut,
Kann gaar noch Schade dhu debei.

Es gebt en Scheeheit vun de Seel,
En liebliche Gerechtigkeit,
'As sich verschennert mit de Zeit
Un is vum wahre Gott 'n Dheel.

Sell is die haupt Sach; in der Dhaat
 Sell is es eenzigscht Ding 'as bschteht
 Wann Welt un Himmel mol vegeht;
 Un sel hot aa die Mammi g'hat.

In ihrem kleene Finger waar
 Meh Weisheit vun de rechte Sart
 A's mancher Witzkop finne ward
 In all de Bicher gross un rahr.

In some of these songs he very closely imitates his model and favorite poet, Tennyson. In none, however, has he come quite so close to Tennyson as in the tenth, where will be seen the thoughts and in part a translation of the lines in Cantos 49 and 50 of "In Memoriam":

Be near me when my light is low
 When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
 And tingle; and the heart is sick,
 And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
 Is racked with pangs that conquer trust;

Be near me when my faith is dry,

Be near me when I fade away,
 To point the term of human strife,
 And on the low dark verge of life,
 The twilight of eternal day.

Be near us when we climb or fall,

Sei bei mar uf meim Lewespaad
 Un hiit mich far de falsche Schritt;
 Veloss mich net—ach, geh doch mit!
 Noh hot's ken Gfohr—noh laaf ich graad.

Sei bei mar wann mei Glaawe schwächt
Un Gottes Sache läppich sin;
Wann ich uf letzi Weege bin
Saag mar wuhi' un schtell mich recht.
Sei bei mar in de letschte Noth
Wann sich die Seel vum Karper drennt;
Sei bei mar, nooch 'm dunkle End,
Im ewige Daag sei Margeroth.

It is worth while, in the case of the man who has mounted so high in Pennsylvania-German literature, to note that in addition to a true poet we have in Ziegler a careful and painstaking artist, one who knows that crude material must be worked over and over again, slowly and laboriously, before a splendid achievement can be the result. For this reason we find his compositions elaborated with more care and finished with a finer touch than those of any other author in the dialect. Moreover, Ziegler seems to possess more of the spirit of poetry and to know more about poetic structure both in theory and its illustration than any one else who has essayed to write in the dialect.

His former teacher of Latin at the State University of Iowa, Mrs. Currier, was selected as his critic and adviser before he sent the poems to the printers to be issued in book form. In an article she later wrote to the *Quill*—a publication of the University—she has revealed to us the author's consciousness of his task. In this article she quotes from a letter of Ziegler's as follows: "Since 1885 I have done a great deal in my own dialect, the Pennsylvania German. At first it was uphill work, the nature of the dialect not seeming to be adapted to poetical expression. It is the language of farmers—of a people whose life is immersed in material things, and who have paid

scarcely any attention to intellectual abstractions. Hence the language is graphic enough but lacks flexibility and the æsthetic quality. It is almost impossible to do any shading in it; *e. g.*, there is only one word *schee* or *schö* (Ger. *schön*) for pretty, beautiful, fine, nice, superb, gorgeous, etc.; in erotic expressions, it is difficult to find anything poetical enough, etc." In spite of her ignorance of the dialect, it was not difficult for her to recognize the poetic quality of these selections, as we see from her following remark: "Out of consideration of my ignorance of the dialect Mr. Ziegler kindly sent me with each poem its English rendering very literally done, and in these, without any effort at rhyme and but little in rhythm, is found the true spirit of poetry." Mrs. Currier was particularly pleased with the eighth song in "*Zum Denkmal*"—"Ich sehn die scheckige dage geh." "The conception of the different days, the fair-seeming ones that after all bring us no good, the rough ones that look angry and are our friends, do we not all know them? But only a poet can thus set them forth."

Another illustration of Ziegler's method of work is found in his poem "*Es Schneckehaus*," which he devotes to his art. The figure recalls Holmes's "*Chambered Nautilus*"; without sinking foundations, or laying off corners, the ugly creature, the snail, out of mire and slime, slowly and noiselessly, builds its wondrously beautiful structure, in which human ingenuity can find no imperfection. Thus works the poet, but listen to the whole poem:

'N Schneckehaus! 'Hoscht schun betracht
Wie wunnerschee es is gemacht?
Es hot ken Fundament, ken Eck,

Es is gebaut aus Schleim und Dreck,
Langsam un net mit Angscht un Jacht.
Die Schneck is wüschd un ward veracht,
Doch kann 'm Mensch sei Geischtesmacht
Ken Fehler finne un ken Fleck
Im Schneckehaus.

So dhut dar Dichter, langsam, sacht—
Wann ar aa viel ward ausgelacht—
Gedrei sich halte an sei'm Zweck,
Un aus Gedanke—Schleim, wie 'n Schneck,
Baut endlich sei Gedicht, voll Pracht,
Wie 'n Schneckehaus.

In 1891 he had a small collection of his dialect productions published by Hesse und Becker, Leipzig, under the title "Drauss un Deheem." The book takes its name from the first poem, in which the author reflects, after years of experience with the world, that the words of his mother were true when she used to remind her boys, chafing under the restraints of home, saying to them "Wart—drauss is net deheem." In the bitter loneliness of the little room in St. Louis where he spent his nights after the labors of the day, and with the knowledge that there no longer was a home and a mother to whom he could turn if he wished to, he began to realize with terrible earnestness that "Drauss is net Deheem."

The National Educator Company, of Allentown, Pa., with Dr. Horne as its president, was the chief American sales agent for this little book of poems, and advertised it in unique fashion, by pointing out, in dialect, gems that ought to make the book appeal to young men, young ladies, parents, children:

Buwe, wan d'r en guti impression uf die Mäde mache wet dann schenk 'ne des Buch. Sel schtück "Kitzel mich net!" macht sie fihle as wann sie 'n "love powder" geschluckt hätte.

Kinner! Ehrt eier Eltere! Wann d'r die Mammi liebt dann ward d'r selli schticker "Zum Denkmal" hoch schätze.

Eltere! Wann dir guti Gedanke in eier Kinner blanze wet, dann grick 'ne des Buch.

Schtudente! (Allentown is a college town) Wann dir 'm Dr. Horne sei Manual un 'm Ziegler sei Drauss un Deheem fleissig leest, dann het dir ken druwwel mit 'm Virgil un Homer."

Well, the book made its impression, and not only on Pennsylvania Germans, but on the cosmopolitan critics as well, as Rev. Joseph H. Dubbs, D.D., Professor of History in Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., to whom the poems were also submitted before publication (1887) predicted it would. "I have read your verses with great pleasure. They are in my opinion compositions of a very superior order and their publication cannot fail to be alike honorable to yourself and to the people in whose language you have written them. They will certainly be appreciated by all persons of culture who are familiar with the Pennsylvania vernacular; and their poetic merits will, I feel certain, be recognized by the German press of America and Europe."

Whether the book was ever seen in Germany after the edition which was printed for the author was sent to America I am unable to say, but the American press had nothing but words of appreciation, and with these we must still agree, with the single exception of the *Atlantic Monthly*; for by what mental processes—unless it was by the law of opposites—the writer in that magazine "inevitably thought of Hans Breitmann" seems hard to determine, for our author and Hans Breitmann have nothing whatever in common. The incidental criticism of John Fiske—he had evidently read the book, because he cites from it in "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," Vol.

II, p. 352, to illustrate the nature of the dialect and calls it a "*charming book*"—goes far to make us forget that the above from the *Atlantic Monthly* also came from Boston.

The *Nation*, New York, October 15, 1891, found it "a most curious and interesting little book, which might well have been larger" and gave from it as a specimen to its readers a few stanzas from the translation of Longfellow's "The Reaper and the Flowers." Better yet to a Pennsylvania German seems his translation of Longfellow's "Snowflakes," which may be included here as illustrating Ziegler's work in the field of translation:

Aus de Luft ihrem grosse Schoos,
 Runner g'schittelt aus de wolkige Falte,
 Iwwer die Felder leer un blooss,
 Iwwer die Barrige, die grooe alte,
 Langsam un sacht un schee
 Flattert dar Schnee.

Juscht wie im 'me harrliche Gedicht
 Die newwliche Gedanke sich vereene,
 Juscht wie sich im 'me bleechte Gsicht
 Drübsal, Druwwel un Schmarz bekenne,
 So macht die Luft bekannt
 Ihr Drauerschtand.

Des is de Luft ihr Drauer-Lied
 Langsam in weisse Warte sachtig g'schriwwe;
 Des is die Verzweiflung vum Gemüth
 Lang in ihre Bruscht ve'schteckt gebliwwe—
 In Pischpere now gemeldt
 Zum Wald un Feld.

The *New York Critic* (November 21, 1891) found that "the language, in its soft vocallic utterance, bears to the High German much the same relation that the Scottish

dialect bears to the English, and, like that, is well adapted to poetry of a plaintive and domestic cast or to rustic fun and satire. To the latter forms Ziegler's muse seems little inclined. Most of his compositions are of a pensive character." To this we must now add that since that time Ziegler has given us several illustrations of his jovial muse somewhat in the vein of "Kitzel Mich Net!"—which is in his book—of which the best are, no doubt, an English one which I should like to include here and an inimitable translation of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The September Gale," and an original one "Die Harte Zeite."

EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

Behold, I am deathless! The scytheman
Who deems that all flesh is but grass
Shall find me a tough and a lithe man,
Full of years as the sands in his glass.
But fare as it may with the Ego
And whether or no I am crowned,
My life shall not fare like Carthago—
Shall not be brought down to the ground.

I have fashioned a poem sublimer
Than any that Milton e'er penned,
Nor did the great German at Weimar
My latest endeavor transcend.
No more by the critical croaker
Shall my work as unworthy be classed;
I am out of the hole mediocre,
I'm an author immortal at last!

Not in books like the lyrics of Horace,
But in forms of the flesh sweet and rare,
In my Lalages, Lilies and Luras
Shall my spirit persist and grow fair.

And to prove what I claim—for I know you
Are anxious for facts that convince—
Come up to the house and I'll show you
My poem immortal—the twins.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I'm not a chicken; I have seen
Full many a chill September,
And though I was a youngster then,
That gale I well remember;
The day before, my kite-string snapped,
And I, my kite pursuing,
The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat;
For me two storms were brewing!

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
When married folks get clashing;
There was a heavy sigh or two,
Before the fire was flashing,—
A little stir among the clouds,
Before they rent asunder,—
A little rocking of the trees,
And then came on the thunder.

Lord! how the ponds and rivers boiled!
They seemed like bursting craters!
And oaks lay scattered on the ground
As if they were p'taters;
And all above was in a howl,
And all below a clatter,—
The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying;

The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost, ah! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches!

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The devil had been in them;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—
"My breeches! O my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them!
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demons claws had torn them;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
Forever and forever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches!

Translation.

Ich bin ken Hinkel. Hab schun viel
Septembers sehne hausse;
Ee' Schtarm waar awwer sonderbaar—

Den haer ich heit noch brausse.
Der Daag devor hot mir dar Wind
Mei Kite mit fort genumme;
Mei Schtroh-hut hinne drei,—far mich
Waar'n zwetter Schtarm am kumme!
'S waar juscht wie wann'n Fraa browiert
Die Hosse aa 'zeziege:
Mar haert'n Seifzer oder zwee
Ep's Feier aafangt ze fliege:—
Die Wolke hen sich rumgedreht—
Noh hot mar Schwewwel geroche;
Die Beem hen gschittelt un gegauncht—
Noh is es losgebroche!
Gott! wie es doch gegleppert hot
In sellem wilde Wetter!
Die Beem sin gflogge wie im Gfecht
Vun alte deitsche Getter.
Drowwe un hunne hot's gedooht—
Schwarz, rauschig, bollerig, blitzig;
Die Aerd waar wie en Brodtpann g'west—
Sie waar so arrig schpritzig.
'S waar unser Wäschdaag; uf de Lines
Waar schier die Wäsch gedrickelt;
Dar Wind hot Wäsch un Lines mit fort—
Veschattert un vewickelt.
Die Hemmer un die Unnerreck
Sin wie vehext rumgschosse;
Verlore haw ich—ach, Harr Je!
Oh weh!—mei Sundaag's Hosse.
Ja, grattlig sin sie darch die Luft—
Zu weit sie meh ze finne;
Die Wolke sin sie noochgejaagt
Als waar dar Deifel in'ne.
"Wie reich un schtolz waar ich in eich!

Now hät dar mich velosse;
 Gootbye, gootbye!"—so haw' ich g'heilt,—
 "Mei Hosse, O mei Hosse!"

Im Draam haw' ich sie gsehne—ach!
 Wie waare sie verennert!
 Vun Wind verschlitzt, im Regge gsoakt—
 Sie waare net ve'schennert!
 Aa' g'sehne hen sie juscht a's wann
 Die Deifel sie verisse;
 'N Loch waar hinne drin—des hot
 Far'n Deifelsschwanz sei misse!

Ich hab schun gute Schneider ghat
 Un viele frohe Johre,
 Mei junge Hosse awwer sin
 Far ewig mir velore.
 Un bis dar Dod mol pischpert, "Kumm,
 Du muscht die Aerd velosse!"
 Schwaer bleibt mei Harz un drauervoll
 Far selli liewe Hosse!

"They (his poems) are in flowing, harmonious verse," the *New York Critic* goes on, "embodying gentle and pleasing sentiments. As a first attempt (!!) to make this interesting German American dialect the vehicle of literary expression, the book may be pronounced a decided success."

One of the facts hinted at in the above had been noted in the *Bethlehem Times*, Bethlehem, Pa., several months earlier (September 1, 1891), when it said "Some of them are full of the tender, homely sentiment, the lack of which in the verse of most American poets is one of the great misfortunes which come as a penalty of straining after effect." It is not surprising that a church paper—*The Reformed Church Messenger*—should find as among the

very best, one entitled "Die alte Lieder," in which are enumerated some of the grand old chorals sung in the German churches. Elbert Hubbard counted the book as a "valuable addition to the Roycroft Library of Choice Things."

Ziegler's old friends at Harvard and his new ones of the Washington University, St. Louis, expressed equal delight at the book. The paper of his native county, for which he had in earlier days written under the pseudonym of Carl Schreiber—*The Democratic Watchman*, of Bellefonte, Pa.—unhesitatingly put the work by the side of Harbaugh's "Harfe," and noted that it excelled the latter "in range of thought and power of expression."

His old teacher, Henry Meyer (himself the author of verses in the dialect; see article H. Meyer), wrote him as follows: "I turned over the leaves as a miser inspects and counts his crock of gold coins. You know that I am no literary critic, but when I see a good thing in Pennsylvania German I think I know it. And when a poem has the potency to stir an audible smile or move one to tears it certainly possesses the right ring; and that is just what happens if one sits down and peruses 'Drauss un Deheem.' The Pennsylvania Germans, and especially those of your old home, owe you a debt of gratitude for having added this gem to the few literary productions in their mother tongue."

In another poem "Dar Rewwer un Ich," the poet looks forward to the loss of identity in the Being of the great God, even as the river mingles with and is lost in the sea; the author, however, assures me that he never entertained any pantheistic beliefs except such as seem to be general poetic stock; and in another poem he defends, after the manner of an orthodox churchman, as he is (Lutheran),

"Es Oltfashioned Buch" against the scorners, and ventures the belief that it has enough of truth for many a thousand years.

The first mentioned poem—"Dar Rewwer un Ich"—was translated into English and sent to the *New York World*, February 11, 1895, by William Vincent Byars, a New York critic, with the following note of explanation: "The other day I took down from the shelves of my bookcase a thin volume in pasteboard covers: 'Poems in Pennsylvania German,' by Charles Calvin Ziegler, published some little while ago. It is not paying Mr. Ziegler too high compliment to say that he is as true a poet as the very best of the contemporaneous writers of verse for American periodicals. He takes some pride in being the first man who has ever written a sonnet in Pennsylvania Dutch, and I think he is entitled to the satisfaction he feels because of the exploit. I will not attempt a translation of his sonnets, but here is a version of one of his songs, 'The River and I' which may suggest its deeply spiritual meaning to a wider circle than it could reach in the original."

For present purposes it will be more to the point to give the original here than the translation and, if a trite expression may be used, the translation is not equal to the original.

Dar Rewwer fliesst munter un froh dehi',
 Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer;
 Ar geht sei Gang unne Kummer un Mih,
 Ar frogt net Fe' was? Ar wunnert net Wie?
 Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer.

Un so wie dar Rewwer geht gehn ich,
 (Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer)
 Ar wees dar Weg—nie verliert ar sich—

Un mar trav'le zamme recht brüderlich;
(Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer.)

Die Welle lache wie'n luschtig Kind,
(Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer)

Bal vereent, bal getrennt—sie wechsele gschwind—
Die Schpielsache sin sie vum wilde Wind;
(Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer.)

Wann die Scharne funkte in de Nacht
Ruhig rollt dar Rewwer;
Ar schockelt mich ei', ar draagt mich sacht,
Unn ich geb mich ganz in Gottes Macht;
Ruhig rollt dar Rewwer.

Hinaus un hinab zum ewige See
Sorglos rollt dar Rewwer;
Ar gebt sich hi' unne Ach un Weh
Un vergeht im Meer wie'n Flocke Schnee;
Sorglos scharbt dar Rewwer.

In connection with *the first sonnet*, it was rather amusing to find that claims to priority in any particular department of literature such as we frequently meet in the case of those who play the game of literature more seriously, find their counterpart among the writers of this dialect. In 1900 an honored member of this Society, J. Max Hark (see volume X.), after an investigation in which he says he satisfied himself that there is no inherent lack of capability for poetic expression in the Pennsylvania German, set about composing several poems in various poetical forms and speaks thus of his own essay with the sonnet. "It (the sonnet) is a form of verse that perhaps more than any other tests the capabilities of the dialect, requiring as it does, great delicacy of touch and great flexibility of language. So far as I know it *had never before been attempted in Pennsylvania German* until I tried it in 'Im

Bush Vann's Shnyad' and 'Wann der Wind Mohl Iwwer dee Shdubble Blohsdt.'"

Nine years before this, however, Ziegler's book had appeared, and in it a number of sonnets, in one of which, in its fourteen lines, he twice claims to have been the first to write a sonnet in Pennsylvania German, and it seems, with all due regard to the member of this Society above referred to, that Ziegler's claim must be allowed because of this margin of nine years of earlier publication, to say nothing of the fact that they are dated as having been composed even nine years before that time. Ziegler thoroughly understands the technique of this literary form, and in the sonnet referred to treats his subject matter playfully, "leimt zusammen" as Goethe said, until "Lo, he has the first sonnet in the dialect!" To a certain extent it suggests the famous sonnet by August Wilhelm Schlegel on the Nature of the Sonnet, because it touches on the same theme though not in the same tone. In serious vein Schlegel wrote:

Zwei Reime heiss' ich viermal kehren wieder,
Un stelle sie, getheilt, in gleiche Reihen,
Dass hier und dort zwei, eingefasst von zweien
Im Doppel Chore schweben auf und nieder.

Dann schlingt des Gleichlauts Kette durch zwei Glieder
Sich freier wechselnd, jegliches von dreien.
In solcher Ordnung, solcher zahl gedeihen
Dei zartesten und stolzesten der Lieder.

Den werd ich nie mit meinen Zeilen kränzen,
Dem eitle Spielerei mein Wesen dünket,
Und Eigensinn die künstlichen Gesetze.

Doch, wen in mir geheimer Zauber winket
Dem leih' ich Hoheit Füll' in engern Grenzen
Und reines Ebenmaas der Gegensätze.

In humorous vein wrote Ziegler:

'ES SONNETT.

Vor mir hot niemand en Sonnett noch g'schriwwe
In Pennsylvänisch Deitsch. Ich will's mol waage
'M Dante un 'm Petrarch nooch ze jaage
Bis ich die Warte zamme hab gedriwwe.
Now, 'em Sonnett sei lines sin zwee mol siwwe,
Net mehner un net wenniger kann's vertraage;
Zwee Dheel hot's; 's aerscht—'es Octave so ze saage—
Hut juscht zwee Rhymes, die darf mar net verschiewe.
Es zwet un klenner Dheel—Sestette ward's g'heese—
Kann zwee Rhymes hawwe odder drei, (net meh)
Un die darf mar arrange wie mar will.
Es fehle noch drei Lines; halt dich now schtill—
Ich hab sie schund:—un du hoscht now, versteh,
Es aerscht Sonnett in daere Schprooch gelese.

(July, 1882.)

When, however, I found in the private collection of Ziegler under "Sonnetts that I like" the two that follow by Daniel Schiebeler and Philander von der Linde, I could no longer doubt the source of his inspiration. The one by Schiebeler reads as follows:

Du forderst ein Sonett von mir;
Du weisst wie schwer ich dieses finde,
Darum, du lose Rosalinde,
Versprichst du einen Kuss dafür.
Was ist, um einen Kuss von dir,
Dass sich Myrtill nicht understünde?
Ich glaube fast, ich überwinde;
Sieh, zwei Quadrains stehn ja schon hier.

Auf einmal hört es auf zu fließen.

Nun werd ich doch verzagen müssen!

Doch nein, hier ist schoon ein Terzett.

Nun beb' ich doch—Wie werd' ich schliessen?

Komm, Rosalinde, lass dich küssen!

Hier, Schönste, hast du dein Sonett.

The one by Philander von der Linde thus:

Bei meiner Treu', es wird mir Angst gemacht,

Ich soll geschwind ein rein Sonettgen sagen

Und meine Kunst in vierzehn Zeilen wagen,

Bevor ich mich auf rechter Stoff bedacht;

Was reimt sich nun auf *agen* und auf *acht*?

Doch eh' ich kann mein Reimregister fragen,

Und in dem Sinn das A. B. C. durchjagen,

So wird bereits der halbe Theil belacht.

Kann ich nun noch sechs Verse dazu tragen,

So darf ich mich mit keinen Grillen plagen;

Wohlan, da sind schon wieder drei vollbracht!

Und weil noch viel in meinem vollen Kragen,

So darf ich nicht am letzten Reim verzagen;

Bei meiner Treu! das Werk ist schon gemacht.

Besides this sonnet, Ziegler has written a number of others; one on his "Alte Peif," another in different vein on the death of his father.

In a poem with the unpoetic title "Cremation," addressed to his wife, he expresses the wish not to be buried in the earth when dead; not only his soul but also his body is to fly on the wings of Heaven.

Mei Geischt war noch immer en freier

Un mei Leib soll aa so sei;

Mit'm Wind soll ar rum schpatziere—

In de Luft—wie die Veggel frei.

Ich will net sei bei de Warrem,
Im Grund, wu die Sai rum drete,
In de Sunn will ich sei un de Wolke
Drum sollscht du mich cremate.

Noh brauchst net in der Karrichof
Wann du mich b'suche wit;
Noh flieg ich frei in de Luft rum
Un kann dir iwwerall mit.

Noh pischper ich scheene Sache
Wann ich zu d'r kumm im 'me Breeze
Noh boss ich dich oft uf die Backe
Un uf dei Maul so sūs.

Un in de Sunn wann sie ufgeht
Lächle ich dich freündlich aa,
Un segen dich Owets vum Himmel
Mei liewe guti Fraa.

These are not the only poems; there might be mentioned others in which he has translated Emerson, or original ones in which he shows the influence of the enthusiastic Emerson studies of his youth. I close my account of his little book with a reference to his translation of Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which indicates unusual skill and patient labor and which is remarkably faithful in the language, retaining as it does very strikingly the spirit of the original.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

Zum Mensch 'as lieb hot far die schee Nadur
 Un fihlt mit ihrem Wese sich ve'wandt
 Schwetzt sie en Schprooch ve'schiede: is ar froh
 Dann is sie frehlich un vezählt ihm viel
 Un wunnerscheeni Sache, un sie schluppt
 So sachtig un mit so 'me Mitgefühl
 In sei Gedanke wann ar Druwwel hot
 Dass ihm sei Drauer, ep ar's wees, vegeht.

The rest of Ziegler's poems, in part published in magazines and in part unpublished as yet, may be passed more rapidly in review, although his powers have by no means diminished. After he had come back to his native Brush Valley and taken to himself a Pennsylvania-German wife, his pensive strain gives way in certain measure to other tunes and presently we hear him singing the praises of "Zwiwwle" and "Sauerkraut." About the time of the arrival of the twins he writes:

Die Eltere fihle schtolz un froh—
 Sie hen en Bobli—'s is 'n Soh'.
 Die News geht rum, un ziemlich glei'
 Viel Freind un Nochbere kumme bei,
 Un ganz nadirlich kumme aa'
 Dar Onkel Henner un sie Fraa.
 Dar Onkel, wie ar's Kind aaschaut,
 Lächelt un saagt so zimlich laut,
 "Ei, guck juscht wie des Kind doch hot—"
 Noh sagt die Aunt gschwind, "Tut, tut, tut!"

Wos hot dar Onkel saage welle?
 Des waer net schwaer sich vor ze schtelle;
 Doch wann's aa wohr waer, 's is net gut
 Das mar alli Wohret saage dhut,
 Ich glaab 's waar besser, in d'r Dhat,
 Dar Onkel hot net alles gsaat,
 Un dass sei Fraa ihn abgecut
 Mit ihrem gschwinde "Tut, tut, tut!"

His own disappointment that "es Bobli" was not "en Soh" seems to have been made up for by the fact that they were *two* girls (cf. the English poem mentioned above, "Exegi Monumentum")—and soon, and apparently for them he writes "Der Sandmann."

Waer is des 'as kummt —ze schleiche
Owets aus 'm Schatteland?
Scheint die Kinner gut ze gleiche—
Ihne is ar gut bekannt.
Mit 'me Sä-sack dhut ar kumme,
Un ar schtreut umher gaar sacht
Aage-sand—'m Schloof sei Sume,—
Sel is was em schláfrig macht.
Wann die Kinner 's Maul ufschparre
Bis es wie en Keller guckt;
Wann die Aage sandig warre,
Un en jedes, Kepli nuckt,—
Kann mar leicht dar Sandmann schpüre,
(Sehne, haere kann mar 'n net);
Jar, 's is ihn—ar kummt ze fihre
Jedes in sei Drunnelbett.

His lamentation:

Die Zeite sin so greislich hart
Dass e'm schier gaarli dottlich ward;
Ken Geld, ken Arwet, schier ken Brod,
Es sieht bal aus wie Hungersnoth.
Economy, Economy,
Schpaare misse mar, saagt die Fraa,
Economy, Economy,
Bis mar aus 'm Häisli kummt!

must not be taken too seriously, for a man that is crushed does not write merry songs to the tune "Ich bin der Doktor Eisenbart 'Zwie-li-di-li-wick bamm bumm.'" To get his viewpoint we quote further:

Was is die grindlich Ursach dann—
 Weescht du's, gedreier Handwerksmann?
 Dass unser Land so voll is heit
 Vun Millionaires un Bettelleit?
 Dheel meene des, dheel meene sel
 Waer Schuld an daere dulle Shpell;
 Mir is es deitlich wie die Sunn—
 Dar Tariff is die Schuld devun.

In recent years he has translated Longfellow's version of Klopstock's "Die Todten," and Andrew Lang's "Lost Love," he has sung in praise of "En Simpler Mann," and has written a beautiful ode, "Danksaagungsdaag."

Several years ago, when after an automobile trip through Lancaster County, Pa., Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., wrote his impressions for the *Boston Transcript*, Ziegler, an ardent defender of the Pennsylvania Germans, took up the gauntlet and came out with a vigorous reply to what seemed to be the professor's snap judgment.

Likewise in verse, "Die Muttersproch," has he glorified the tongue to which he turns when he wishes to talk sense; the language, not polite, reminding one of Goethe's "Im Deutschen lügt man wenn man höflich ist," Faust II—which best can express his wrath; this is also the language in which alone he seems able to approach the throne of his Creator.

Will ich recht ve'schtännig schwetze—
 Eppes auseinanner setze—
 A, B, C, un eens, zwee, drei,—
 So dass jeder commoner Mann
 Klar un deitlich sehne kann
 Wel 'as Gold is un wel Blei,—
 Nem ich gute deutsche Warte,

Weis un schwarzi, weech un harte,
Noh vollbringt die Sach sich glei'.

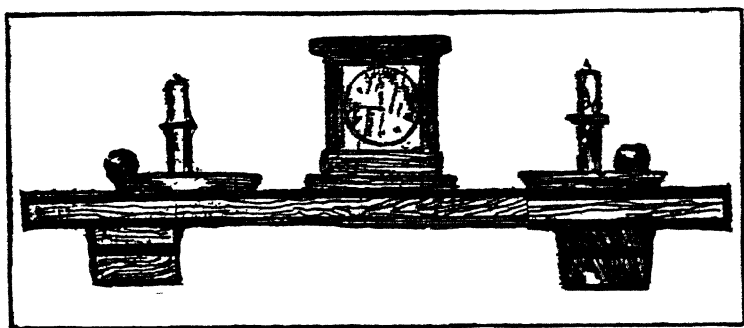
Bin ich an de Wohret suche
Un fin Ungerechtigkeit,
Lüge, Heichlerei un Schtreit
Bis ich alles kennt ve'fluche,—
Schteigt mei Zarn wie rothe Flamme
Un will alles noh ve'damme,—
Use ich net 'n Schprooch polite;
Nee! ich nemm mei deitsche Warte—
Beissig scharf wie Hickory Garte—
Hack derwedder dass es batt;
Schlack druf los un fluch mich satt!

Wann ich war die Sinde ledig,
Schwaer bedrickt vun meinre Schuld,
Arnschtlich noh un ehrlich bet' ich
Um Vergebung, Gnad un Huld;
Kann dar Vater Unser, meen ich,
In de Mutterschprooch allee
Mich recht haere un ve'schteh;
Far in deitche Warte leenig
Hot die Mammi mich gelarnt
Wei ze bete; mich bereit
Ze mache far die Ewigkeit;
Hot dar Daadi mich gewannt
Un gerothe braav un graad,
Zu wandle uf 'm Lewes-paad
Grosser Gott! O, schteh mar bei!
Helf mar doch en Grischt ze sei!

Dr. Hermann H. Fick, of Cincinnati, in a little pamphlet on "Deutsch Amerikanische Dialekt Dichtung" has said: "Der wahre Dichter folgt dem Gebote der Empfindungen und Gefühle, welche mächtig um Wiedergabe werben und

nach Gestaltung ringen. Er gehorcht der gebietenden Stunde und singt weil es ihn dazu treibt. Das was ihn freudig oder in Trauer bewegt, sein eigenstes Wesen, äussert er in seinen Versen." To no writer in the Pennsylvania-German dialect do these lines seem to be so completely applicable as to Charles Calvin Ziegler, late of Brush Valley, Pa., and now of St. Louis, Mo.





CONCLUSIONS.

By means of travel, correspondence and the assistance of a large number of Pennsylvanians interested in the subject, the present writer believes that he has succeeded in collecting the great bulk of material in Pennsylvania-German dialect in verse that is at present accessible. The appended bibliographical index has been made with some care, and the sources and locality are enumerated where printed productions of those in manuscript are to be found. In almost all cases copies of both are now in his possession.

Of prose, a similar collection has been made and a similar index of selections that have appeared either in book form or were published in magazines, and an extended list has been made of newspapers which are now publishing, or at one time did publish, prose dialect articles.

Of this literature the most important has been described by means of a method in the main biographical. "Literature can do no more than give us the opinions and sentiments of particular persons at particular times. To estimate, even to understand, these opinions and sentiments, we must know something of the times and circumstances in which they were expressed. It will be requisite, therefore, now and then, to invade the domain of history and biography and thus diversify our purely literary studies."

Thus did R. Y. Tyrrell introduce a series of lectures on the literature of a people (the Romans) whose history and intellectual life are, and in the nature of the case always will be, on a plane vastly higher than that which we have here treated can ever hope to be; but the principle is the same and seems to be particularly applicable in the case of a people relatively unknown, if we are to understand them.

What Armstrong Wanhope said in the *North American Review* (May, 1894, Vol. 158, p. 640) of story writers in general seems to apply with peculiar aptness to the authors that here have been considered. "Story writing," he said, "is an attempt to preserve the life of a certain time and locality with all the concomitants of local coloring. The personal experience of the writer becomes thus all important as it should. He can testify only of what he knows." The large element of biography here introduced is, therefore, neither unprecedented nor, in the nature of the case, unreasonable.

The principle reasons for the existence of the dialect literature have been pointed out in a chapter at the beginning of this essay; special reasons individual writers have had for writing in the dialect have been noted under the respective authors.

"Der wahre Dichter folgt dem Gebote der Empfindungen und Gefühle welche mächtig um Wiedergabe werben und nach Gestaltung ringen. Er 'gehört der gebeitenden Stunde' und singt weil es ihn dazu treibt. Das, was ihn freudig oder in Trauer bewegt, sein eigenstes Wesen äussert er in seinen Versen. Der Dialect zeigt das Volk wie es ist, bei seinen Festen und in seinem Leide, an der Arbeit und bei seiner Erholung, in seinem Hoffen und seinem Harren, wie nicht minder im Verkehr mit Höhergestellten sowohl als mit Seinesgleichen oder Un-

tergebenen." So wrote Dr. Hermann H. Flick in a small pamphlet on "Deutsch-Amerikanische Dialekt Dichtung." The Pennsylvania-German dialect poets have done exactly what this writer requires and this it is which renders their productions from the viewpoint of the Kultur Historiker of the utmost value. Criticism and fault-finding, of which the literature has been made to bear the brunt, should more properly be levelled at the people; if the writers had done otherwise than as they did, their picture had been less true. If the poetry occasionally falls to a flat and dreary level it should be remembered that in a measure the people are themselves prose (not to say prosy) idylls, and the wonder is not that they sang no better, but that, what with the horrors of war in the Rhine valley before their migration, what with a long struggle in America, afterwards, in which they were

Busy with hewing and building, with gardenplot and with
merested

Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing grass in the meadow,

when not fighting savage Indians, they plucked up courage enough to sing at all. Their language in the new surroundings could grow only by the engrafting of foreign forms and even then was useless except in their own small territory, an oasis as it were, surrounded by the vast body of English settlements. What other people have so completely expatriated themselves and yet retained so truly an individuality of their own, even to the extent of creating a literature? "This poetical literature of the Pennsylvania Germans," says Professor Faust, "is one of the few original notes in American lyrical poetry."

Although the great German Hebel was held up as a pattern to our first characteristic singer, Harbaugh, yet the

latter must be allowed to rank as an original poet, in spite of scattered traces of possible influence, for Harbaugh was a poet, before he became a dialect poet. All others, before or since were, perhaps unfortunately, but nevertheless avowedly, either translators, or else truly original as far as foreign influence is concerned in the manner of expression, and were dependent only, if at all, on Harbaugh in poetry and Rauch in prose.

Comparison with Poets of the Fatherland.—This is a wide field; I have endeavored wherever the material was accessible to compare the feeling, thoughts and ideas of the Pennsylvania-German poets with those of dialect poets of the Fatherland, and have frequently noted how easily they may be paralleled; the impulse that makes so many break forth in song in defense of the dialect does not spring from fashion; it has its roots in real feeling. Their hopes and aspirations, their joys and sorrows are, as a rule, from the same sources, in their rustic philosophy they not seldom agree.

Metre and Rhythm.—In this our poets often leave much to be desired; they are too frequently satisfied with a rhyme, nor can we say that even here they are uniformly good. The rhythm in many cases can be easily assisted after the manner described by Fischer in one of his metrical corrections of misprints:

Im neechster Zeil, graad unnedra
As fierte Wort leest "schwarz"
Dort mach en e noch hinnedra
Sunscht fallt die Zeil zu karz.

A comparison of sundry of the poems with the authors' manuscript leads me to the conclusion that we are justified in helping out many a line of this character, which halts

by reason of poor proofreading and bad printing. I have the testimony of more than one editor that he gave up publishing dialect selections in his paper, even where his readers would welcome them, because his typesetters and proofreaders were so lacking in all feeling for the dialect that it became too difficult to get out reasonably correct copy. It is probably for this reason that there has come into existence a Press Syndicate Dialect Letter in eastern Pennsylvania, which is sold in type and published, to my own knowledge, in at least five different newspapers.

Character of the Newspaper Letters.—On this point the language of the Rev. J. Max Hark must stand as a fairly just characterization: "Nearly all that has been done" (this is exaggerated) "has been broadly humorous, with no attempt at anything else, no higher ambition, or aim than to make the reader or hearer laugh. From this the world has formed its judgment of us and our speech. But the Pennsylvania German is not to be too severely censured for having confined himself thus almost exclusively to humor in his writings. Let us remember that he was from the beginning a hard worker. The early settlers and makers of this commonwealth were kept exceedingly busy in their struggle for bare existence. Their daily lives were full of hardships, disappointments, suffering, full of tragedy and pathos all the time. When they did have leisure to write, or even in their social converse, what they needed was not the recital of these experiences and feelings which they were constantly having, but rather to emphasize the other side, that which would take their minds off the too great seriousness of their life. They naturally, necessarily turned to humor to lighten their lot." In this connection a passage in Beyer's *Deutsche Poetik*, Vol. III, p. 178, may be cited: "Besonders aber eignet

sich für den Dialekt alles was den treffenden Ausdruck der auf gesundem Menschen Verstand beruhenden praktischen Moral verlangt: Die Spruchdichtung, ferner tiefe und innige, dabei aber ganz natürliche Empfindungen, vorzüglich aber alle Arten der sowohl derben, als schalkhaften Komik und Humoristik."

The satirico-didactic element that has gradually crept into this kind of literature has been elsewhere emphasized.

Language.—The language used by the writers varies from the one extreme, where stand those who stopped at nothing short of incorporating any word in the Unabridged English Dictionary if necessary, after the manner of the political orator who told his audience that a certain policy must be pursued "damit die prerogatives vun der Constitution net geviolat warn"—all the way to the other extreme of those who substituted a High German equivalent in place of English words in the Germanized form where no true dialect form existed, and even to the still more advanced position of the writer who mixes English, High German and dialect, in a sentence like this "Ich un der Darwin agreea in dem. Er sagt uns das im anfang wie cosmos gleichartig is worra, hat enwicklung aufganga aus welchem molecule gewachsen sin. Molecule han protoplasm g'macht und bald werd alles licht," etc.

E. D. Leisenring criticized, on the one hand, Wollenweber for his German, and on the other, "Der Alt Kunradt," of Ohio, for his English, in language that is not free from either.

August Sauer, in the Introduction to "Die Deutschen Säcular Dichtungen an der Wende des 18 u. 19 Jahrhunderts" says: "Wenn das Leben des Menschen sich dem Ende nähert so treten die Ereignisse seiner frühesten Jugend am stärksten in seinem Gedächtnisse hervor." In

"Geron der Adelige" Wieland had already expressed the same idea thus:

Das Alter ist geschwätzig, wie ihr wisst,
Es liebt zu reden von den guten Zeiten,
Die nicht mehr sind, in denen es, als wie
In einem Traum allein noch lebt.

These two quotations describe accurately the situation with respect to Pennsylvania-German Dialect Literature. It is the product of the old age of the dialect-speaking period; Schaff in urging Harbaugh to write felt sure that the dialect would pass away and every historian since then has noted its passing. The unity of the literature it has given us in its last days is not that of an organism of growth, it is rather the unity of a patchwork quilt, as it has been described by one of the dialect writers,

'S is juschts en commomer Deppich—seh!
En quilt, alt fashion—awer schee.
Wie scheckig guckts! Die Patches fei!
Die scheina Schpotjohrs Bletter zu sei.

Fit epitaph; *common* in the dialect sense of *simple, plain* "awer schee"! Dialect-speaking grandmother made it for grandchildren, who at best understand but can no longer speak her speech. The quilt grew according to her leisure, now many patches in quick succession, then a long pause and then another "Stern" (as she called the blocks) until at last it is finished. But grandmother does not stop, there will be another and perhaps yet another "Stern" but there will never again be another "Deppich." Grandmother's work is done.

What the dialect writers have left, they have left to the generation that can hardly understand it; and while there will still be poems written and prose too, the period

of Pennsylvania-German dialect literature is over; "Schpotjohrs Bletter, ja Schpotjohrs Bletter!"

But it would not be proper to take leave of this work thus. The ten years or more that it has been my privilege to devote to the collecting and studying of the dialect writings and their writers have been years of great satisfaction and pleasure; each day of search brought new and agreeable surprises, and we of their race would not be properly grateful in our day if we failed to express our appreciation of what they have wrought for us, their effort to put into living and lasting literary expression the heart throbs and impulses, and the inner life of our kindred and people. And though we are not going to have any more grandmother's "Deppichs" there are some other things along that line that we shall have no more. The Pennsylvania-German dialect has seen its golden era; its prophets and apostles have come and gone; its Elizabethan Age has had a historic completion, but the loftiness of their inspiration, the subtilty of their conception, the boldness of their execution has given a lasting and distinctive place in dialect literature; its singers, with a few exceptions, have left us a rich legacy; we enshrine them in our memory and glory in their illustrious work. To create a dialect literature in a country where the kindred language is used, is something; to have created a Pennsylvania-German dialect literature when the language of their schools, increasingly of their churches, and altogether of their national life, is English, was an achievement.



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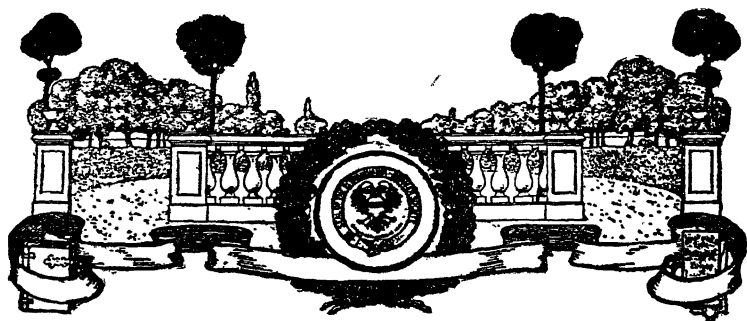
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AN INDEX OF PENNSYLVANIA-GERMAN DIALECT LITERATURE.

ABBREVIATIONS USED.

Al.	Allemania.
All. Dem.	Allentown Democrat.
Am. Volk.	Amerikanische Volkskunde.
B. Co. Express	Bucks County Express.
Ciarla	Muhlenberg College Junior Annual.
Dia. N.	Dialect Notes.
D. Kir.	Deutscher Kirchenfreund.
D. M.	Pennsylvania German, 1st Vol., Daniel Miller.
D. M. 2	Pennsylvania German, 2d Vol., Daniel Miller.
D. P.	Der Deutsche Pionier.
Father Ab.	Father Abraham.
Fick. Dia	Fick Dialekt Dichtung.
Fir.	Firmanach Germaniens Völkerstim- men.
Fried.	Friedensbote.
Flugblatt	Privately published poems.
G. B.	Gottlieb Boonestiel.
Ger. Cor. & Dem.	German Correspondent and Demo- crat.
Guard.	The Guardian.

- Hal. P. D. Pennsylvania Dutch, Haldeman.
 Heil. Col. Heilman Collection.
 H. Harfe Harbaugh's Harfe.
 Hist. Berks. History of Berks County, Pennsylvania.
 Hist. Sk. of P. G. Historical Sketch of the Pennsylvania Germans.
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 Jour. A. F. L. } Journal of American Folklore.
 Leb. Adv. Lebanon Advertiser.
 Leb. News Lebanon News.
 Leb. Report Lebanon Report.
 Leb. Volks Zeit. Lebanon Volks Zeitung.
 Life Har. Life of Harbaugh.
 M. H. Mundartlich Heiteres.
 MS. From the private records of various authors.
 Naz. Hall Nazareth Hall and its Reunions.
 P. D. The Pennsylvania Dutchman (a magazine).
 P. D. H. Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook.
 P. G. Pennsylvania-German Magazine.
 P. Leb. Hist. Soc. Publications of the Lebanon County Historical Society.
 Pro. Am. Philosoph. S. Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society.

- Pro. P. G. S. Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society.
- Pro. P. G. S. Ap. Proceedings of the Pennsylvania-German Society, Appendix.
- Read. Times and Dispatch. Reading Times and Dispatch.
- Ref. Ch. Al. Reformed Church Almanac.
- Ref. Ch. Rec. } Reformed Church Record.
- Ref. Rec. }
- Sk. Lecha Thal Skizzen aus dem Lecha Thal.
- Sk. P. G. Short Sketch of the Pennsylvania Germans.
- Stumps. Stories Stumptown Stories.
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- Unser P. D. Kalenner .. } Unser Pennsylvanisch Deitscher
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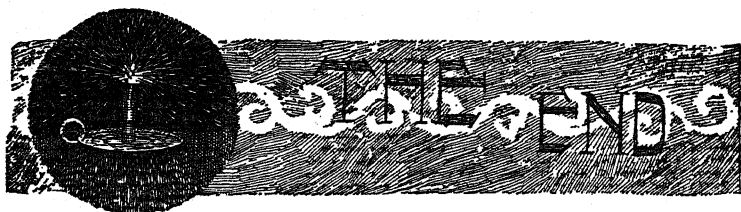
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Annville Journal	Annville	Lebanon.
Berks and Schuylkill Journal..	Reading	Berks.
Berks County Democrat.....	Boyertown	Berks.
Bethlehem Times	Bethlehem	Northampton.
Boyertown Bauer	Boyertown	Berks.
Bucks County Express.....	Doylestown	Bucks.
Canton (Ohio) Repository...	Canton, Ohio.	
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Center Democrat	Bellefonte	Center.
Coopersburg Sentinel	Coopersburg	Lehigh.
Der Waffenlose Wächter.....	Gap	Lancaster.
Der Deutsche Pionier	Cincinnati, Ohio.	
Doylestown Morgenstern	Doylestown	Bucks.
Easton Argus	Easton	Northampton.
Easton Democrat	Easton	Northampton.
Easton Express	Easton	Northampton.
Easton Free Press.....	Easton	Northampton.
Easton Sentinel	Easton	Northampton.
Easton Sunday Call	Easton	Northampton.
Elizabethville Echo	Elizabethville	Dauphin.
Emaus Herald	Emaus	Lehigh.
Evening Leader	Lehighton	Lehigh.
Father Abraham	Lancaster	Lancaster.
Father Abraham	Reading	Berks.
Friedensbote	Allentown	Lehigh.
Geist der Zeit	Kutztown	Berks.

Name.	Place of Publication.	County.
Hummelstown Sun	Hummelstown ...	Dauphin.
Jefferson Democrat	Pottsville	Schuylkill.
Keystone Gazette	Bellefonte	Center.
Kutztown Journal and Patriot.	Kutztown	Berks.
Lebanon News	Lebanon	Lebanon.
Lebanon Courier and Report..	Lebanon	Lebanon.
Lebanon Pennsylvanier	Lebanon	Lebanon.
Lehighton Press	Lehighton	Lehigh.
Lititz Express	Lititz	Lancaster.
Lititz Record	Lititz	Lancaster.
Macungie Progress	Macungie	Lehigh.
Manheim Sentinel	Manheim	Lancaster.
Manheim Sun	Manheim	Lancaster.
Mauch Chunk Democrat....	Mauch Chunk ...	Carbon.
Mauch Chunk Times	Mauch Chunk ...	Carbon.
Mauch Chunk Daily Times..	Mauch Chunk ...	Carbon.
Middleburg Post	Middleburg	Snyder.
Myerstown Sentinel	Myerstown	Lebanon.
Myerstown Enterprise	Myerstown	Lebanon.
Northampton Correspondent..	Easton	Northampton.
Northampton Democrat	Easton	Northampton.
Penn Press	Bethlehem	Northampton.
Pennsylvania Dutchman	Lancaster	Lancaster.
Pennsylvania German	Lititz	Lancaster.
Pennsylvanische Staats Zeitung.	Harrisburg	Dauphin.
Pine Grove Herald.....	Pine Grove	Schuylkill.
Reading Adler	Reading	Berks.
Reading Times and Dispatch..	Reading	Berks.
Reformed Church Record....	Reading	Berks.
Republikaner von Berks.....	Reading	Berks.
Rural Press	Kempton	Berks.
Rural Press	Reading	Berks.
The Advocate	Lehighton	Lehigh.
The American Volunteer	Carlisle	Adams.

Name.	Place of Publication.	County.
South Bethlehem Star	South Bethlehem	Northampton.
Spirit of Berks	Reading	Berks.
The National Educator	Allentown	Lehigh.
Unabhängiger Republikaner ..	Allentown	Lehigh.
Uncle Samuel	Lancaster	Lancaster.
WeltBote	Allentown	Lehigh.



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